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Irene Owen Andrews

February 1-1910.

















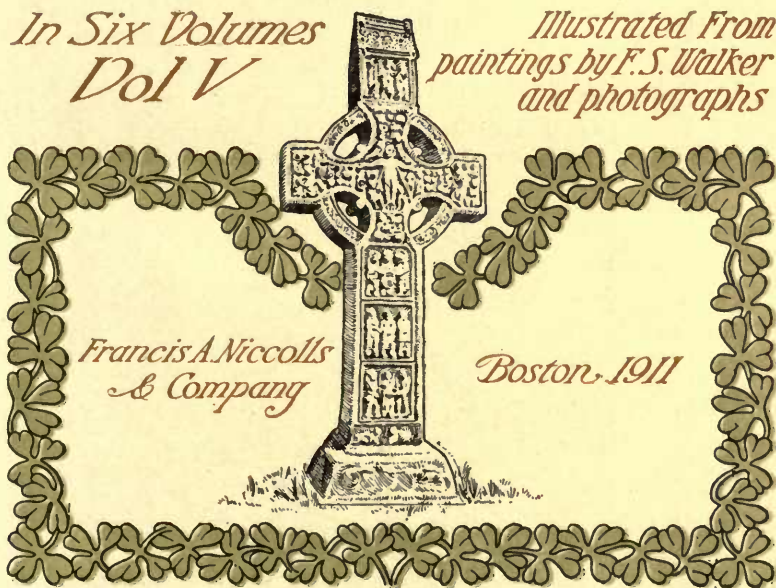




IRELAND  
ITS  
SCENERY  
CHARACTER  
AND  
HISTORY  
BY MR. & MRS. S. C. NALL

*In Six Volumes  
Vol V*

*Illustrated From  
paintings by F. S. Walker  
and photographs*



*CELTIC EDITION*

OF which one thousand numbered  
and registered copies have been  
printed

No. *97*

*Printed by*  
*THE COLONIAL PRESS*  
*C. H. Simonds & Co., Boston, U. S. A.*



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
TYRONE . . . . .	1
ANTRIM . . . . .	17
FERMANAGH . . . . .	151
LONDONDERY . . . . .	192
DONEGAL . . . . .	218





## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Ballyshannon (See page 152) . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Castle Caulfield . . . . .	6
Slieve League . . . . .	16
Spinning . . . . .	65
The Banshee . . . . .	86
Carrickfergus . . . . .	102
Glenarm Castle . . . . .	108
Plate Number Twelve . . . . .	130
Rope Bridge, Carrick-a-Rede . . . . .	132
Giants Causeway . . . . .	136
Plate Number Thirteen . . . . .	142
Lough Erne . . . . .	152
Walker's Monument and Roaring Meg . . . . .	196
Glen Columbkille Head . . . . .	222
Plate Number Fourteen . . . . .	254
Donegal Castle . . . . .	262
Teelin Fishermen . . . . .	356





# IRELAND, ITS HISTORY, SCENERY AND CHARACTER

## TYRONE

Tyrone is an inland county of the province of Ulster. Its boundaries are, on the north, the county of Londonderry; on the south, the counties of Fermanagh and Monaghan; on the west, the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh; and on the east, the county of Armagh and Lough Neagh. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 754,395 statute acres; 555,820 of which are unimproved mountain and bog, and 27,261 of which are covered with water. The population in 1821, amounted to 261,865; in 1831, to 302,943; and in 1841, to 312,956. It is divided into four baronies—Clogher, Dungannon, Strabane, and Omagh. The towns of size are Omagh, Strabane, Clogher, and Dungannon.

The county is conspicuous in history; it was the principal arena of the contests, incident to the rebellion, recognised as the "Tyrone rebellion," of Hugh O'Neale in 1597; a very circumstantial account of which is given by Fynes Moryson, who was actively employed in its sup-

pression, and by whom it was published in his "Itinerary"—London, 1617.

The O'Neils were kings in Ireland antecedent to Christianity,—“tyrannising it in Ulster,” according to Camden, “before the coming of St. Patricke.” The “great rebel” was the son of an illegitimate son of Con O'Neil, who was slain by his legitimate brother, Shane O'Neil; and Shane was, in his turn, assassinated by McDonnell, the leader of the Scots in Ulster, to whom he had fled for refuge from the English. The chieftainry was claimed by Tirlogh O'Neil, to whose daughter Hugh was married; but Tirlogh being old, was persuaded to relinquish his right in favour of Hugh. Hugh had previously been a frequent visitor at the English court, and at one time stood high in favour with Elizabeth. This portrait of him is drawn by Fynes Moryson:—“He was of a meane stature, but a strong body, able to indure labors, watching, and hard fare, being withal industrious and active, valiant, affable, and apt to mannage great affaires, and of a high, dissembling, subtile, and profound wit, so as many deemed him borne either for the good or ill of his countrey.” For some time after his creation as Earl of Tyr-Oen, or Tyrone, he continued “a good subject,” having entered into a series of articles—one of which was, “to cause the wearing of English apparell, and that none of his men wear glibbes (or long haire).” The first intimation of his design to turn out “an arch-rebell” was given on the death of Tirlogh, who



had resigned in his favour, when the earl took the title of 'The O'Neal'—"which was treason by act of parliament;" still, however, "excusing himselfe that he tooke it upon him least some other should usurpe it."

During the subsequent five or six years, he devoted his energies—with considerable skill and cunning—to the forming, equipping, and disciplining an army; first obtaining permission to train his men for the ostensible purpose of employing them against the queen's enemies; next getting license to cover his house at Dungannon with lead, which lead he converted into bullets; and succeeding all the while in lulling the suspicions of the lords justices, venturing even to present himself before them in Dublin, "where he was not stayed." Thus he continued, "with all subtilty, and a thousand sleights abusing the state," until he conceived himself ready for action. In 1597 he struck the first blow against the queen's forces. In an attempt to relieve the fort of the Blackwater, they were attacked by the Kernes of Tyrone, and utterly routed; losing "thirteen valiant captaines and fifteen hundred common soldiers," their commander, Sir Henry Bagnall, "Marshall of Ireland," being among the slain. In consequence of this victory, "all Ulster was in arms; all Connaught revolted; the rebels of Leinster swarmed in the English Pale;" and subsequently Munster was "corrupted." Still Tyrone continued his attempts at deception; "though now," writes Fynes Moryson, "the gentleman was growne higher in

the instep, as appeared by the insolent conditions he required;”—so that “Carthage never bred such a dissembling foedifragous wretch.” The unfortunate Earl of Essex was sent to Ireland to subdue Tyrone; the favourite of Queen Elizabeth was, however, no match for the subtle Irishman; and so the enemies of Essex well knew, for the mission was a plot to accomplish his destruction, which it completely effected. His successor was the Lord Mountjoy, “a bookish man,” at whom the daring outlaw laughed; but, by “woful experience, he found his jeasting to bee the laughter of Salomon’s fool;” although “the meere Irish, now puffed up with good successe, and blinded with happy encounters, did boldly keepe the fiede, and proudly disdaine the English forces.”

The new lord-deputy pursued the “bloody and bold rebels” with fire and sword, slaying them without mercy, cutting down their corn, and subjecting them to frightful visitations of pestilence and famine;<sup>1</sup> “proclaiming the heads” of their leaders, and adopting every available means for subduing Ireland. And this was at length effected. One by one the chieftains submitted, making “humble suite for mercy,” while Tyrone, who had long calculated upon maintaining his position only by aid of the Spaniards, saw his allies “walled up” at Kinsale (1601); he was himself, with all his forces, signally defeated in an attempt to relieve them; he retired to his own fastnesses, where he “drew faintly his last breath, without hope of better living than as a



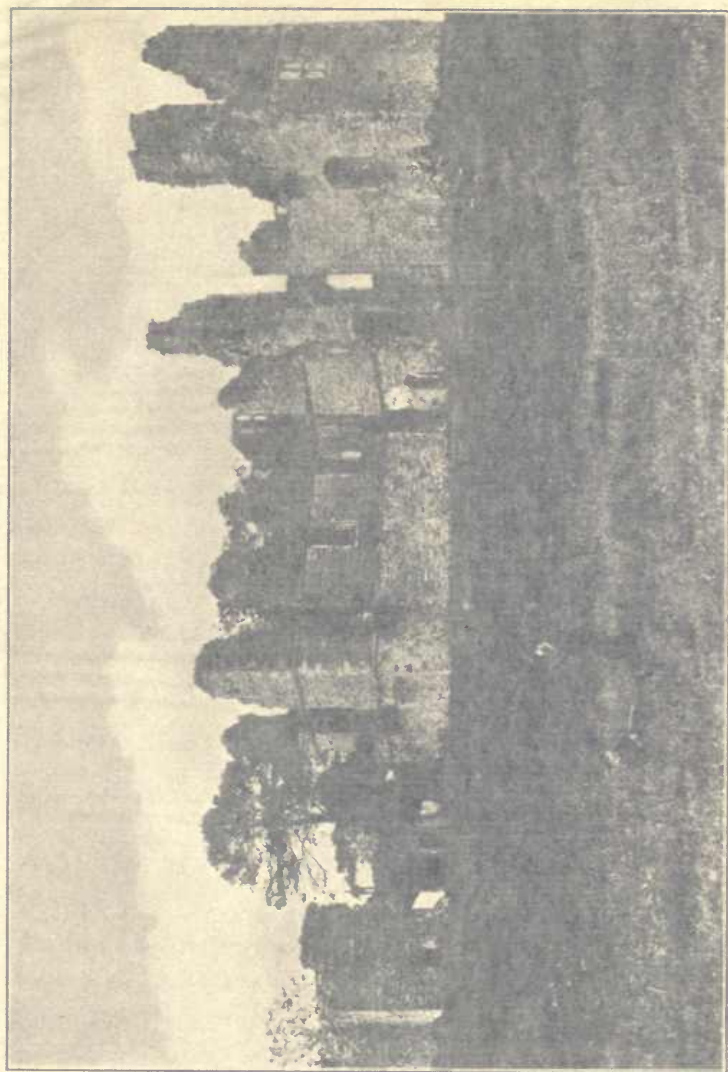
wood-kerne, or as a fugitive abroad;" and abandoning all hope of a successful issue, did, in 1602, signify his desire to make absolute submission to the queen's mercy, humbly beseeching her to remember that "he was a nobleman, and to take compassion on him, that the overthrow of his house and posterity might be prevented." He received "security for his life only;" and subsequently accompanied the Lord Mountjoy to London, so that, "upon his knees," he might obtain mercy from King James the First. On his way from Beaumaris, "no respect to his lordship could prevent many women who had lost husbands and children in the Irish warres, from flinging dirt and stones at the earle as he passed, and reviling him with bitter words." He returned, however, to Ireland; his rank, power, and estates were partially restored to him; but being, some time after, suspected of attempting a new rebellion, he fled into Spain, leaving his enormous property at the disposal of the king, by whom it was parcelled out and distributed among English settlers; out of this rebellion, therefore, arose the famous "plantation of Ulster"—a subject to which we shall refer in treating of the county of Londonderry; which was principally given, or rather sold, to the "London Companies," and of which they are still in possession.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that out of this prolonged warfare in the province of Ulster, arose many of the castles, the ruins of which exist as records of its history, and, at least, add

something to the picturesque character of the scenery. Among the most striking of them is Castle-Caulfield, which owes its erection to Sir Toby Caulfield, afterwards Lord Charlemont. Having previously "performed many serviceable and memorable actions" in Spain and the Low Countries, he was appointed to the command of 150 men against the "formidable traitor" O'Neil. He was rewarded by the queen with a grant of part of Tyrone's estate, and other lands in the province of Ulster; and on the accession of James I. was honoured with knighthood, and made governor of the fort of Charlemont, and of the counties of Tyrone and Armagh. At the plantation of Ulster he received further grants of lands, and among them 1,000 acres called Ballydonnelly, or O'Donnelly's town, in the barony of Dungannon, on which, in 1614, he commenced the erection of the mansion subsequently called Castle-Caulfield.<sup>2</sup> The ruins are those of a "fair house;" and they have been so since the year 1641, when it was destroyed by the army of Sir Phelim O'Neil, by whose directions, it is said, the third baron was murdered.<sup>3</sup>

In the county Tyrone, and within a distance of little more than three miles from Strabane, is to be found one of the most interesting establishments it has ever been our good fortune to visit in any country. We have inspected manufactories of much greater extent than the "Sion Mills," but have never witnessed with greater gratification the practical and efficient working





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Castle Caulfield  
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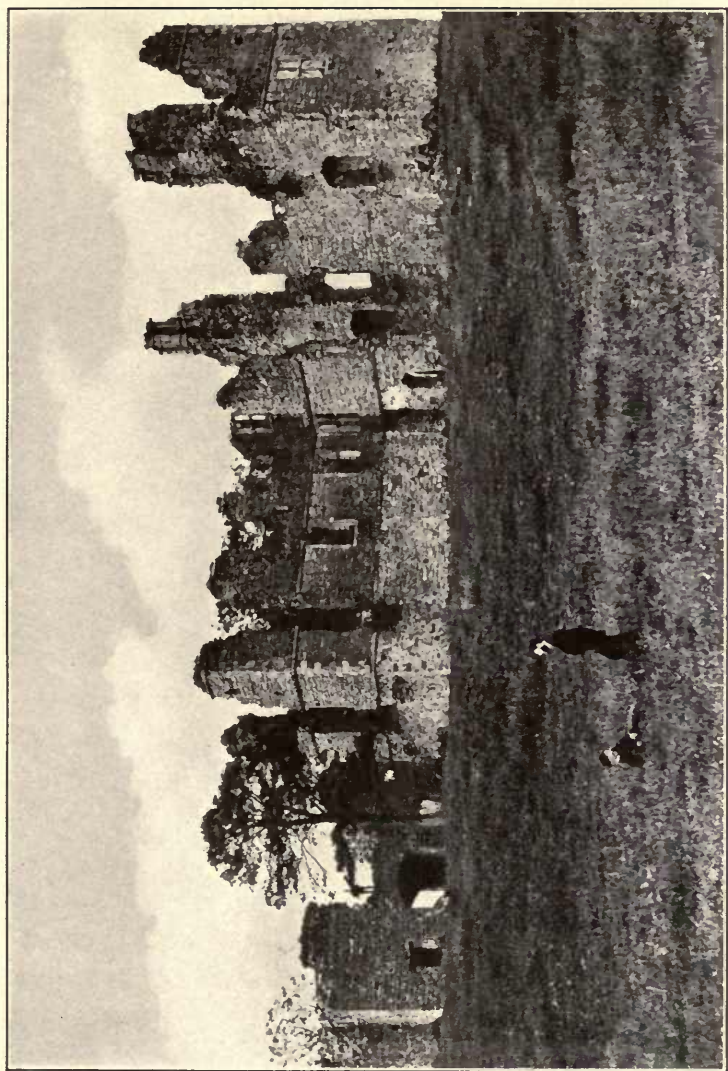
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Castle Caulfield

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of a fine moral system. The mills are situated on the river Mourne, which rushes along with a rapid and continued current, and is about one of the best water powers in Great Britain, the supply being not only large but constant. About eighty-horse power is now employed to drive eight thousand spindles; yet but a small portion of the water is necessary for the purpose. Instead of the hot furnace, long chimneys, and dense smoke, rendering still more unhealthy the necessarily close atmosphere of manufactories devoted exclusively to the spinning of flax and tow into linen yarn, there is a clean, handsome, well-ventilated building, where nearly seven hundred of a peasantry, which, before the establishment of this manufactory, were starving and idle—not from choice but necessity—are now constantly employed; and the air is as pure and as fresh as on the borders of the wildest prairie, or the boldest coast. The bare fact of such a population being taught industrious habits, and receiving *full* remuneration for their time and labour, is a blessing; but not the only one enjoyed by this favoured peasantry: agricultural labour is not neglected, because five out of the seven hundred are women and girls—creatures who, but for the spirit and enterprise of the Messrs. Herdman, (to whom, and the Mulhollands of Belfast, Tyrone is indebted for this establishment,) would be found cowering over the embers of their turf fires, or begging along the waysides for morsels of food. But this system of social order and social industry is not, as we

have said, the only advantage enjoyed at Sion Mills. Cottages, of simple construction, but sound and comfortable, have been built for the workmen and their families; a school is established, and to the Sunday-school the Messrs. Herdman themselves attend, taking the greatest interest in the educational progress of their workpeople, and distributing *motives* to improvement, lavishly and judiciously.<sup>4</sup> Nor are they behind London in the idea, that "the people" may derive benefit from the introduction of more refined tastes into the business of every-day life. The traveller's ear is refreshed, if he pass along during the long evenings of winter, or the bright cheerful ones of summer, by the music of a full band; and instead of the saddened hearts and saddened features he has been led to suppose inseparable from the crowded factory, he hears a chorus of cheerful voices, or the echoes of dancing feet.

The Messrs. Herdman are also anxious that the minds of their "operatives" should not only be softened but expanded, and have purchased for their instruction a splendid apparatus for the exhibition of astronomical diagrams.

We visited several of the factory dwellings, and found that, in many instances, they combined the small comforts of town rooms with the peculiar advantages of country cottages. We never saw a more healthy population, and the watchful care of the proprietors has effectually prevented the growth of immorality, supposed to be inseparable from the



“factory system.” Of this we had some very cheering proofs. One girl, whom we heard called only “Mary Anne,” had long been remarkable as a vigilant Sunday-school teacher, and had expended the small sums generally spent in finery in the purchase of a few books; but a serious misfortune deprived her of the power of possessing any more treasures of this kind: her mother died, and her last act was to place her infant in Mary Anne’s arms, and request her to act towards it as a mother. From that hour the poor girl, who was not then seventeen, set herself diligently to the discharge of her new duties. She had a numerous family of brothers and sisters to attend to, and also to alleviate the sorrow of her distracted father. She did not falter in her resolve to take her mother’s place; we never saw a small household under better regulation than hers—the children were clean, well fed, and happy, and they seemed to watch every word she spoke with more than sisterly attention; the youngest was a sort of specimen child—so healthful and neat—yet Mary Anne seemed perfectly unconscious that in devoting her thoughts and energies to her family—nay, in even shunning the addresses of several young men, who justly argued that so good a daughter would make a most admirable wife—she had done anything extraordinary: her invariable observation was, “’Deed and sure they’re my own flesh and blood; and if they were not, sure my mother placed the child in my arms.” It was also pleasant to observe that many of the persons

employed were fully conscious of the advantages they enjoyed; and though less eloquent than our friends in the south, their words were firm and reasonable—their reason was convinced that they were better off than they were formerly; and we had been long enough in the north to know, that to convince the *reason* of a northern is always to gain your object: in the south you must work upon the feelings—in the north, the reason is your stronghold.

In this immediate neighbourhood we met a cottager whose story so completely verified our own opinion as to the admirable effect of the establishment upon the habits and prosperity of the people, that, simple as are the annals of the poor, it seems worth recording. He had been a day labourer, employed regularly, and receiving the usual rate of remuneration—enough “to starve upon.” “It pleased God,” he said, “to send him seven children, and he had often sat down among them when there were only four potatoes to each, and they were bad ones. God knows,” he added, “I used to think myself a selfish wretch for eating even one, when the children’s hungry eyes were on them; but I was hungry too, and faint from work. My poor wife would go into Strabane, and some there would do her a good turn of a hard summer or in winter; and she had a better command over the hunger than I had, for she would putend sickness of some sort or other after she’d throw the potatoes out on the table, and go and lay on the straw that was our bed, and strive to sleep



it away. My eldest boy was more weakly than the others, and he had a great relish for learning; and a gentleman took him as a 'boy about the place,' to do a little of everything, and learn when he could, which he did, poor fellow; still there were eight of us on tenpence a day, and the morsel of garden! All of a sudden came the talk of great buildings that were to be, and some said they were for good, while others said harm would come of them, which I could not understand, for all the country grew alive, and the rate of wages was raised, and it was then we began to feel what hope was; and seeing how there was a chance of all the country doing better, the gentry took heart to relieve the poor more than they used, knowing that there was a way for the strain upon them coming to an end, for soon the poor would be able to help themselves; and my second boy and myself were took on, and well paid; and the building flourished, and my poor wife used to say that the very water of the Mourne rolled stronger through the country; and then there was no need for her to go away when her children fed, for though we had little but the potatoes, we had enough of them. From the day the first stone of the Sion Mills was laid, me nor mine never knew hunger. I never could account for it," he continued, after a pause, and passing his rough hand across his brow, "but she who had stood out so manfully against all trouble—when the hard, bitter, cruel trouble was in it—failed when we grew better off. She'd bring our dinner down to the works, and bid God bless our

labour, with as bright a smile as the sunbeam on the waters of the Mourne—and yet the tears would be in her eyes; and she'd gather our little ragged girls round her, and tell them what turned out as true as gospel—that in two or three years they'd be able to earn better clothes for themselves than ever their parents wore; and one evenin' after she had said this, the youngest, who now earns her five shillings a-week of Mr. Herdman's money, clung her arms round her neck, and 'My own darlin' mammy,' cries the poor child, 'the first coat I earn shall be for you.' 'Darlin',' answered the mother, 'I shall have a coat of green before that;' and there was a meaning in her face when she said it which they could not read, but I could, and to hide my grief I went out of the house and prayed, but the Lord did not see fit to take the sorrow from me, and by that day twelve months, when the power of the waters that had wandered idly through the lands for so many years—like ourselves, able and willing to work, if we were only put in the way of it—turned the spindles; and two of our girls had constant employ, and put their earnings to mine after I returned to field work; though we had plenty, and I could bring her a bit of fresh meat and a cake of white bread from Strabane, yet by that day twelve months she was gone. I am proud the children all remember her, and the *weenock* who wanted to buy her the gown laid her money by and gave me a Sunday hat; and instead of poverty we have plenty, and the boy that got the learning is an overseer, and the other



might have done as well, but he never would go to the Sunday-school, so hard labour is before him, but not the labour I went through, for it is just as if the Lord had put away hunger and misery from all around the mills. My children are employed and happy, and each has something to give, instead of taking all—*not that we ever grudged it*,”—and there spoke the true Irish spirit,—“but that we hadn’t it. If the Lord took me to-morrow, I would bless him, for I should go to joy, and leave no sorrow behind me; my coat will be as green as *hers* before very long, and my last prayer will be for the prosperity of the Sion Mills.”

Certainly an establishment such as we have endeavoured to describe has many advantages—situated as the Sion Mills are, in a healthy and open district—over a factory pent up, as it were, in a populous town. The difference consists not only in the healthier atmosphere, to which sufficient value is seldom attached; but the people have opportunities for the cultivation of *moral health*, which enables them to be more efficacious, because more conscientious workmen. We are too prone to regard the human being whom we designate a “mere mechanic,” as one upon whom *moral* culture is thrown away; and the very persons who reproach the industrious instruments of their wealth, are often those who most zealously endeavour to keep them the “mere mechanics” they condemn.

We remember visiting some years ago a cotton printing mill, the property of Mr. Thomas

Warner, situated a few miles from Manchester, called either "Spring Water" or "Sweet Water," we forget which: it is hard to fancy a more picturesque spot. The mill is sweetly situated in the hollow of a little ravine, and we gazed with pleasure from the wooded slopes upon the industry and evident happiness of the workpeople, who looked cheerful and contented, and were, like those we have described at Sion Mills, sufficiently apart from the contagion of "a great town." The labourers in this "happy valley" had imbibed a taste for the cultivation of flowers, and it was wisely and kindly encouraged by their employers. One of the overseers of the works had an exquisite dahlia garden, which might put to shame, both in richness and variety, our London growers; and every cottage window in the immediate neighbourhood had store of sweet, if not rare flowers—almost an invariable evidence of humble wealth, and that peculiar taste which is at once both natural and refined. Yet it was very near the "congregation of chimneys," and the misery and vice which lived around them. It is not, therefore, so auspiciously located as that upon which we are commenting,—built beside the rapid current of the River Mourne.

We hope the gentry of Ireland will use the exertions which are called for, and are easily made, to aid the agriculturist—by creating fresh consumption for the country's produce. The establishment of such factories as that of Messrs. Herdman increases a demand for the ordinary necessities of life, and by judicious manage-

ment one class might be brought to work for the other, thus combining the rural and manufacturing interests, so as to aid the prosperity of the country. We had so often grieved beside the noble waters rushing their race, with power to turn the sand they sport with into gold, that the sound became almost as "a dirge;" for wherever we went, we saw them, like strong giants, eager to wrestle with something worthy their strength. The factory in the wilds of Tyrone was so perfectly what we had often desired to see established and prospering in Ireland, that we have dwelt upon it longer than may be interesting to *all* our readers, though the safe working of such a system carries so much moral influence with it—induces such genuine prosperity—that we have been more than commonly anxious to satisfy our English readers of the proof being in existence, that, in a peculiarly wild district in the north of Ireland, capital may be safely and advantageously invested to any amount, and a peasantry found, not only to work, but to understand the respect due to property, and the advantage which it gives where it is diffused.

It is slander to characterise the Irish peasant as an idler; he is often idle, it is true, but it is only because, as often, his time is worth so little as to seem scarcely worthy of consideration. Not unfrequently, the waste of an hour involves the loss of but a single halfpenny; and it can seldom be said to cause the sacrifice of a solitary comfort or enjoyment—much less a luxury. A time is no doubt approaching, when hard labour will



procure something more for the hard labourer than the mere means of preserving existence; habits of continuous industry and proper thrift will come with the change.

Agitation, even since we commenced this work, has been gradually but surely losing strength; *causes* of complaint are every day becoming less and less numerous, and infinitely less substantial; there now appears to be but one subject left to the agitator—and that one is not only not responded to, it is scorned and scouted by all the rational and right-thinking of the country, who are “patriots” in the true sense of the term. The agitators are like workmen who have broken their tools.



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Shive League  
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.



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## ANTRIM

The maritime county of Antrim, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the north by the Northern Ocean; on the east and north-east by the North Channel; on the south-east by Belfast Lough and the river Lagan, which separate it from the county of Down; on the south by the county of Down; on the south-west by Lough Neagh; and on the west by the county of Londonderry—the river Bann, which issues from Lough Beg, dividing the two counties, but leaving the Liberties of Coleraine, as the north-west boundary of Antrim. It is therefore encompassed by water—on the west and south-west by the magnificent river Bann, and the great inland sea, Lough Neagh; on the south and south-east by the river Lagan and Belfast Lough; and on all other sides by the ocean. Hence its ancient name, Endruim, “the habitation upon the waters”—easily corrupted into Antrim. It contains, according to the ordnance survey (exclusive of the extensive parish of Carrickfergus, “a county of a town in itself,” consisting of 16,700 acres), 761,877 $\frac{3}{4}$  statute acres; of which 466,564 are cultivated land; 53,487 $\frac{1}{2}$  are under water, and the remainder are unimproved mountain and bog. In 1821 the population was 262,860; in 1831, 316,909; and in 1841, 276,188. It is



divided into the baronies of Upper Belfast, Lower Belfast, Upper Mazzareene, Lower Mazzareene, Upper Antrim, Lower Antrim, Upper Toome, Lower Toome, Upper Glenarm, Lower Glenarm, Upper Dunluce, Lower Dunluce, Kilconway, and Cary.<sup>5</sup> The principal towns are Belfast, Carrickfergus, Lisburn, Antrim, Larne, Ballycastle, Portrush, Glenarm, Ballymoney, Ballymena, Bushmills, and Cushendall.

We entered the county of Antrim at Lisburn, a pretty and flourishing town on the Antrim side of the river Lagan. It consists principally of one long street; at the eastern end of which is the picturesque and interesting church, containing two very remarkable monuments, one to the memory of Lieut. Dobbs, who was killed in an engagement off the coast with the famous Paul Jones;<sup>6</sup> the other to that of the great and good Jeremy Taylor, sometime Bishop of Down and Connor, who died here in the year 1667.

There is probably no town in Ireland where the happy effects of English taste and industry are more conspicuous than at Lisburn. From the Drum Bridge and the banks of the Lagan, on one side, to the shores of Lough Neagh, on the other, the people are almost exclusively the descendants of English settlers. Those in the immediate neighbourhood of the town were chiefly Welsh, but great numbers arrived from the northern shires, and from the neighbourhood of the British Channel. It is interesting to trace their annals from existing facts; which may be easily done, even were they not duly recorded.

In the village of Lambeg, situated only a few perches from the Belfast road, the old English games and pastimes were regularly celebrated on Easter Monday, within the last twenty years. The English language is, perhaps, spoken more purely by the populace in this district, than by the same class in any other part of Ireland. The names of the places are modern; as Solders-town, English-town, the Half-town, Stonyford, &c. &c.; and the people of all ranks have, for their stations, high ideas of domestic comfort. The neatness of the cottages, and the good taste displayed in many of the farms, are little, if at all, inferior to aught that we find in England; and the tourist who visits Lough Neagh, passing through Ballinderry, will consider it to have been justly designated "the garden of the north." The original pursuits of the adventurers of the Plantation, have been transmitted from father to son; those who settled from the cider counties having invariably an orchard of some extent attached to their dwellings. The multitude of pretty little villages scattered over the landscape, each announcing itself by the tapering spire of a church, would almost beguile the traveller into believing that he is passing through a rural district in one of the midland counties of England.<sup>7</sup>

From Lisburn we proceeded by railway, a distance of eight English miles, to Belfast.<sup>8</sup> As we drew near the only manufacturing town of Ireland—alas, that it should be so!—its peculiar character became apparent. It was something new to perceive, rising above the houses, numer-

ous tall and thin chimneys, indicative of industry, occupation, commerce, and prosperity; the volumes of smoke that issued from them giving unquestionable tokens of full employment; while its vicinity to the ocean removed at once all idea that the labour was unwholesome, or the labourers unhealthy. The pleasant and cheering impression we received was increased as we trod the streets: there was so much bustle; such an "aspect" of business; a total absence of all suspicion of idleness; such unerring evidence of ample, continual, and general employment; so many proofs of activity—results of past, and anticipations of future, success—that the contrast between this town and the towns of the south startled us, making us for the moment believe we were in a clean Manchester, where hearty breezes swept into the neighbouring sea all the impurities usually inseparable from a concourse of factories. And this notion was not evanescent; it remained during our week's stay: and we now revert to it with exceeding satisfaction, for it received confirmation by our subsequent examinations and after inquiries. It is undoubtedly the healthiest manufacturing town in the kingdom; although densely populated, there is far less wretchedness in its lanes and alleys, and about its suburbs, than elsewhere in Ireland; the main streets are wide and regularly built; it contains a large number of public edifices; the vicinity is remarkably picturesque; the mountains are sufficiently near to produce pictorial effect, and the open ocean is within a few miles of its quays. The situation of Bel-



fast is therefore most auspicious. It is a new town, and has a new look. It is an improving town, and signs of improvement, recent and progressing, are everywhere apparent. Unhappily, such remarks are applicable to very few other towns of the country. Yet nature has been by no means exclusively lavish to Belfast; its natural advantages are in no way greater—nay, they are somewhat less—than those enjoyed by some other towns, where the heart and mind are sickened and depressed by the contemplation of apparently universal poverty; a people who seem incapable of making an effort for their social and physical advancement, rich and poor existing equally in apathy; great resources never sought to be made available; and wealth, actually deposited, as it were, at their very thresholds,—useless, because of the lack of active energy to turn it to account. The elements of vast prosperity are at least equally rife throughout the island; the *natural* elements for enterprise, activity, and that essential adjunct, capital, have been introduced into Belfast, and have made it what it is, by many degrees the most flourishing town of Ireland, and second in prosperity to few of the commercial or manufacturing towns of England.

Belfast is, as we have said, a “new town;” but it would appear that some importance was attached to it at a very remote period, for it is mentioned by Spenser as among the “good towns and strongholds” destroyed, in 1315, by Edward Bruce; and the “castle of Belfast” was twice converted to a ruin,<sup>9</sup> in 1503 and in 1512, by the

Lord-Deputy Kildare. Until the end of the sixteenth century, however, it was "without the English Pale," and in possession of the Irish clans.<sup>10</sup> In 1612, it was granted, by James I., to Sir Arthur Chichester, ancestor of the Marquis of Donegal, elevated into a corporation, and commenced its progress to importance. Yet, during the greater part of the seventeenth century, its rank was only that of a small garrison town, "dependent on Carrickfergus." A map of the town, published in 1660, gives the names of but five streets and five rows, which consisted of one hundred and fifty houses; so late as 1720, all the houses in one of the principal streets were thatched with straw; in 1757, it contained no more than "1,779 houses and 8,549 people;" in 1779, Arthur Young estimates the number of the inhabitants at 15,000, "who," he adds, "make the place appear lively and busy;" but even this estimate was exaggerated, for, in 1782, the number of houses was only 2,026, and the inhabitants no more than 13,105; and in 1791, the population amounted only to 18,320. In 1816, the town contained 5,578 houses and 30,720 inhabitants; in 1821, the population was 44,177; and in 1834, it had increased to 60,763, the houses "above the annual value of five pounds" being 6,223. The population, at present, including the suburb of Ballymacarret, is *not less than* 100,000. Probably the old world does not supply another instance of growth so rapid and so substantial.

Society in Belfast is, as may be expected, almost exclusively of a "commercial character."

There are few resident gentry—that is to say, gentry independent of commerce—in the town, although many reside in the immediate neighbourhood; its prosperity being mainly attributable to the enterprise and integrity of the merchants, aided, in some degree, at first, by the liberality of the house of Chichester. The high tone which literature and science have given to its people, have, as it were, created a somewhat peculiar class; for knowledge elevates while it improves; and a large proportion of the merchants and manufacturers of Belfast are “gentry” in the most emphatic sense of the term; education, and a thirst for learning, having, in a remarkable degree, prevented the sordid habits too frequently engendered by trade.

The fair fame of its merchants seems to have been acquired early, the name of Belfast appearing in the first rank in the scale of credit of the several commercial towns of Europe on the Exchange of Amsterdam, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, when scarcely a hundred years had elapsed after the plantation of Ulster. This “good repute” they have maintained without interruption. It has kept pace with their prosperity.<sup>11</sup> One proof may be referred to. Although the Belfast branch of the Agricultural and Commercial Bank (a Dublin bubble) failed a few years ago, for at least a century no Bank, *bona fide* of Belfast, has suspended payment.

The cleanly and bustling appearance of Belfast is decidedly unnational. That it is in Ireland, but not of it, is a remark ever on the lips



of visitors from the south or west. Like most other Irish towns, the character of its streets is by no means uniform, the commercial quarter differing much from that to the south, in the neighbourhood of College and Donegal Squares, where the houses are large and handsome, although almost invariably constructed of brick. But the business portion of the town also contains excellent streets. High Street is broad and spacious, reaching upwards from the river, and terminated by the Northern Bank, a lofty brick building, occupying its further end. Donegal Street, Bridge Street, and Warren Street, are well-built and regular streets, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Commercial Buildings or Exchange. The northern district, and the suburb of Ballymacarret, on the Down side of the Lagan, are the poorer and meaner parts of the town.

The public buildings are sufficiently numerous, though certainly possessing but few architectural claims to consideration. The want of steeples has been often noticed; the wooden tower of the parish church of St. Anne's being the only approach to that form of construction, if we except the somewhat paltry spire of the Poor-house. Indeed the northern architects seem to have imagined, especially in the erection of places of worship, that the portico alone formed the proper object on which to display their taste and knowledge, uniformly neglecting the other external portions of the structure to add to the importance of the favoured member. One of the finest of

these is that of the meeting-house of the third Presbyterian congregation, which presents a tasteful example of Grecian Doric, occupying a most un-Hellenistic site in a lane where nothing but the portico itself is visible. Another, a very handsome tetrastyle Corinthian, attached to St. George's Church, a plain building situated in High Street, once formed part of Ballyscullen House, the Irish Fonthill, built by the eccentric Lord Bristol, Bishop of Derry, and the rival of Lord Charlemont in the leadership of the Volunteers. On the taking down of that edifice, it was procured by the then Bishop of Down and Connor, and placed in its present position.

One of the most important public edifices is the Commercial Buildings, erected by an incorporated company at the cost of £20,000. It contains an excellent news-room, frequented by most of the respectable merchants, an assembly-room, and several offices. Here the exchange is held. The structure terminates one end of Donegal Street, to which it presents a granite front, consisting of Ionic columns, resting on a rusticated basement. Nearly opposite, at the divergence of North Street and Donegal Street, stands the Old Exchange, a heavy building, now but little used, the property of the Donegal family. The Royal Academical Institution is a massive brick edifice, forming one side of College Square, and surrounded by a grass enclosure of several acres in extent. It is wholly occupied by schools and class-rooms, and residences for two of the masters. The Theatre—a mean building with a very

neat interior—has long been neglected. A handsome Music-hall, for concerts and similar entertainments, has been recently erected—a sufficient indication of the taste of the town. The churches of Belfast are St. Anne's, St. George's, and Christ's—the last a partly free church, built a few years ago. The Roman Catholics have but two chapels; one large and commodious, situated in Donegal Street; and the other, a dingy brick building in Chapel Lane. Of Presbyterian meeting-houses there are no fewer than thirteen; ten, we believe, in connection with the General Assembly, and three belonging to congregations professing Unitarianism. Several of these are not without architectural pretensions. That in Fisherwick Place is a large and well-situated structure with Ionic portico. The meeting-house of the Reverend Doctor Cook, in May Street, is also handsome and extensive. Of the remaining places of worship, five belong to the Methodists; and one each to the Independents, the Covenanters or Reformed Presbyters, and the Society of Friends.

Belfast is honourably distinguished by the number of its charitable institutions; and these are almost wholly supported by voluntary contributions. The Poor-house of the Belfast Charitable Society, incorporated in 1774, is an extensive structure, situated at the north end of Donegal Street, fronting the Commercial Buildings. It is supported, at considerable expense, by annual subscriptions, and a vested fund, the produce of former donations. Notwithstanding the



introduction of poor-laws, and the erection of a Union Workhouse, the continuance of the Poor-house has been resolved on by the subscribers. The Fever Hospital, opened in 1817, and capable of accommodating above two hundred patients, is partly maintained by the county. A Lying-in Hospital, two Female Penitentiaries, a House of Refuge, and an institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, are entirely supported by voluntary subscriptions. A loan-fund has been recently established with every prospect of success. The Savings Bank has been hitherto highly prosperous.<sup>12</sup>

The attention of the inhabitants has of late years been much directed to the improvement of the harbour. As the corporation of the town had long been inefficient, a body was incorporated under the title of the Ballast Corporation, to whom the general care of the harbour was intrusted. Under their superintendence important improvements have been already effected; and a comprehensive plan of Messrs. Walker and Burges of London, having for its main object the formation of a straight channel to the river, between the new floating-dock and the pool of Garmoyle, a deep and secure anchorage, about three miles down the Lough, has been adopted and partially executed. The completion of these improvements—the opening of the commodious bridge at present in construction across the Lagan, on the site of the old bridge of twenty-one arches, built in 1682, and the further exten-

sion of the Ulster Railway—will go far to insure the continued prosperity of the town.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Belfast is varied and picturesque. The bold range of mountains, stretching northward of the town, and skirting the western side of the valley of the Lagan, contrasts strongly with the fertility of the valley itself, and the rich cultivation of the opposite hills of Down. From these mountains the views are, for the most part, strikingly beautiful. We would notice particularly that from Mac Art's Fort, on the summit of the Cave Hill,<sup>13</sup> the most eastern of the chain, which almost overhangs the town, and towers, with imposing effect, over the road to Carrickfergus. The fort, an ancient stronghold of a sept cruelly exterminated by Mountjoy, in the reign of Elizabeth, occupies the highest point of a range of precipitous cliffs, in the face of which the caves are hollowed, which give name to the mountain. Almost at its foot is the town, and, beyond, stretches the fertile county of Down, intersected by the Lough of Strangford, with its numerous islets; to the right, lies the valley of the Lagan, bordered by the other members of the chain, the horizon being bounded by the mountains of Mourne. In the opposite direction, the eye rests on the waters of the Lough, the Carrickfergus district of Antrim, and the northern shores of Down, while, in the extreme distance, the hills of Scotland are dimly visible. To the north-west of the mountain, though unseen from this point, lies the vast sheet of Lough Neagh.

Before we enter upon matters more immediately appertaining to Belfast, there is one subject connected with it, upon which we feel bound to offer a few remarks; the more especially, because in our previous treatment of it, we omitted to render justice to the true source from which has flowed the great and fertilizing river, the happy influence of which has been felt in all parts of the country.

In Belfast the temperance reformation originated: the originator—in the Old World, that is to say—being the Rev. John Edgar, D.D., a Presbyterian clergyman of this town. When, in August, 1829, Dr. Edgar's first appeal was issued, a dire and terrible necessity demanded reform. In that year, twenty-seven million five hundred thousand gallons of proof spirits were consumed in the United Kingdom; more than double the quantity consumed in 1819. Ireland's share of this cost her above six millions sterling, or three guineas for every family.

Temperance societies first produced conviction of the enormous evil—the hideous consequences of the almost universal practice of spirit-drinking. They furnished abundant evidence that the use of distilled spirit as an ordinary beverage, is a personal, a domestic, a national curse; and they advanced proof from the highest sources, that three-fourths of the hopeless beggary, four-fifths of the crime tried in courts of justice, and a fearful, although undefinable, amount of the disease and wretchedness under which Ireland groaned, were the natural and necessary results



of spirit-drinking. The surgeon-general for Ireland testified, that, in Dublin, nearly one-fourth of all deaths in persons above twenty years of age were caused prematurely by spirit-drinking: a magistrate of the county Antrim furnished a list of forty-eight persons, who, in his own recollection, and within two miles of his own country residence, had perished miserably by spirit-drinking: while, from a published history, for three years, of the public-houses on a mile of road in the county of Antrim, and of seventeen houses, constituting one side of a street in a village of the county Down, it appeared that not a single family had escaped most direful and hideous ruin.

The origin of temperance societies, in the Old World, is this:—In June and July, 1829, efforts were made in Belfast to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, by placarding the laws for its observance, and appointing officers to enforce them. Dr. Edgar, professing little faith in such measures for promoting genuine reformation, was appointed to write an address to the understandings and conscience of the public. While thus engaged, he was visited by his friend Dr. Penny of America, who having told him of the great reformation commenced there, he seized eagerly on the discovery, and published his first appeal on behalf of the temperance societies on the 14th of August, 1829.

The first address was soon followed by others, all of which were copied into many journals; and these and others from the same pen being pub-

lished as pamphlets, and sold by four travelling agents, within a year from the commencement of the reform, a hundred thousand small works on temperance were in circulation; and, before three years, two hundred and thirty thousand were issued from the Belfast press alone.<sup>14</sup>

This great and good man has happily lived to see the small seed he planted become a great tree. We hope that, ere long, he will publish *one* other pamphlet—a CONTRAST between things as they were and things as they are, to show the wonderful changes that have been wrought in the habits, morals, properties, and constitutions of the people.

Belfast abounds, as we have said, in charitable institutions; they are for the most part common to the country, but remarkable for good management, adequate support, and freedom from anything approaching to “jobbing.” There are two, however, that call for more than a passing remark,—the “Ulster Female Penitentiary,” and the “Society for the Encouragement and Reward of Good Conduct in Female Servants.”

Some years ago, an attempt to support a female penitentiary in Belfast had been, through the negligence of its managing committee, signally unsuccessful; and its benevolent matron, after having expended the whole of her small property in endeavouring to preserve it in being, was forced to break up the establishment, and cast herself on the charity of her friends. Some compensation was afterwards made her by benevolent individuals; but the cause fell into disre-

pute; and though, through the labours of the late Thomas Greer Jacob, an institution, founded on the ruins of the former, struggled on for a time in a sort of dying existence, yet, with all the influence he could use, he left, at his decease, a dilapidated building, under a heavy rent, with no suitable accommodations, and considerably in debt. Subsequently, this debt was unexpectedly cleared off, yet the relief was but temporary; and the institution was hastening rapidly to dissolution, when its committee requested the Rev. Dr. Edgar to raise a sum sufficient to erect such buildings, and provide such accommodation, as the province of Ulster required. His success was triumphant. In Belfast alone, in a few weeks, he collected, in sums of ten pounds and upwards, eighteen hundred pounds, and afterwards nearly double that amount; enabling the committee to pay off the debt of the old institution, all the expense of the new, and to fine down the ground rent to four pounds annually. With the sum thus so generously contributed, a suitable and effective establishment has been erected, and the *separate apartment for each inmate*, the lending library, the system of literary and religious instruction, and the whole facilities for economy, order, and industry, supply a model for similar establishments.

Not a single applicant has been refused admittance since the opening of the new institution, and every wretched outcast desirous of forsaking the evil of her ways, may find in it a shelter and a home. From the common jails, and from



the lowest dens of infamy and crime, its inmates are taken; yet such is the admirable system maintained by its excellent matron, such the kindness and decision of her most judicious management, and such the effective superintendence of the female committee, that in few private families are there more peace, and harmony, and kindness; more industry, economy, and good management, than distinguish the "family circle" of the Ulster Female Penitentiary; strangers though its inmates have been to each other, habituated to crime, neglected or perverted by parents from earliest infancy, tempted and ruined by seducers, and thrust out and deserted by the world. Though the ordinary fare of the institution is not superior to that of prisoners in jail, and though no recompense whatever is given for labour, yet such is the regular and persevering industry of the inmates, and such the perfection of the whole apparatus for work, that, on an average, ten pounds annually are received for the work of each of the girls, though one half of them are enfeebled by disease and hardship, or previously unacquainted with any species of employment, and though all of them belong to a class proverbially known as '*idle*.'

One most valuable improvement has been fully carried out in this institution—that of separate and detached sleeping rooms; each penitent has a small chamber *of her own*; this at once gives her an impression that she—so late the outcast and despised—has recovered an inheritance; her room, large enough to hold her bed, table, chair,

and from its height certain of a healthy temperature, *is her own*;—a spot where she can retire to,—where she can think,—and read,—and pray,—and weep, without being observed; where she can commune with her own heart, think over the past, and even *hope* for the future; there she cannot be disturbed—the house is her refuge, her asylum; but the room is *her own*—HER HOME.

In one of these little rooms the matron told us a poor girl was dying of consumption. She was wasted to a shadow, but her eyes were bright, and full of that delusive hope which lights but to the grave. “She was very happy,” she said, “and thankful to God who had saved her; and when she got better she would tell others of that great salvation;” but she could hardly say even so much, panting as she was, for the treacherous breath that was flitting from her lips. There was a rose in a small jug on her little table, that had dropped away, leaf by leaf, upon the white cloth that covered it—there were only two or three remaining, and the yellow stamens, the very heart of the once blooming flower, had a crushed and withering look: the similitude was painful in the extreme; it is impossible to say if she read our feelings: but while we could hardly repress our tears, her thin white lips smiled joyfully. It was more than we could bear.

The “Society for the Encouragement and Reward of Good Conduct in Female Servants,” was established in 1836. It has hitherto worked admirably. The principal rule of the institution is this:—

“That a premium of four guineas be given at the expiration of four uninterrupted years of faithful service, or ten guineas at the expiration of seven years, on the claimant producing from her employer a certificate to the following effect:—*A. B. has served me faithfully for four (or seven) successive years, during which time I believe her to have been sober and honest, and of good moral conduct.*”

No plan can be more beneficial to Ireland than a steady perseverance in such a system. The Irish are so peculiarly susceptible of kindness, so alive to praise, that nothing, we feel assured, would more tend to the improvement of the servant class than rewards, properly apportioned; but to make such institutions useful, they must be, as we believe they have been in Belfast, truthfully and firmly conducted; there must be no favouritism—no equivocation—no concealment of faults. The honest, faithful, long-serving attendant should be liberally rewarded; she should have (as in Belfast) her card of merit, (to *her* as precious as the Waterloo medal we see so frequently glittering on the breasts of our brave veterans,) so that she might leave it as a legacy on her death-bed to some dear relative or friend; there should be a positive certainty that none would be rewarded who did not, in every sense of the word, deserve it; the knowledge of this would stimulate to good conduct. There are fine institutions in Belfast, as well as in every other town in Ireland; but there are none more worthy of support, or more likely to be attended



with beneficial results, than the one we have named. We have only to call to mind how greatly and continually our comforts are influenced by our domestics, to show the necessity of improving, in every possible way, this important class.<sup>15</sup>

We have alluded to the intellectual character of Belfast, as forming its leading feature. That character has been long established. The town is, so to speak, "full of schools," from those for the highest to those for the lowest classes. Here Joseph Lancaster opened his first seminary in Ireland; and it still flourishes.<sup>16</sup>

Belfast contains two seminaries of public foundation, the history of which is interesting in itself, and derives additional value from the fact, that they have furnished models for important educational improvements in other places, and are intimately connected with a great religious change which has recently taken place in Ulster.

The "BELFAST ACADEMY" was founded, by subscription, in the year 1785. It was intended to contain a higher, or college department, on the plan of the Scotch Universities, and a lower, or school department, in which, for the first time, the principle of the division of labour, as acted on in the Scotch Universities, was applied to the more elementary parts of education. It consisted of a number of separate schools, each of which had a separate school-room and a separate master. Over the whole was placed a "PRINCIPAL," charged with the general superintendence of the institution. The first mover of this

undertaking was the Rev. Dr. Crombie, a Presbyterian minister in Belfast. The original prospectus, drawn up by him, is still extant; it proves him to have been a man of most enlarged views, and far in advance of his age. He was appointed the first Principal; and it seems certain that, in accepting the office, he had no other motive than to benefit his country and his fellow-men. It brought him no emolument at all proportioned to the sacrifice of time and ease which its duties implied. He died in March, 1790, and was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, who, for a short time, continued Dr. Crombie's endeavours to sustain the college department. But the political excitement of those days withdrew men's attention from all other objects; and Dr. Bruce, constitutionally less ardent and enterprising than his predecessor, gave up the attempt as hopeless, and confined his attention to the effective administration of the lower department.<sup>17</sup>

The founders of the Belfast Academy had contemplated that it should furnish candidates for the Presbyterian ministry with that college education which they had hitherto sought in the Scotch Universities; and this had been eagerly desired by a large portion of the public. Accordingly, in 1810, when political excitement had comparatively subsided, some public-spirited men turned their thoughts to the subject; and various causes led them to undertake the founding of a new institution, instead of endeavouring to revive the college department of the old. Thus arose the "BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTI-

TUTION." Its plan was exactly copied from that of the "Belfast Academy," except that it was not to have a head or "Principal."

The new seminary was pushed forward with a degree of vigour and energy which reflected the highest honour on its founders. A sum of £30,000 was raised by subscription; a parliamentary grant of £1,500 per annum was obtained; the college department was opened with a complete corps of professors, and the Presbyterian Synods were induced to sanction the institution as a place of education for their students. In 1816, however, Government withdrew the grant, in consequence of some leading subscribers and managers of the institution having been present at a public dinner, at which some objectionable political toasts had been given. Notwithstanding this, the "Institution" went on and prospered; and the "Academy" was, for a time, completely eclipsed.

In the year 1821, the Greek chair in the new seminary became vacant; the orthodox part of the Presbyterian body had complained of some recent appointments of Unitarians to literary situations in the institution; the two leading candidates on this occasion were an Arian and a Trinitarian; the Arian was successful, less however on account of his theology, than from an opinion that some of his friends would have influence with Government sufficient to procure the restoration of the grant. From this arose a controversy which has raged, at intervals, with



great violence for the last twenty years, and which has not yet terminated. The advocates of the institution maintain that the orthodox have no just grounds of complaint, inasmuch as the fundamental principle of the seminary was, to recognise no religious distinctions; on which grounds men of all religious parties had subscribed to its erection. The orthodox party contend that some deference is due to the opinions and feelings of those who furnish the great majority of the students; and allege that, in filling the chairs, Arians have been unduly preferred to orthodox candidates of higher literary qualifications. One important result of this controversy was, that the Arians seceded from the bulk of the Presbyterian body, and constituted themselves into a separate synod in the year 1829, under the name of "Remonstrants."

Instead of promoting, the result of the professorial election of 1821 retarded, the restoration of the parliamentary grant. The alarm of Unitarianism furnished the Government with a new ground of refusal; parliamentary committees examined into the subject, and ultimately the Commission of Education Inquiry, then in existence, was sent down to Belfast to investigate the matter on the spot. The result of their labours was, to recommend the renewal of the grant, on condition that the "Institution" should adopt certain regulations in the shape of bye-laws, which it was thought would give the Trinitarians sufficient security against the dangers they appre-

hended. These bye-laws were passed, and the grant was restored in 1828; and has since been enlarged to upwards of £2,000.

But, in 1829, a Professor of Moral Philosophy was appointed, of whose orthodoxy the synod were not satisfied; and to make the matter worse, the foremost of the rejected candidates was a member of their own body, highly distinguished for his talents and piety. The storm of controversy again burst forth, and lasted, with few intermissions, for two or three years. The result was, that the synod appointed two of its own members to teach moral philosophy to its students, who were thus withdrawn from the instruction of the obnoxious Professor, though allowed to continue their attendance on the other classes of the institution.

In 1822, Dr. Bruce retired from the principality of the "Academy," full of years and honour, and was succeeded by the Rev. James Gray. Mr. Gray accepted an ecclesiastical preferment in India in 1826, and his place was filled by the Rev. Dr. Bryce.

In 1830, the "Academical Institution" obtained the king's permission to use the prefix "ROYAL."

In 1831, an attempt was made to revive the college department of the old "Academy," and a request was conveyed to the Presbyterian Synod to "open the trade" of education, by receiving the certificates of that seminary on the same footing as those of the "Royal Academical Institution," leaving it to the option of the stu-

dents to which of the two they would resort. At first this application seemed sure of success. It was strenuously supported by Dr. Cooke and others who generally swayed the synod; Dr. Bryce, the head of the seminary from which it proceeded, had been the favourite orthodox candidate for the Greek Professorship in the other institution in 1821; and in the fierce discussion which had broken out twice or thrice during the ten intervening years, the Calvinistic leaders had always loudly complained of the injustice done to him, and to their party through him, by the result of that election. Nevertheless the proposal was unsuccessful; and the college classes of the "Academy," being denied the support of professional students, were not continued for more than three or four years.

This decision, which caused much surprise among the Evangelical party, both of the Established Church and of the Presbyterians, was owing to several causes. But of these we need only mention one,—a hope on the part of the more calculating members, that, by a gentle and steady pressure upon the "Royal Academical Institution," they could succeed in gaining an ascendancy which would be sufficient for their purpose; and that it was more desirable to acquire such influence over a large and flourishing institution, than to endeavour to check what they deemed its errors, by encouraging the competition with which it was threatened. On this plan the synod acted; and at first the institution readily acceded to their demands. At length, how-



ever, they began to see the tendency of the synod's policy, and resisted; and the war broke out more fiercely than ever. The managers and proprietors of the "Institution" charge the Presbyterian clergy with violating, or wishing to violate, the original compact on which the institution was founded; and insist that a national seminary, erected by the liberality of men of all religious denominations, and supported from the public purse, must not be suffered to become the property of a sect. The synod, on the other hand, maintain that the bye-laws passed at the period of the restoration of the parliamentary grant, give them a full right to all they demand, and loudly declare that they will make no compromise with Arianism, which they denounce as a "soul-destroying heresy."

The immediate cause of difference, at present, is the following:—At a very early period in the history of the "Academical Institution," it was proposed to provide accommodation within its walls for Theological Professors, to be appointed by the different churches in Ireland; and an offer to this effect was made to the Bishops of the Established and Roman Catholic Churches, and to the different bodies of Dissenters. This offer was accepted by two of the Presbyterian Synods (since merged into one); and by a subsequent act all Professors, those appointed by the synods, as well as those chosen by and responsible to the institution itself, were formed into a "Board of Faculty" for the internal government of the college department. Two Theological Profes-

sors have recently been appointed by the "Remonstrant Synod" (Arian). These gentlemen claim seats in the Faculty;—the majority of the Faculty, supported by the United Synod (Trinitarian), resist their admission; and the managers of the institution are trying to enforce it.

It would be out of our province to enter into the merits of these controversies. The above is an impartial narrative of the facts, the views of each party being stated as nearly as possible in their own words.<sup>18</sup>

The "Natural History and Philosophical Society" of Belfast, is an institution of high and important rank. The members read papers in rotation on some branch of natural history or general science. The society does not publish Transactions, but many of the members contribute memoirs to the transactions of other societies, and to the scientific periodicals. The building in which the members meet, is a handsome and most convenient edifice, situated on the north side of College Square. It contains their valuable and extensive museum, consisting of Irish antiquities, works of art, and a collection of minerals, rocks, and fossils, and of specimens in different departments of zoology and in botany.<sup>19</sup>

Under the head of Scientific Institutions—for they have been applied to purposes of high utility as well as enjoyment—we may class the Botanical Gardens of Belfast. They are situated about a mile from the town; and although not very extensive, are of exceeding interest and beauty. The site had been judiciously selected:

it is full of slight and graceful undulations; one of the slopes terminates in what was formerly a miniature morass, now converted into a receptacle for aquatic plants, and forming a singularly picturesque auxiliary to the scene. Under the care of an excellent, tasteful, and experienced curator—Mr. Daniel Ferguson—a pictorial effect has been given to every portion of the place; and although its scientific arrangements are said to be faultless, they in no degree impair the elegance of the garden. The conservatories are formed after the most recent improvements, and the principal one may be regarded as a perfect model.

There is one feature, however, in this establishment, upon which it is our duty to remark. It is made practically serviceable in the instruction of young men to become experienced gardeners, upon scientific principles, at their outset in life. By the rules of this society, youths are admitted into “training and apprenticeship” between the ages of fourteen and sixteen; but previous to admission, they are subjected to an examination by the committee, as to the state of their education; it is necessary for them to be, at entrance, reasonable English scholars, and of good parentage. Their term of engagement is limited to four or five years, according to the ages of the candidates; they receive as wages for their labour, 4s. a week during the first year; 5s. during the second; and 6s. weekly for the remainder of their time. They are furnished with excellent lodging-rooms in a building attached



to the garden, consisting of cooking-room, school-room, and sleeping-rooms; the two younger apprentices cooking and attending upon the seniors each alternate week. During the evenings of winter and spring months, the society procures the attendance of a tutor, who teaches them in classes, in the various branches of education,—two-thirds of the recompense to this tutor being defrayed by the society, and one-third by the pupil. In the more immediate business of their lives, they have the advantage, daily, of the instruction of the able and excellent curator. Already a number of young men have been sent into the world, educated upon this admirable system; and already the beneficial effects of it are beginning to be felt in Ireland. Heretofore it has been the almost invariable custom of the Irish gentry, when requiring a steward or gardener, to send for one from Scotland. It was indeed almost a necessity that they should do so; for among the middle and lower classes at home, no effort whatever had been made, until of late years, to render the artisan, the mechanic, or the agriculturist, aught but a mere labourer; and when a gentleman desired to improve his estate, or to form a garden, or to cultivate it with skill and taste, it was useless for him to look for a director among his own countrymen. The profitable employments, therefore, arising from these fertile sources, were monopolised by the Scotch. The evil—for so we are bound to regard it—is in course of removal. The society in Belfast has satisfactorily proved that the Irish can become

as valuable stewards and gardeners as their neighbours of the coast opposite; and as, no doubt, a plan that has been found to answer admirably, will be, ere long, extensively followed, the good that may be reasonably anticipated is immense.

The reader will not, we trust, grow impatient for details concerning topics that may be more generally interesting, but which are, unquestionably, infinitely less important. For pictorial descriptions of the country we shall have abundant scope ere long—"the Giant's Causeway," one of Ireland's leading wonders, being within a day's journey of Belfast; while, in our route, lie old heroic Londonderry; Donegal, in its primeval grandeur; graceful and beautiful Fermanagh; and the several counties of wild Connaught;—but we shall not again possess opportunities of directing attention to matters, concerning which information is absolutely necessary to those who would acquire clear and enlarged views of Ireland, and more especially of "the North."

Even at the risk of being dull and tedious, therefore, we must confine ourselves, for a time, to facts.

As Belfast is a sort of ecclesiastical metropolis for the Presbyterians, being the place where their synods meet, where the greatest amount of wealth and talent is to be found connected with their body, and from which their periodical and other publications generally issue, this seems the proper opportunity for giving an account of that important portion of the population of Ireland.

It is well known that the Reformation at first made very slow progress in this country; and that, so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century, a number of sees were still occupied by Roman Catholic dignitaries. But, even in the sixteenth century, members of the Scottish church were to be found in Ireland, and some of them at an early period were promoted to influential and honourable offices.<sup>20</sup> Towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, as we have elsewhere had occasion to remark, the estates of some of the Irish nobles who had been engaged in treasonable practices were forfeited, and a considerable part of six of the northern counties, then placed at the disposal of the crown, was "planted," under the patronage of King James I., with colonists from Scotland,<sup>21</sup> by whom Presbyterianism was introduced into Ulster, and soon obtained a firm footing in the country. These Scotch settlers have changed the external as well as the religious aspect of the northern province. About two centuries ago, it was the most barbarous, uncivilized, and wretched portion of Ireland; it has become the most peaceable, enlightened, and prosperous.

Till the year 1634, the Protestant Church in Ireland was an independent national establishment, distinct from that of England. About twenty years before that period, a "Confession," drawn up by the celebrated Ussher, then Professor of Divinity in Dublin, had been unanimously adopted by a convocation of the Irish



Protestant Clergy, and confirmed by the civil authorities. It was framed with the view of compromising the differences between the high-church party and the puritans, and so preventing a schism like that which had occurred in England. Ecclesiastical affairs were administered in the same spirit; so that the strictest of the Presbyterians found no difficulty in uniting with Episcopalians. They were allowed to omit such parts of the Liturgy as were displeasing to them, or to lay it wholly aside if they chose. Ordination, whenever they wished it, was conducted in such a way as to meet their scruples.<sup>22</sup>

It appears, therefore, that during this period (1615 till 1634) the Protestant Church in Ireland was decidedly and essentially episcopal: but that its articles were so framed, and its discipline so exercised, as to permit and induce Presbyterians to enter its communion and remain there. Thus, Protestants of all shades of opinion were united to support their common cause.

But, in 1634, another convocation was held in Dublin, *at* which, rather than *by* which, this policy was reversed. The plan was laid by Archbishop Laud, in conjunction with Wentworth, then Lord-Deputy of Ireland and afterwards Earl of Strafford, and carried into effect by the latter. Ussher, the framer of the original Irish "Confession," was now Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland; but, notwithstanding his great talents, his high

station, the support of the apostolic and exemplary Bishop Bedell, and the general feeling of the clergy in favour of his views, he was unable to resist the resolute and stern Lord-Deputy, who fairly overawed the convocation, and triumphantly carried his measures. The original Irish articles and canons were annulled, and those of England adopted; the Presbyterians were driven from the church, and suffered privations and persecution.

The terrible rebellion of 1641 swept away from Ulster almost every trace of the Protestant church establishment. A Scottish army, under General Monro, went over to aid in quelling the insurrection, and the Presbyterian chaplains of its regiments entered with amazing energy, zeal, and judgment on the unoccupied field, and soon completely established the Presbyterian interest in the province.

During the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, the Ulster Presbyterians had been uniformly favourable to an hereditary and constitutional monarchy. They were equally opposed to the despotic tendencies of the king, and to the republicanism of his parliament. They sought the establishment of the Presbyterian form of church government, in opposition both to Prelacy, with which Charles was identified, and to Independency, which was the favourite system of his enemies. Hence they had little to hope for from the triumph of either party. But they boldly maintained their principles, protested against the trial of the king,

denounced his execution as murder,<sup>23</sup> and asserted the right of his son to the throne. Accordingly, they were the objects of a good deal of severity during the early part of the administration of Cromwell. But after the appointment of his son Henry to be Lord-Deputy of Ireland, they were restored to favour. An arrangement was made, whereby all the tithes of the kingdom were to be collected into a common fund, and distributed to the clergy by the Government. In this distribution the Presbyterian ministers and the Independents shared; and deficiencies were supplied from the public revenues of the state.<sup>24</sup>

At the Restoration Episcopacy was re-established, and the Irish Presbyterians were again driven into the position of Dissenters. They were not only ejected from their churches and deprived of their endowments, but were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to preach, baptize, or exercise any other function of their ministry.

In the course of a few years, however, these severities were relaxed; and while every effort was made under Charles II. to subdue the Presbyterians of Scotland, their brethren in Ireland were left unmolested by the same Government, and even enjoyed a measure of favour. In 1672 a pension was granted to their ministers, but it does not appear to have been regularly paid.

In 1688 the Irish Presbyterians, almost to a man, espoused the cause of the Prince of Orange,



with the utmost promptitude and decision; and after the Revolution their ministers received a grant of money from the crown, which, in different forms, has been continued to the present day, under the name of *Regium Donum*.

The Presbyterianism of Ireland is derived almost wholly from Scotland, and therefore, to understand its position, we must glance for a moment at the ecclesiastical history of its mother country.

All the Scotch Presbyterian clergy acceded to the Revolution settlement. A handful of the people, however, held out, and would acknowledge neither the civil government nor the ecclesiastical establishment. After a considerable period, a minister of the Scotch Kirk, named M'Millan, placed himself at their head. Other ministers subsequently joined them, and they continued to increase. They claim to be the only genuine representatives of the old Covenanters, and profess particular attachment to the views of Richard Cameron, whose conduct was disapproved of as violent, and his opinions as extreme, by the majority of the Scotch Church. The opinions of this class of Presbyterians spread into Ireland, where they have thriven even more than in Scotland. They call themselves the "Reformed Presbyterians," or "Old Dissenters;" and are popularly denominated "Cameronians," "Covenanters," or "M'Millanites."

In little more than thirty years after the Revolution, it was found that the Calvinistic

doctrines of the Westminster Confession had lost ground to an incredible extent among the Scotch clergy. The "orthodox" ascribed this to the establishment of patronage by the Act of Anne (1712). The fact is, it was owing primarily to the fashionable literature and philosophy of the day; though patronage, vesting the appointment of the clergy in the class most liable to be influenced by that fashion, would no doubt favour the change. The Calvinists, at all events, found themselves in a minority, and unable to enforce the discipline of the church, against either "error in doctrine," or "immorality in practice." A few of them inveighed with great vehemence against this "degeneracy," and against patronage as its cause: but the majority carried matters with a high hand; four ministers who had been foremost in the agitation, were suspended from their office by the General Assembly. They refused to submit to the sentence, and the Assembly proceeded to "loose them from their congregations." This sentence, too, they defied, and their congregations adhered to them. At length, about 1733, they formally withdrew from the church, and were soon joined by almost all the zealous Calvinists of the Establishment. They first constituted themselves into a presbytery; but soon became numerous enough to form a synod, divided into many presbyteries. The religious body which thus originated were called "Seceders."

In Ireland, also, Calvinism had been losing ground, though not quite so rapidly as in Scot-

land. Subscription to the Westminster Confession had fallen into disuse, and was revived. Its revival was resisted; and in 1726 the non-subscribers (forming the presbytery of Antrim) were separated from the synod in spiritual affairs, though they still acted with it in money matters. Subsequently, however, the rule of the synod itself was gradually relaxed in practice; the new opinions spread rapidly among the clergy, and were adopted by many of the gentry.

Those Irish Presbyterians whose dislike to the anti-Calvinistic doctrines, or "new light," as they were called, was most intense, applied to the Seceders in Scotland for ministers who would preach the "good old way." They were sent; and a branch of the Scottish Secession Church was planted in Ireland in 1742. About forty years afterwards, the ministers of this new body obtained a share of the *Regium Donum*.

At the beginning of the present century, then, the Presbyterians of Ireland consisted of the following classes:—

I. The Synod of Ulster and Presbytery of Antrim, who considered themselves as the representatives of the Scotch establishment.

II. The Southern Association or Synod of Munster, also claiming to be a branch of the Church of Scotland, co-ordinate with, and independent of, the Synod of Ulster, as to jurisdiction, but holding fraternal intercourse with the body.



III. The Cameronians.

IV. The Seceders.

The two last classes adhered strictly to the Calvinistic theology. The Synod of Munster and Presbytery of Antrim had never denied or rejected Calvinism; their principle simply was non-subscription. But the great body of their members were, in point of fact, Arians or Socinians. Different presbyteries of the Synod of Ulster had used different degrees of strictness with regard to the doctrinal views of young men entering the ministry; but the lax presbyteries had been the more numerous; and consequently a very large number of ministers, holding (more or less openly) the "new light" opinions were found in that body also.

In 1803 the Synod of Ulster and Presbytery of Antrim obtained an increase to their *Regium Donum*; but the Government, on account of the recent insurrections, deemed it necessary to attach terms to the grant, which had been hitherto unconditional. They required that each minister to be thereafter ordained over a congregation should be certified to the Lord-Lieutenant, by two magistrates, as having taken the oath of allegiance; and should be approved of by him; thus giving the Lord-Lieutenant a veto on the reception of *Regium Donum* by each minister, at the time of his entering on a cure of souls. The Seceders obtained a similar augmentation in 1809, on the same terms. One minister only of that body refused to share in the enlarged grant, chiefly on the ground that the Lord-

Lieutenant's veto was "inconsistent with that independence of the church for which Seceders had always contended." To this view six or seven congregations adhered, who were in time provided with ministers, and have ever since continued to decline the *Regium Donum*. They are commonly called "Primitive, or Independent, Seceders."

The revival of Calvinistic doctrine in the Established Church by Mr. Matthias and his coadjutors, and, still more, the electric effect produced at a later period in the kindred Church of Scotland by the preaching of Dr. Chalmers, stirred up the slumbering Evangelical party in the Synod of Ulster, and increased their numbers and their power. Their leader was the Rev. Henry (now Doctor) Cooke, a man of great ability, and extraordinary energy of character. But neither Mr. Cooke, nor his friends, ventured, for a long time, to entertain the idea of expelling the holders of the "new light" opinions from the synod. At last, however, in the course of the controversy which, as we have already noticed, arose out of the appointment of some Unitarians to professorships in the Belfast Academical Institution, some one twitted Mr. Cooke with his inconsistency, in making so much ado about placing Arians in merely literary situations, while he himself held the closest religious communion with men of the same sentiments. Mr. Cooke had the courage at once to admit the inconsistency; but the mode in which he set about rectifying it, was different

from that which the propounder of the argument expected. He ceased not his opposition to Arian professors, but began instantly to demand the expulsion of the Arians from the synod. This proposal was exceedingly distasteful to the majority even of the orthodox clergy, who feared that the respectability and political importance of the body would be injured by a division. But the feeling of the laity, who had not till then been fully aware of the nature and tendency of the "new light" doctrines, was fairly roused: its current set irresistibly in Mr. Cooke's favour; and measures were adopted, not indeed for the immediate exclusion of Arians, but for preventing the introduction of any new ministers of those opinions, in order that the system might be annihilated by the dying off of those who held it. The zealous and conscientious portion of the Arians did not choose to submit to have their principles extinguished by this slow but sure process; and therefore, after resisting and "remonstrating" in vain at two or three meetings of synod, they withdrew in 1829, and formed themselves into a separate body, under the name of "The Remonstrant Synod of Ulster." A few ministers holding, or supposed to hold, Arian sentiments, continued to remain in the original synod.

This separation of the Arians opened the way for a union with the Seceders, who were strict Calvinists, and whose chief ground of opposition to the Synod of Ulster had been the



“latitudinarianism” which admitted Arians into the church. Negotiations were set on foot in 1838 or 1839, and the union was consummated in 1840, some ten or twelve ministers only of the Seceding denomination holding out against it, on the ground that the Synod of Ulster was not even yet sufficiently pure.

The Synod of Munster, the Presbytery of Antrim, and the Remonstrants, have recently connected themselves for certain common objects, under the name of “The Non-subscribing Presbyterian Association,” though each of the bodies retains its independent discipline and jurisdiction.

The Presbyterians of Ireland may, therefore, be classed under the following heads:—

I. “The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.” These receive *Regium Donum*: they are Calvinists. They have upwards of four hundred and forty congregations.

II. “The Non-subscribing Presbyterian Association.” They enjoy *Regium Donum*. They are Arians, with the exception of, perhaps, one or two members of the Synod of Munster. The number of their congregations is twenty-seven.

III. “The Cameronians” or “Covenanters.” Their principles, which we have already stated, debar them from receiving *Regium Donum*, or any other endowment, at the hand of any government not constituted on the prin-

ciples of "the covenants National and Solemn League." They are strict Calvinists. They have about thirty congregations.

IV. "The Primitive Seceders." These decline *Regium Donum*, and are Calvinists. They have only six congregations.

V. The Seceders who refused to unite with the Synod of Ulster, and enter the General Assembly, in 1840. They have *Regium Donum*, and are Calvinists. Their congregations are ten or twelve in number.

The annual salary now paid out of the treasury to those Presbyterian ministers who receive *Regium Donum* is £75. In addition to this, the pastors receive for their maintenance, from the people, a stipend varying, according to the circumstances of the congregation, from £20 or £30, to £200 or £300 a year.

In several districts of the north of Ireland, the inhabitants are, almost exclusively, Presbyterians; so that, in several large parishes, the members of all other communions together do not amount to more than one, two, or three dozen. In 1834, according to the Government census, the Presbyterian population amounted to between six and seven hundred thousand souls; but they have ever since complained that they were greatly underrated in that enumeration, many of them having been confounded with the Protestants of the Established Church, and some of their congregations having been even altogether overlooked. We believe there is some foundation for these complaints, and

that the Presbyterians of Ireland may amount to nearly a million souls, of whom probably seven or eight hundred thousand belong to the "General Assembly."

The Irish Presbyterians are principally descended from the settlers who formed the "plantation" in the reign of James I. Many, however, are sprung from English and Scotch non-conformist refugees, and many from the officers and soldiers of the armies of Cromwell and of William III. who settled in Ireland, some in consequence of obtaining grants of land, and some from other causes.

At one time many of the principal families in Ulster, particularly in Antrim and Down, were Presbyterians; but their descendants, with very few exceptions, conformed to the Established Church; and their example is pretty generally followed by such of the mercantile and manufacturing classes as have attained to that wealth and standing which enable them to associate with the higher ranks. Of the remaining Protestant population—merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, farmers, and artisans—the vast majority are Presbyterians. When we come down to the class of labourers, we find the proportion of members of the Established Church much larger, amounting perhaps to nearly one-half the Protestants of this grade.

The above account, down to the period of the Revolution, is derived, chiefly, from the admirable "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," by the Rev. J. S. Reid, D.D.,



M.R.I.A., now professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Glasgow, a work rich in original research, and casting much light on the civil history of England and Ireland under the Stuarts and during the Commonwealth. The third volume, bringing down the history of the Presbyterian Church to the present day, has not yet appeared; but the latter parts of our sketch may be equally relied upon, as our materials have been supplied from the most authentic sources; and we have selected from them, as becomes tourists, nothing but a simple statement of facts.

Although a plain building, the Linen Hall is, beyond question, the most interesting structure in Belfast. It is cheering, in the highest degree, to note the bustle and business that prevail here and in its adjacent warehouses. We have no intention to enter at much length into a history of the great—indeed strictly speaking the only—manufacture of Ireland; but some observations in reference to it are indispensable in treating of “the North,” and, in especial, the great outlet for its linen produce—Belfast.

From the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, the manufacture of linen has, unquestionably, existed in Ireland; linen having been the material of the saffron-coloured shirts which formed the national costume of the native Irish. Nor was “Erin’s yellow vesture” soon abandoned. In the reign of Elizabeth, we are told by Sir John Davis, the northern chieftains presented them-

selves at court in this characteristic "uniform." <sup>25</sup>

It would seem, however, that it was not until after the final conquest and plantation of Ulster, that linen became an article of export. In the reign of Charles I., we find the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, to whom Belfast, and Ulster in general, owes no little gratitude, exerting himself, with his usual energy, in the promotion of the manufacture. For this purpose, he caused flax-seed to be brought from Holland, and induced spinners and manufacturers from the Netherlands and France, to settle in Ireland. Nay, so warmly did he enter into the matter, that he himself embarked in the business, and expended in it £30,000 of his private fortune.

The civil commotions which immediately ensued, frustrated for a time the designs of the noble linen merchant. They were not, however, destined to prove utterly fruitless. After the Restoration had insured something of tranquillity, they were again adopted and acted upon, during the second viceroyalty of the Duke of Ormond. This nobleman sent persons into the Netherlands, to render themselves acquainted with the best modes of raising flax, and also procured manufacturers from Brabant, France, and Jersey. So successful were these and other measures of Ormond, that on his quitting the government of Ireland in 1669, the linen trade may be said to have been fully established.

Soon after, the progress of the manufacture received an additional impulse from the settlement in the north—under the auspices of government—of a body of French refugees, compelled to abandon their country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. By these, the manufacture of damask and cambric was successfully introduced, and important improvements were effected in the growth of flax, and the bleaching and preparation of linen.<sup>26</sup>

In 1698 (as we have stated elsewhere) the English houses of Parliament, actuated by a spirit which it is now unnecessary to characterise, addressed William III., praying that his Majesty would be graciously pleased to take measures for discouraging the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and establishing that of linen in its stead. To these addresses suitable answers were returned; and the obnoxious manufacture was crushed accordingly. From this period, the manufacture of linen was taken under the special protection of the state; and all the cumbrous machinery of encouragement put in motion, to secure its prosperity. In 1711, a board of trustees was appointed to watch over its progress, to whom, among other duties, were assigned those of distributing in premiums a large sum granted annually by Parliament, and of providing for the prevention of frauds in the manufacture. Under the superintendence of this board, public Halls were erected at Dublin, Belfast, and Newry, for the accommodation of persons engaged in the trade; regu-



lations for the manufacture and sale of linen were established; and officers were appointed in the several districts to enforce their observance. About the same time, in imitation of the policy of the English legislature, which had enacted that the dead should be buried in woollen shrouds, linen scarfs and hatbands were authoritatively introduced at funerals. In 1743, the first bounties were granted on the exportation of Irish linen. This system was only discontinued in 1832.

Water-power about that time was generally introduced to set in motion the mills for washing and beetling the linen cloth, which operations had previously been performed in an imperfect and tedious manner by manual labour. The chemical operations of bleaching had likewise been much improved, by the introduction of scientific rules for the proper application of the various powerful agents required; the want of which had often caused the merely practical man to sustain serious loss.

Unfortunately, there are no certain means of tracing the growth of the linen manufacture in Ireland. The only facts by which we may approximate to its amount, are afforded by custom-house returns, which do not reach back to an early date, and are wanting for the years subsequent to 1825. The average quantity of linen exported annually from Ireland, during the periods ending March, 1790, 1800, 1810, and 1820, respectively, were as follow:—

March 1790 .....	34,191,754 yards.
1800 .....	36,112,369 do.
1810 .....	40,751,889 do.
1820 .....	48,265,711 do.

The last available return is that furnished by the Railway Commissioners for 1835; by which it appears, there were shipped from Ireland in that year 70,209,572 yards of linen, the value of which was £3,730,854.

At present the annual value of the linen cloth manufactured in Ulster, cannot be less than £4,000,000 sterling. The number of persons employed in all branches of the manufacture is about 170,000; we may safely assert, that 500,000 derive their subsistence from it. The annual amount of wages may be calculated at £1,200,000; and the total capital employed, in all branches of the business, is estimated at £5,000,000 sterling. The fall that has taken place in the price of linen cloth since 1823, has been extraordinary. The article which was then sold at 2s. 1d. per yard, could, in 1831, be bought at 1s. 4d., and in 1841, at 11½d.; whilst now it is worth only 9d.!

The great increase in the quantity exported, is mainly attributable to the gradual substitution of mill-spun for hand-spun yarn, by which a considerable diminution in the cost of the production has been effected. The introduction of machinery for spinning linen yarn, although, doubtless, affording employment to a larger portion of the population, has been productive of anything rather than improvement in the con-







dition of the weaver. Towards the end of last century, and subsequently, while spinning by hand continued remunerative, the linen-weaver, in the country districts of Antrim, Down, and Armagh, enjoyed, for an Irish peasant, a high degree of comfort. Generally possessed of a small holding of land, the loom supplied himself and his sons with regular employment, in the intervals of agricultural labour; while the females of his family found nearly constant occupation in the spinning of flax, often the produce of his own farm. A web, when finished, was readily disposed of at one of the numerous markets attended by the linen factors. The introduction of machinery necessarily effected a total change. Female labour was at once rendered comparatively valueless; and the domestic manufacture of yarn comparatively impossible. The weaver now felt himself obliged to enter into an engagement with a manufacturer, from whom he receives the yarn, and to whom he returns the web when woven. A large share of the profit, which formerly accrued to the weaver has been thus transferred to other quarters.<sup>27</sup>

There are few matters that interested us so much, in our young days, as the *cottage* culture and manufacture of flax. First, the small farmer sowed his plot of this exquisite and graceful little plant, and his wife weeded it with great care; then, when the petals of the blue and graceful flowers had dropped off, and the state of ~~spinning~~ proved that the plant was





Spinning  
Reproduced from an Original Photograph



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thoroughly ripe, it was "pulled," or "plucked," in small handfuls at a time; these were laid upon the ground, two and two, across each other, and much good or evil was supposed to arise from having a "lucky" hand to lay the first "cross;" they (the small farmers) seldom "stacked" their flax so as to steep it the next season, or understood the art of "*rippling*" it, *i. e.*, drawing the flax through an iron comb fixed in a block of wood; the capsules which are thus broken off fall into a basket beneath; then they proceeded to steep, or as they called it, "bog" it.

"And *why* do you 'bog it,' Larry?" we inquired once of an old fellow who was reported to have "a mighty lucky hand entirely about flax."

"Is it why we bog it, dear?—Why then, you see, we must all pass through the waters of tribulation to be purified, and so must the flax—the bad you see, and the good, in that small plant is glued together, and the water melts the glue, so that they divide—and that's the sense of it, dear!"

In bogging, they placed heavy stones over it in the water to prevent its being disturbed, and then it was left to the decay incidental to its situation. In our progress through the north we were always reminded of our proximity to a bogging station, by the very offensive smell of the decaying flax. We knew a thrifty housewife, about twenty years ago, in the county Wexford, who never would "bog" her flax, but spread it thinly over her meadow, pouring wa-

ter upon it, if the season was dry, and suffering the grass to grow up through it; by this means she not only saved the seed, but declared that the thread made from flax prepared in this way was stronger and whiter than that which had been bogged. We cannot vouch for her judgment being correct; we only state the fact. Others will seek putrid water, and lay mud over the flax, to assist its decomposition; but this certainly stains the flax. And the flax-steepers of Courtray are so particular as to the purity of the water that they construct boxes for holding the flax, and sink them in their river, so that the water may flow *under* and *over* them; the flax so prepared takes longer steeping than it does when "bogged," but the colour is so much finer, that flax is sent to be steeped in the Lys from every part of Flanders.

After it had been "bogged" a sufficient time, according to the cottage system, it was either dried in the open air, or placed upon rafters over a low fire, and watched and turned by some careful, though, perhaps, ragged urchin, well trained for the purpose. When perfectly dry, the brown coarse-looking bundles of stalks were either heaped upon some "wattles" laid beneath the thatch for the purpose, to wait the time for "scutching,"—generally the winter's work—or carefully piled in the "barn." When the flax was "scutched"—and one neighbour was always ready to assist in this as well as in every other domestic operation—the arrival of an itinerant flax-dresser was eagerly looked for. You would



know the "flax-dresser" at once;—he carried his "hackles" of various sizes, strapped across his shoulders; the weight obliged him to stoop forward, yet he walked with the air of a man assured of a cheerful welcome, and usually lightened his journey with a song. In the "big farmhouses" a room was set apart for his peculiar use; as the process is dirty, particularly the first passing of the rough flax through the coarser hackles; and he was plentifully supplied with beer "to keep his throat from the dryness." In the evenings, his well-known social qualities were called into action. Passing his life in wandering from house to house, he was a chronicler of all the extraordinary events that ever had occurred, and his voice sometimes swelled into song, or was modulated as a *raconteur*, so as to strike terror, or create sympathy, according as the case might be. One in particular, we well remember, a simple, gentle-minded man "from the north," though rejoicing in the southern name of O'Flaherty,<sup>28</sup> who was particularly indignant at the introduction of what was called "water-bogging;" that is, as we have said, steeping flax in running water, instead of leaving it to decay for a certain period in putrid water.

While the girls were employed in scutching, it was his wont to instruct them by practical lessons in all matters appertaining to linen, and to relieve his dryer details by the recital of pleasant stories; generally, however, bearing in some way or other, upon the favourite theme of his dis-

course. "Scutching" was performed either upon the back of a chair, or a rude flat pillar prepared for the purpose—the operator beating the flax with one hand with a heavy instrument, and with the other hand drawing it back gradually as it was beaten.

*Boiling*, or as they generally call it, *scalding* the thread, is an operation performed by the tallest and strongest woman of the cottage, because "she has more command over it." The thread, after spinning, is put into the iron pot commonly used for boiling potatoes; it is filled sometimes with plain water, with perhaps the addition of scraped soap, soda, wood-ash, which they keep for the purpose, anything to soften its texture, and then placed over the fire; when it is considered sufficiently "scalded," it is taken off, turned round and round by a great stick, and wrung with the hands, then put on again; and this is repeated until the thread is thoroughly cured of its harshness; when it is taken to "running water," beetled by old and young, dried upon the grass, boiled again and again in pure water, again dried and bleached, and then consigned to the loom of the rustic weaver.<sup>29</sup>

Linen is made from the fibrous bark of the flax plant (*Linum usitatissimum*) which grows to the height of three to four feet. As it produces a pretty blue flower, the fields where it is grown present a very gay appearance at the period of flowering. When the flower falls off, the seed-vessels are quickly formed, but are not allowed in general to come to maturity, as the plant is

pulled when the stalk is still a little greenish, it having been found by experience that by this means a finer description of flax is produced.

Since the commencement of the nineteenth century great advances have been made in every department of the linen manufacture, with the exception of the growth and preparation of the flax. In this department we are still far outstripped by the farmers of Belgium and the north of France. It is a melancholy fact that, while the enterprise and intelligence of the mercantile portion of the community have, within the last twenty years, brought the linen manufacture to a perfection unequalled in the world, the Irish farmer has remained stationary, wedded to old prejudices, and producing flax no better than his ancestors had done fifty years ago.<sup>30</sup>

Within the past year a society has been established at Belfast for the improvement of the growth of flax in Ireland. Under its auspices a number of young men have been sent over to Holland, Belgium, and France, to be instructed in the best methods of bringing the flax-plant to the highest state of perfection. Two practical Belgians have likewise been brought over to give their assistance; and it is hoped that a spirit of emulation in the improvement of this important plant will be introduced both among the farmers and landlords, which may ultimately assist materially in advancing the Irish linen manufacture.<sup>31</sup>

At the present time we find the old spinning-wheel nearly made obsolete by the introduction



of large mills for spinning the flax into linen yarn. Into these mills the flax comes in a rough state, as it is sold by the Irish farmer; it is then cleaned by being passed over a tool called a hackle, which consists of a number of sharp steel spikes set in a wooden frame, over which the flax is drawn by the workmen; the finer portion, called line, is by this tool separated from the coarser part, which is called tow.

The line is used for manufacturing yarn for the better description of linens and damasks—while the tow is converted into an inferior quality of yarn employed for common purposes.

The machinery required to manufacture flax into yarn or thread is of a very complex and expensive kind. In the last process the prepared flax is passed through boiling water, in order to macerate the fibre and fit it for drawing out into an even and uniform thread.

Some of the mills for spinning are on a very large scale, employing from five hundred to a thousand persons, and having an investiture of capital of from £50,000 to £100,000. It is calculated that in all there are about fifty mills in the North of Ireland for the spinning of flax into the yarn for manufacturing linen—the total capital employed by them being close upon two millions of money.<sup>32</sup>

The yarn produced in these mills is bought by persons called manufacturers, who employ weavers to convert the linen-yarn into the various fabrics of linen, damask, and cambric.<sup>33</sup>

The interior of these mills, generally, is ex-

ceedingly neat and orderly. One of the best arranged, and, so to speak, most "elegant," is that of Mr. Chartres, formed upon the most recent improvement.

The latest process in the preparation of linen-cloth—that of bleaching—we found very interesting.

In order to bring linen-cloth to a perfectly white state, it is necessary to expose it for a length of time to the action of the atmosphere. This is done by spreading it on the grass, on which it is kept extended at its full length and breadth. The situation chosen for a bleach-green is generally the banks of a river where an abundance of water can be obtained. Here a large space, of some acres in extent, is often covered with linen-cloth in various stages of the process of bleaching, part brown, part half-white, and part rivalling the snow in dazzling purity. The buildings connected with these bleach-greens are generally whitewashed, and kept scrupulously clean; and in the districts where they most abound, they give to the country a gay and cheerful appearance.

The brown or unbleached linen, being first unfolded from the firm and compressed shape in which each "piece," or web, is received from the manufacturer, is cast, loosely knotted, into a wooden boiler capable of containing some two or three hundred pieces, and nearly filled with a weak solution of potash or barilla. After the linen has been boiled in this liquid for several hours, it is removed from the boiler by a crane

and network of rope, and almost immediately transferred, in separate quantities, to the "wash-mills." Here it is placed in a trough, through which jets of spring-water are constantly passed, and kept fully exposed to the action of the water by means of two large beams suspended above the troughs, and termed "feet," the lower ends of which are alternately drawn back and permitted to fall against the linen with considerable force. This motion is produced by the revolving of a cylinder situated directly beneath, and having projecting spars which catch and raise, at intervals, the extremity of the feet. From the wash-mills the linen is removed to the green, where it is carefully spread upon the grass, the several pieces being attached together, and their ends secured to the ground by small wooden "pins." After remaining two or three days upon the grass, it is again brought to the bleach-house, to be boiled and washed as before. The operations of boiling, washing, and spreading upon the green continue, thus successively repeated, till the linen has fairly assumed a whitish hue, when two additional forces are introduced. The first is that of passing the linen through the "rub-boards." These boards, which are fixed in a frame and moved by simple machinery, have portions of their inner surfaces furnished with plates of *lignum-vitæ*, or other hard material, completely channelled with narrow parallel grooves, the plates of the upper board being placed immediately over those of the under. Between these plates the linen, having been first



plentifully soaped, is slowly passed, so that the entire web is submitted to the friction. The second process is that of steeping, for a certain number of hours, in "rieves," or cisterns, containing water acidulated with sulphuric acid. After the introduction of the additional processes, the earlier continue unchanged, excepting that the use of the former alkalis in boiling is abandoned, soap being now employed.

By these several means the bleaching is at length completed; when the "finishing," or preparing for market, immediately begins. The linen is first starched and blued, after which it is suspended in a "drying-loft," where it is exposed to the air till completely dry. It is then taken down and stretched, and submitted to the "beetles." These are a succession of weighty wooden billets, ranged in a frame, above a slowly revolving cylinder, round which the linen is wound. The machinery being set in motion, the billets are raised and successively dropped, with great rapidity and force, on the cylinder beneath. This is continued for several hours, and the operation repeated till the fabric is sufficiently compressed and the requisite smoothness obtained. The linen is then "lapped," or folded, and sent to the assorting-room. Here each piece is carefully measured, again firmly lapped, and subjected to the pressure of an hydraulic press. The peculiar stamp of the merchant is finally applied, and the linen is ready for the market.

The period occupied in bleaching, &c., varies a good deal with the seasons, spring and autumn

being the most favourable. The average time is from two to three months.

There is yet another subject connected with the linen manufacture and one that demands some space. We refer to the fabric in such general use, and which of late years has undergone so much improvement—damask. We have already made some reference to the factory at Lisburn; our visit to Ardoyne, about three miles from Belfast, was exceedingly interesting, gratifying, and satisfactory. It is situated in the midst of very beautiful scenery; and the grounds around the establishment are carefully and gracefully cultivated.<sup>34</sup> Some account of the process may be acceptable to our readers.

The yarn, on being received from the spinner, having been boiled and bleached, is carefully assorted, in order to produce regularity in the fabric, each hank being placed with those of a corresponding quality of thread. It is then separated into two portions, the *warp* and the *weft*, the warp being that which is placed longitudinally in the loom, and into which the weft is woven. The latter is given out to the families of the workmen, by whom it is wound upon little wooden spools, technically called "*bobbins*," which are fixed in the shuttle, and with which the weaver must be kept constantly supplied, one being no sooner exhausted than another is substituted. The warp, before being removed to the loom, is measured by the revolutions of a "*warping-mill*," or wooden cylinder, of five yards in circumference. In the loom every four

threads are passed through the several splits of a hanging *reed* or "*scale*," which serves the double purpose of preserving the warp at the requisite width, and pressing together the weft when inserted by the shuttle. The threads are further passed through small bead-like objects called "*mails*," formed of glass, and attached to cords suspended from the machinery above, and retained in their places by leaden weights at their extremities. The warp, being secured to the loom at the further end, is ready for the reception of the pattern, the several stages in the preparation of which we proceed to describe.

The design, whether consisting of a group of flowers, a coat of arms, a landscape, or other object, having been first sketched on plain paper, is thence traced on sheets of design-paper, the entire surface of which is covered with engraved lines crossing each other at right angles. Vermilion, or lake, is then applied, such a number of the smaller squares, formed by the lines, being covered by the paint, as will serve to form the pattern sketched. This process, which requires much skill and labour, being completed, the design is next transferred to a series of cords placed perpendicularly in a wooden frame, each cord representing the entire space contained between two of the perpendicular lines of the design-paper. The operation is effected by passing a thin wooden instrument, termed a "*needle*," with another cord attached, *under* a cord in the frame, once for every small square in the corresponding spaces of the painted pattern, which is covered,



and *over* those representing the squares left blank. By means of the cords attached to the needle, thus successively interwoven, a coarse loose texture is formed, containing the design accurately transferred. But it has yet to assume new forms before passing into damask. The cordage having been removed from the frame, is affixed to the "*cutting-machine*," where, by another series of cords connected with wires and moved by a cylinder, a single circular steel punch, of half an inch in length, is obtruded from a perforated plate of steel fixed in the wood-work of the machine, into a similar movable plate, for every time that a horizontal cord has been passed under a perpendicular; in other words, a single punch is thus obtruded for every square of the design-paper covered by the paint. The movable plate is then placed in the "*perforator*," immediately over a stout pasteboard card, of a foot or a foot and a half in length, and three and a half inches in breadth, against which it is forced by a powerful screw, so that a perforation is formed in the card by every punch contained in the plate. The pattern is in this manner transferred, in small portions, to several hundred cards, each of them representing the space contained between two of the horizontal lines of the original design-paper; while the circular perforations correspond to the painted squares, and the rest of the card to those left vacant. The cards being laced together, the pattern is at length ready for removal to the loom.

Here there is erected, on a stage several feet

above the head of the workman, a machine *à la Jacquard*, consisting of an iron frame, which contains a movable grating and a succession of perpendicular and horizontal wires, the former passing through the latter, and having suspended from them the cords to which are attached the *mails*, through which, as we have stated, the threads of the warp are passed. Close to the ends of the horizontal wires which project a little way from the frame, is placed a square cylinder completely perforated with holes similar to those of the pattern-cards, to the size of which the sides also correspond. The cards being placed on this cylinder, so that one of them covers the side next to the wires, the machine is set in motion by a lever, lowered and raised by the workman's foot; when the horizontal wires being forced against the card, such of them as come in contact with its plain spaces are pressed back, and with them their perpendicular wires connected with the warp beneath; while the other horizontal wires entering the perforations of the card and cylinder, leave those which pass downwards through them unmoved in their positions. The grating is then raised, and catching by their bent tops the perpendicular wires which have not been forced backwards, elevates those threads of the warp which pass through the mails of their several cords, leaving a shed or opening for the insertion of the weft between the raised threads and the rest of the warp. The shuttle having been four times passed through this opening, and each thread of weft closely beaten into the fabric

by the hanging reed, the machine above is lowered by the lever, when the cylinder partly revolves, another card is presented to the wires, and the same operation again ensues. Thus the pattern is gradually formed by the successive passage of the weft below certain elevated portions of the warp; the four threads passing through a single mail being once raised for every hole in the cards, or every square of the design-paper covered with paint, while for every card, or for every space contained between two of the horizontal lines of the design-paper, four threads of weft are inserted.

When a part of the web, containing a given number of table-cloths or napkins is completed, it is immediately cut from the loom, sent to the bleach-green, and prepared for market.

Of the beautiful fabrics manufactured in the manner we have just described, there are two kinds, termed single and double damask. In single damask, the weft in traversing the web is caused to pass over every four threads of warp, and under the fifth; while in the double, of which the texture is much superior, and the pattern infinitely more distinct, it passes over seven threads and under the eighth.

We have endeavoured to make these brief notices of the linen manufacture as clear as we could to the uninitiated reader, and do not apologise for the space we have occupied in treating of the only produce of the country in which Ireland has long maintained and still retains pre-eminence. It is, however, a melancholy fact,



that this valuable branch of manufacture is not increasing in extent, and is unquestionably diminishing in value. A few years ago, the French and Americans, as well as other neighbouring nations, required large quantities, and many hands were therefore constantly employed; but the disagreements that have arisen respecting duties have interfered most materially with the Irish fabric. The high duties on French brandy in England have induced France to impose prohibitory charges on the introduction either of Irish linen or Irish cloth; and the natives are accordingly stirring themselves to become independent of it altogether. In August last a flax spinning-mill was erected at Poitiers, and several others are rising rapidly in the north-west district of the country. They are in general wrought by British workmen, and the machinery is British: the proximity to Holland will, of course, give them a great advantage over Ireland in procuring the raw material. In America, the demand is neither so great nor so regular as it has been; and the coarser manufacture of the people is more satisfactory to them, as having the strong recommendation of cheapness. From these causes, it is not surprising that the Irish manufacturers should feel alarmed; and accordingly, in the month of December last, one of the most influential meetings of the whole trade and its friends which has ever taken place, was held at Belfast. Several important resolutions were passed, and a memorial was forwarded to Government, founded upon

them; but it is obviously impossible that they can overcome causes which threaten to be as permanent as they are injurious.

The gentry and manufacturers of Ulster are again, however, actively exerting themselves, and, we trust, will receive such aid from the Government as will at least prevent further prejudice to the great source of comfort, peace, and prosperity in Ulster.

With this topic we bid adieu to Belfast; hoping the excellent and flourishing town may be visited by all who doubt the capabilities of Ireland to compete with any other country of the world.

From Belfast—previously to our tour along “the northern coast” to the “Giant’s Causeway”—we proceeded to Antrim town, in order to examine several interesting objects in its neighbourhood.

The town of Antrim is about fifteen miles north-west of Belfast, on the north-east border of Lough Neagh. It is small, and of no particular note. One of the most perfect of the round towers stands in its immediate vicinity, in the grounds of G. J. Clark, Esq. It is ninety-three feet in height, and about fifty-three feet in circumference at the base. The cap was shattered by lightning in the year 1822, and was replaced by another upon the precise model of the ancient one, the broken pieces of which are carefully preserved. The tower is built of rough stone, and above the doorway is a sculpture in basso-relievo resembling a Maltese cross. A flooring of

stone, on a level with the entrance, has never been explored; a matter for great regret, for there can be scarcely a doubt that underneath it is a sepulchre. The space between the earth and the floors is at least twelve feet; and there is sufficient evidence to warrant the conclusion, that whether the Round Tower was, or was not originally "a tomb," human remains would be found there as at Ardmore, and other places where opportunities of examination have been afforded. It is singular that, although occasionally bones are dug up in the neighbourhood, no foundations of walls have been at any time discovered to indicate that a church ever existed near it.

On the banks of "the Six-mile Water," which pours its tribute into Lough Neagh, are the extensive bleaching-grounds and warehouses of W. Chaine, Esq., the most extensive in Ireland.

We had never seen pastoral beauty so happily combined with the beauty of industry as in this prosperous and "picturesque" establishment—a "series" of factories which, as it were, "dot" the banks of the gushing river. The high-road traveller, much as he may admire the wide-spreading bleach-greens, the taste and elegance of the various residences in their immediate neighbourhood, the clean, well-dressed, homely and happy appearance of the inhabitants, can form no idea whatever of the graceful recesses of this sylvan spot. It is unrivalled in its way—trees, rocks, banks, and paths screened from the sun, and terminating in vistas revealing the fine country beyond; while at your feet the wa-



ters rush to their trained courses, and set at work the machinery of those mighty mills—mills which owe their existence to the clear, vigorous, and benevolent mind, and steady persevering industry of one of Ireland's truest friends—a man who, in truth, answers to the character of the “Man of Ross,” in all things but his poverty:—

“Him, portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest;  
The young who labour and the old who rest.”

It would be impossible to describe the varied yet continued beauty of this scene; the river twists in the most fantastic manner; and Mr. Chaine has availed himself not only of the best water power, but has erected his bleaching machinery where it least disturbs the aspect of the whole. In general, manufacturers care little or nothing for the picturesque; as long as the mechanism that enriches proceeds prosperously, they are heedless of injury inflicted on river or mountain; but this good man venerates Nature, and instead of outraging either her form or her laws, he wiles her into partnership with what is useful and beneficial in art and manufacture.

There are few things more delightful to the traveller than to hear universal testimony borne to the honour, generosity, and uprightness of one like the venerable man of whom we speak, who has passed a long life in acts of usefulness and unfailing benevolence in his own land; beloved and venerated by all classes, his name is invariably accompanied by a blessing and a prayer—a blessing for the good he has done, and

a prayer that he may still be spared many years to effect good still greater. He taught the idle waters how to fertilise, and imparted to their valley the advantages of labour, and the peace which accompanies plenty.

We shall not soon forget the morning we spent wandering along the banks of that refreshing river—refreshing in every sense of the word.

Jutting out into the lake is Shane's Castle, the seat of Lord O'Neil, the representative of a family whose origin is of a most remote age,<sup>35</sup> and whose name is intimately associated with every remarkable event that has occurred in Ulster, and indeed in Ireland, for many centuries. The present peer is likely to be the last of the ancient and heroic race; and with him probably THE O'Neil will cease to exist; a circumstance already contemplated as a calamity in his immediate neighbourhood—and not there alone. Few are more respected and beloved than the present descendant of a line of kings: he has succeeded in adding to the devotion and veneration of those who render him homage for his name's sake, the esteem and regard of the "Sassenach"—given by the latter far less because of his "blood" than his personal character; for he is surrounded by merchants, or the sons of merchants, who have been the architects of their own fortunes. Shane's Castle is a comparatively modern building—now in ruins, having been burned by an accidental fire in the year 1816; and the noble proprietor resides in a temporary dwelling formed out of one of the outhouses. From the

ruins which remain, it is evident that it was a fine and spacious building: the vaults, which are still entire, and extend to the very verge of the lake, merit particular notice, both from their "spaciousness and rather extraordinary construction." Several turrets and towers are still standing; and from their tops a fine view of the interesting scenery, amid which the ruins lie, may be obtained. A number of cannons are still mounted on the fort, which is boldly situated.<sup>36</sup>

The gardens retain the beauty for which they have long been celebrated; and the grounds are kept and cultivated with exceeding neatness and care. The trees are of magnificent growth, and the waters of the lake nearly enclose the demesne.

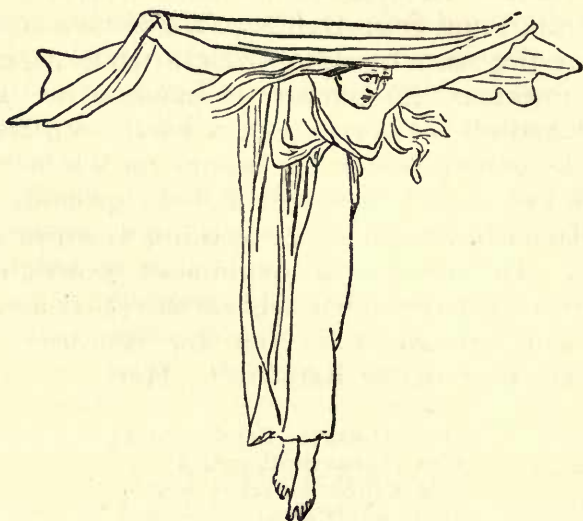
Shane's Castle has been for centuries the chosen realm of the Banshee.<sup>37</sup> Here,

"How oft has the Banshee cried!  
How oft has death untied  
Bright links that glory wove—  
Sweet bonds entwin'd by love!"

Here, from time to time, when evil threatened a member of the old race, her shriek was heard among the woods, upon the shore—and now, along the ruined walls of the falling castle, echoed by the vaults underneath, and wailing through the nettle-covered graves of thousands who have borne the name and followed their chieftains to the battle. To hint a doubt of the existence of the Banshee of the O'Neils would, in the estimation of their people, be tantamount to blasphemy. We conversed with several who



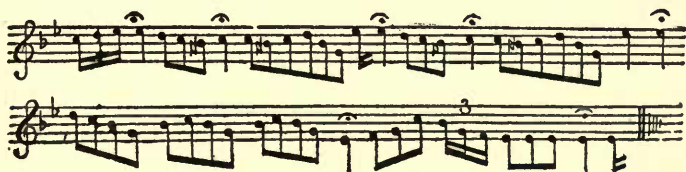
heard the warning when the late lord died; and with one who, when the former peer, slain during the '98 rebellion in the streets of his own town, foretold his death, because "the voice" had uttered tones of more than wonted anguish dur-



ing many nights preceding the day upon which the good lord was killed—"by strangers," according to our informant, "who couldn't know he was the O'Neil." It requires, indeed, no great exercise of the imagination to believe that "the place is haunted." Walking under the shadows of huge trees, through a peculiarly gloomy graveyard, or among the vaults of the ruined castle, superstition was easily stirred; and fancy might readily have summoned before us the shade of the ancient genius—good or evil, it

is uncertain which—that still “keeps on earth” to give an O’Neil warning of a coming doom.

The Banshee, Benshi, or Banshi, is the wildest and grandest of all the Irish superstitions. The spirit assumes the form of a woman, sometimes young, but, more generally, very old; her long ragged locks float over her thin shoulders; she is usually attired in loose white drapery, and her duty upon earth is to warn the family upon whom she attends, of some approaching misfortune. This warning is given by a peculiarly mournful wail—at night;<sup>38</sup>—a sound that resembles the melancholy sough of the wind, but having the tone of a human voice, and distinctly audible to a great distance. We reproduce a correct notation of the wail of the Banshee—the archetype of the Keen, as we have already had occasion to observe. (See Plate No. 12.) She is sometimes



seen as well as heard; but her form is rarely visible except to the person upon whom she more especially waits. This person must be of an old stock—the representative of some ancient race; and him, or her, she never abandons, even in poverty or degradation.<sup>39</sup> Thus the Mac Carthys, the O’Sullivans, the O’Reardons, and other septs, now reduced to the grades of peasants in Munster, have each their Banshee. Few, indeed, of

the old families of Ireland are without such an attendant spirit; and stories of them are to be gathered in abundance in every part of the country,—the peasantry in the more matter-of-fact north being as implicit believers in the occasional visits of the spirit as are those in the more poetical south. We may not occupy much space in treating the subject; but a few characteristic anecdotes we give in a note, and entreat the reader's patience for one which demands greater length.<sup>40</sup> It was related to us by a gentleman who is well versed in Irish lore, and intimately acquainted with the superstitions peculiar to the country.

The only daughter of parents of sufficient distinction, in the estimation of the people, to have an attendant spirit, was loved by, and returned the attachment of a youth, her inferior both in birth and fortune. She was one of those quickly susceptible and gently yielding creatures who, although gifted with warm affection, have probably not the strength to sustain it

“Through grief and through danger, through sorrow and shame.”

While he was by her side, she felt as though she could have died sooner than have forgotten him; so she said and thought; and they used to meet stealthily in the moonlight, and before the lark had poised her dewy wings in the morning sun, and exchange vows of everlasting constancy; believing all they uttered to be the pure and unalterable truth. The girl, at this time, had not



been sixteen years in the world, but the young man was four-and-twenty. Irishmen have the reputation of being quick at love, and quick at forgetting: it was not so with him. His nature was firm as it was fervent; he would have loved her had she been the poorest girl who watched the sheep upon his native mountain. "I will not wed you against your father's will," he said, "but I will win you and wed you. I will go abroad, Mary, I will gain a name and come back to you with fame and honour—I will do this, by God's great grace; I will be your faithful husband in the eyes of heaven, whose stars shine brightly on us now, if you will swear here, kneeling by my side, to wait, free from all other love, till I return." The girl sank on her knees and did as he desired; placing her finger against his finger, she slipped on to his a ring, esteemed by her family as one of rare virtue; making him in return promise, that if he died or became indifferent to her, or married another, he should return her the pledge. This he readily agreed to do, and the lovers parted; Mary exclaiming, in the wild anguish of her first sorrow, "Surely, surely, if he had loved me as I loved him, he would never have proposed this parting. Well, well, he knew I would have flown with him to the world's end." And he *did* know it; but her weak and childish nature was unable to appreciate the virtue of the sacrifice he made by tearing himself from the only thing he valued on earth: no taint of selfishness sullied the brightness of his devotion; he would not submit her to the pangs of

self-reproach for having deserted her aged parents; he would give up *all*, sooner than subject her to the privations which the bride of a soldier of fortune must have endured. Years rolled on; six or seven passed away, and no tidings arrived of the absent lover; as they did pass, the first suspicion that had disturbed her mind gained strength,—“If he had loved me as I loved him, he would never have proposed this parting.” It might be she referred to this feeling as an excuse for the fickleness of her own heart; for the arguments and entreaties of her family induced her, at length, to listen to the addresses of a wealthy suitor, and, after some reluctance, to agree to espouse him: it is but justice to Mary to state that this was not until a long time after she had waited, and waited, with the sickness of a sorrowing heart, for the hoped-for return of her lover; there were plenty willing and ready to work upon her doubts of its fidelity, and stories came from the “foreign parts” the Irish delight to talk of—whispering that the absent one was untrue to the vows of his early love.

“And so,” said one of the gossiping old neighbours to another—“And so Mary O’Neil, after all, is going to marry the hardest man in the country!”

“Och sure,” was the reply, “if he’s hard, he’s high; and set one against the other, she’ll be well off; she’s neither as young nor as purty as she was seven years ago, when he that’s over the seas used to meet her on the up-hill side, or by the

silent rock, or under the rowan-tree. Augh! if trees and rocks could spake, what a dale they'd have to tell of the falsity of man and the folly of women, agra!"

"There was no falsity there, unless you count Mary's change falsity," replied the crone; "but the Lord above only knows how it 'ill end—the Lord above! *and one other.*"

"What!" exclaimed the first speaker, in a half whisper; "you do not mean *that*—have ye *heard* anything, Nelly dear?" The two tattered crones drew more closely together, and the questioned knocked the ashes out of her pipe to reply.

"You know the family has a follower, dear—they're of the rale ould sort; and that's never forgot. The Banshee that does be afther them is not *as strong* as she used to be long ever ago, though she's strong enough to give the death-warning; it's as good as six years since Miss Mary's first sweetheart met her for the last time, and I was coming up the glen, the same night, from ould Marky Roone's wake; and I came upon them unawares; and then I kept still, not to disturb them, for she was crying like a new-born babby that had lost its mother; but his words without tears would pierce through stone walls. Well, I saw them put finger to finger, and slip a ring; and as they did, and as sure as there's but one star of the thousands looking on us now, *the cry* came through the air soft and sorrowful—not the wail for present death, but for what would end that way."



"Maybe," suggested her companion, "it was for him!"

"For him!" repeated the narrator, in a tone of deep indignation. "Why, then, I'm ashamed of your ignorance, ye poor craythur! is it *doting* ye are, woman alive? What right would the like of him have to the cry of a Banshee! Graliagh! indeed—*for him!*"

"Well, asy, Nelly, there's enough about it; sure I'm not as long in the place as yerself—did ye ever hear it since, agra?"

A little softened by this ready acknowledgment of superiority, the reader of mysterious sounds declared that the evenin' Mither O'Neil and the priest, and the 'hard man,' and her mother, and all, persuaded Miss Mary to plight a troth—she had no right to plight—that same night the cry was heard more than once about the place, sharper and clearer than before. Who heard it besides she could not tell; she only knew *she* heard it, and would swear she did, to her dying hour.

"And it was nearer, you say?"

"Nearer and sharper—too near, as some will find; it can't be for her mother, and if it was for her father, I can't see the sense of its houlding on when it's *she* that's acting. The first time I heard it, it wound through the air like a misty cloud creeping up a mountain—it was a soft, sorrowful wail; the second time, it was bitter and angry."

"And the third time, avourneen; what was it like the third time?"

“I’ve not heard it the third time—yet,” answered Nelly solemnly; “and I don’t care if I’m longer so—that’s all. The fine ould families are fading out of the counthry intirely—going away like chaff—and such spirits will have no call to the new people. My father, God rest his soul! used to say, that, from what he knew, he was sure they would soon quit the counthry. Maybe so; but anyhow, we’ll be lonesome when they go, for it’s hard wanting the knowledge that we’re cared for by something besides the bare flesh and blood!”

“And when will the wedding be, Nelly? sure a wedding’s a God-send these hard times; it’s hard if we don’t get full and plenty at the bridal of the heiress!”

“Ah!” said the other. “To-morrow week, agra! and there’ll be heaps of quality in it; besides lashins of people from far and near; and all the ancient customs kep’ up—all! so it will be worth the going to, these hard times.”

Although the bride could not be said to give any symptoms of repenting her new betrothment, she took little seeming interest in the proceedings; perhaps she had been taunted with the vulgar reproach of old-maidenhood—led to believe it would be wrong for the last of her line to go down unmated to the grave; and this, added to the doubts that had gained strength with years, and the unaccountable fact of her having received no tidings from her former lover, conspired to seal her destiny.

It was not the custom, at the period to which

we refer, for the bride and bridegroom to absent themselves immediately after their marriage; and the wedding was solemnised after the usual Irish fashion—the bride remaining to do the honours and receive the guests; as was also the practice, at that time, the window-curtains were allowed to remain undrawn, so that the crowd without could feast their eyes on the crowd within, whose movements they observed and commented on; and when anything particularly pleased them, they testified their sympathy by a wild “hooroo.”

The two women whose observations we have recorded were also there; their withered faces pressed occasionally against the glass, the more perfectly to observe what was going on; occasionally they abused those who pressed too closely on them from behind, and vented their spleen in bitter words and curses. Suddenly, Nelly, whose reputation for foreknowledge had gained her anything but a pleasant popularity, crushed her bony fingers round her ‘crony’s’ arm—“Whist, did ye hear nothin’?”

“Nothin’, dear, but the boys hoorooing, because the bride is making her ‘curtshey’ to another stranger.”

“Ye’re a deaf fool!” exclaimed Nelly, throwing the arm from her.

The bride had risen to meet a strange guest who, unknown and unannounced, had entered the large parlour where the feast went forward; without returning her salutation, he asked her for a drink. She proceeded to do the duties of Irish hospitality, and with her own hands pre-



sented to him a goblet of wine; this he refused to touch, requesting her to exchange it for water, which, he declared, was his only beverage. She then presented him with the water, which he drank; but she observed that as he returned the vessel, he dropped something into it: before she could ascertain what it was, he had disappeared amid the crowd. Ere she replaced the goblet, however, she took from it *her own ring*; she knew it well, and instantly;—it was the same she had given her betrothed, at their parting. No doubt remained on her mind as to her having seen her former lover. She was greatly moved by the circumstance, and yet had sufficient presence of mind to keep it to herself, and the feast went on. After the lapse of about an hour, a woman rushed into the room to seek the priest; terror was impressed upon her countenance. She said that a stranger who had asked for shelter beneath her roof, and who seemed labouring under strong emotion, had dropped—she feared dead, upon her hearth; and that she had come for “the clergy,” and advice as to what she was to do.

The truth now burst upon the bride. He did, indeed, really and truly love her. Forgetting her ill-advised marriage, and clinging to the hope that he was yet alive, she proceeded to the woman’s dwelling. As she crossed the threshold of her father’s door, although the night was calm and mild, a fierce and mighty wind rushed round the house; all paused and trembled at the cry—the well-known wail of the Banshee, so full, and then so agonising in its dying fall.

"That's music for false footsteps," muttered Nelly. "Yet, be he dead or living, that wail is not for *him*."

But the bride flew on—the only one of the terror-stricken revellers who did not pause or pray. She flung herself on her knees beside him—pressed her hand on his heart—there was no motion. She called him by his name—there was no reply; stooping down, she kissed his lips—there was no return; then well she knew that he was dead. In the presence of her kindred and her husband, she tore the silver riband from her hair, and burst forth into a wild death-cry of her land and name—a mournful keen over the dead body of her lover.<sup>41</sup>

The impetuous feelings of her girlhood seemed to have returned with tenfold strength; and as she uttered the last line, she fell dead upon the body of him who had loved her even unto death. "Her heart," to use the figurative language of her people, "was split asunder." In death was fulfilled the pledge of love. They were laid side by side—the wedding feast furnishing the funeral. Once more, and in a few weeks after this lovers' tragedy, the Banshee cried again: it was for the father of Mary O'Neil—the last of his line in that part of the country, where two trees are still shown as heading the grave of those who "in death were not divided."

We had stood "on Lough Neagh's banks" in the counties of Armagh and Tyrone, and had seen to great advantage, not only from the shores but from the heights of adjacent hills, the most

magnificent sheet of water in Great Britain.<sup>42</sup> It is, however, beautiful only upon its north-eastern borders, being elsewhere generally bare of trees. In the immediate neighbourhood of Antrim town it may vie, in parts, with the fairest of the southern lakes, while it possesses a grandeur exclusively its own. In this vicinity it is richly wooded, and here are its islands—the only islands it contains, excepting a very small one off the Armagh shore; one of them, Ram's Island, consisting of no more than six acres; the other, Bird Island, being somewhat less. It would be hardly possible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the former;—nature had done much for it; and, a few years ago, Lord O'Neil having built a cottage there, made it his occasional residence; all that art could effect to increase its attractions has been added to its original charms. Standing among trees of every possible variety, are the ruins of one of the mysterious round towers—calling forcibly to mind the ancient but departed glories of the family; for this morsel of their vast possessions, and the small estate upon the mainland, is now nearly all that remains to them of the province of which they were kings in old times, and where, during comparatively recent periods, they were lords whose “word was law.” “Bonny Ram Island,”<sup>43</sup> as it is called in one of the songs of the peasantry, is seen from all parts of the lake; from the nearest point of land it is distant about two miles, and looks like a mass of dark foliage upon the surface of the water.



Lough Neagh is, however, indebted for its fame far less to its natural graces than to certain peculiarities—in the singularity of which it has no competitor. For many centuries it has been renowned for prodigies, some of which are not altogether fabulous. The poet has commemorated one of its marvels, and not without authority from sober History:—<sup>44</sup>

“On Lough Neagh’s banks, as the fisherman strays  
When the clear cold eve’s declining,  
He sees the Round Towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining.”

The legend, indeed, is by no means confined to this Ulster lake; but Lough Neagh has the distinction, pre-eminently, of rolling its waves over the

“Long-faded glories they cover.”

Although doubts may exist concerning these “dreams sublime” of poets and “historians,” of the fact of “petrified” wood being found in large quantities in its immediate vicinity, there is no doubt.<sup>45</sup> Specimens of large size are to be seen in every house upon its northern borders (we understand it is rarely found along the southern and western shores); and some are preserved that weigh several hundred weight.<sup>46</sup> The subject engaged the early attention of the naturalist; and in Dr. Boate’s History it is treated at considerable length. He does not, indeed, go the length of the old writer from whose book we have already quoted, where the

effects of the water are described as so terrific, that if a man walk into it "he shall never afterwards weare hose;" nor quite so far as "the learned physician, Anselm Boetius," who asserts, in his History of Stones and Gems, that "that part of the tree that is buried in the mud will become iron, that part touched by the water become stone, and that part above the water remain wood;" but he produces evidence that the process of converting wood into stone is of great rapidity;—among others that of a gentleman who "a little before the rebellion (1541) cut down, for building, a large holly-tree, but being diverted from his purpose, his timber lay on the ground in the place where it was felled, upon the banks of the Lough, all the miserable time of the war; till at last, the kingdom being settled, the gentleman went to look for his timber, and found the holly petrified." From this, and some other facts, Dr. Molineux reasons—1st, whether other wood than holly can undergo the change; and next, whether it is in the water or the soil that the petrifying quality exists; determining that all woods are liable to it, and that the power is in the adjacent clay.<sup>47</sup>

Although modern science has dispelled many such "vain imaginings," in less enlightened days the appearance of this wood no doubt strengthened much the belief in the miraculous powers with which the lake was said to be endowed. One of the "gifts" attributes to its waters the ability of curing all manner of diseases.<sup>48</sup>

Apart from any of these considerations,

Lough Neagh has abundant attractions for the tourist. Its scenery is beautiful and interesting, and the lake becomes truly magnificent when influenced by storms—its waves rolling and foaming like those of the ocean in a tempest; it abounds in fish—the eels found here being unequalled for size and delicacy of flavour, and the pollan, or “fresh water herring,” being procured in astonishing quantities.

From Antrim we pursued our route to Carrickfergus; passing through the ancient town of Temple-Patrick.

Carrickfergus is one of the oldest towns in Ireland, and has held for centuries a prominent place in the annals of the country. Its history is full of interest, for in all the wars of ages it has been made to play a conspicuous part. Of the ancient fortifications, there still exist some interesting remains; the walls may be distinctly traced, and the “North gate” is almost perfect. The town is said to have derived its name from “Carrig,” a rock, and “Feargus,” an Irish king, “famous for his skill in blasoning of armes,” who was lost in a storm off the coast, some three or four hundred years before the birth of Christ. “The Castle” is said to have been erected by John de Courcy, the “Conqueror of Ulidia,” and became celebrated very soon after it was raised, in consequence of its proximity to “those troublesome neighbours” the Scots. In 1315 it was besieged by Lord Edward Bruce, and was for a while the habitation of his brother, the great king of Scotland. In the time of Elizabeth, it



is noticed as an important place for "curbing the Irish."<sup>49</sup> During the wars of 1641, the town was alternately in the occupation of the Scotch, English, and Irish; its records at this frightful period are to the highest degree appalling. In 1689, as we have elsewhere remarked, William III. landed at Carrickfergus, just under the castle walls; and the stone upon which he is said to have first "put his foot" is still pointed out to the curious.

In comparatively recent times Carrickfergus was a "seat of war," having been subjected to a regular siege so lately as 1760, when the French, under Commodore Thurot, landed here, and took possession of the town and fortress;<sup>50</sup> retaining them but a very few days; making good their retreat on board their ships as the English forces advanced to meet them; having created "great confusion" without doing much mischief. Off the Isle of Man the squadron was attacked and captured by the British frigates *Æolus*, *Pallas*, and *Brilliant*, under the command of Captain Elliot; and Thurot was killed during the action.

The Castle of Carrickfergus is one of the most perfect castles in Ireland; time has indeed added to its picturesque character, without impairing its strength. It stands on a rock that projects into the sea, and, at ordinary tides, is surrounded on three sides by water. Towards the town are two towers, called from their shape half-moons, and between them is the only entrance, which is defended by a strait passage, with embrasures

for fire-arms. About the centre of this passage was formerly a drawbridge; a part of the barbi-can that protected the bridge can still be seen. Within the gates is the lower yard, or ballium. The walls of the keep are nearly nine feet thick. From the top there is a magnificent view of the bay and the adjacent scenery. The old church of St. Nicholas is also an interesting structure. It is kept in good repair, and is used for service, although probably its origin may be dated back to the earlier part of the twelfth century. The aisles are full of monuments of the house of Chichester.<sup>51</sup>

The town of Carrickfergus is neat and clean, and more than usually straggling; a considerable part of it is called the Scottish quarter, and, as will be supposed, the majority of its population are of Scottish descent.<sup>52</sup>

The drive from Carrickfergus to Larne—a distance of nine miles—may be considered the second stage along the coast from Belfast to the Giants' Causeway.<sup>53</sup> It passes through the village of Eden to Kilroot—a parish once held for a short period by Dean Swift, and in the now ruined church of which he is "said to have preached."<sup>54</sup> A still more interesting object, however, is the dilapidated remain of the ancient church of Templecoran, in the village of Ballycarry. Here the first Presbyterian Church in Ireland was planted under the ministry of the Rev. Edward Brice, in the year 1613; and here he remained until his death, in the year 1636. It is a singular fact, that since that period, up-



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Carrickfergus, Antrim  
Photographed from a Painting by T. Creswick



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Carrickfergus, Antrim

Photogravure from a Painting by T. Creswick









wards of two hundred years, four ministers only have in succession, each for about fifty years, discharged the duties of this Presbyterian congregation.<sup>55</sup>

At a short distance from Ballycarry is a small dell which skirts the road, long called "the Salt-hole," the origin of the name having been recently ascertained by the discovery of a bed of rock-salt; and in the immediate vicinity are the most extensive lime-works in Ireland, the produce being chiefly for export to Scotland from the port of Larne.

Larne Lough extends about five miles from the mouth of the harbour, dividing Island Magee and the district of Magheramorne. In this situation the water is shallow, with mud banks appearing at low tides to a great extent. A surface including about two thousand acres, was surveyed two years ago by Mr. Irving, M.P., for the purpose of reclaiming and making land, which was considered quite practical, and would have been beneficial in many ways, but especially to the Island Magee estate and inhabitants—yet the project was successfully opposed, and certainly not upon good grounds.

Passing through the beautiful and interesting village of Glynn, near which are perceptible the effects of a singular "land-slip," we arrive at the town of Larne. On the other side of the creek, for a distance of several miles, runs the long and narrow peninsula of "Island Magee." It extends about seven miles from north to south, along the coast opposite to

Ayrshire, and is in few places more than two miles in breadth. The inhabitants are all of Scottish descent, and are still "thoroughly Scotch" in dialect, manners, and customs; they are a remarkably intelligent race; and it is worthy of remark, that out of a population of nearly three thousand, no person living can recollect an instance of a native of this place being imprisoned for or convicted of any criminal offence.<sup>56</sup> The island is one property, forming part of the extensive estates of the Marquis of Donegal; but held under lease by Viscount Dungannon.

Being off the high-road, or coast-road, from Belfast to the Giants' Causeway, few tourists turn aside to examine it, the approaches being in some degree inconvenient, and the situation insular. Yet in its scenery, bays, headlands, and caves, it is highly interesting, independently of the objects it presents in great variety to the geologist and naturalist, and, in some respects, to the antiquary. On the east side are "the Gobbins," one of the loftiest headlands on the north coast, extending from north to south nearly two miles; here, and in the interior, the columnar pillars, so remarkable at the Causeway, are occasionally seen.

It is full of natural wonders; the cliffs are remarkably precipitous, and the coast abounds in singular caves. Many of them were excavated by smugglers in old times, and have generally the same form—a square apartment, entered by an aperture like the hatch of a small vessel, from

which a long gallery about four and a half feet wide extends, varying in length; the entire boarded with plank, each plank cut in three equal pieces, one for the roof of the cave, and the other two pieces, one at each side, supporting the third piece—all put in as the excavation proceeded.<sup>57</sup>

The town of Larne has little to recommend it. In its immediate vicinity, however, are the remains of the castle of Olderfleet, situated on the extremity of the Curraan, a small and narrow peninsula, so called from the Irish word, carran, a reaping-hook—the form of which it resembles. It was on this spot that Edward Bruce landed, in 1315.<sup>58</sup> Although at present of small importance, Larne is not unlikely to occupy a prominent station hereafter; its harbour is good, and completely sheltered; and it supplies a convenient outlet for the produce of Island Magee, and a large and productive district in the interior of the county. Even now it carries on some trade with Scotland, to which it furnishes an enormous quantity of lime for manure.<sup>59</sup>

Here may be said to commence the magnificent coach-road to the Causeway; for, hitherto, although the prospect is occasionally grand, and often beautiful, we have seen nothing of the sublime character of the scenery of “the north”—nothing at least in comparison to that which must be encountered as we progress towards the great northern boundary of the island.

To the town of Glenarm the distance is ten miles; we pass for a while through a tame and thinly populated country: but soon the prospect



opens;—the ocean, kept back by mighty barriers from the land, and soaring in gigantic masses of foam high into the air, as the waves rush against the black rocks that line the shore, forming the great feature of the rugged coast—thus encompassed in its lonely grandeur.

After travelling a “rough road up hill and down dale” for about two miles, we entered the “new line,” which continues all along the way to Glenarm, and for a long distance beyond it—a road perhaps unparalleled in the kingdom; not alone for its picturesque beauty, but for the difficulties, apparently insurmountable, which have been completely overcome in order to form it.<sup>60</sup>

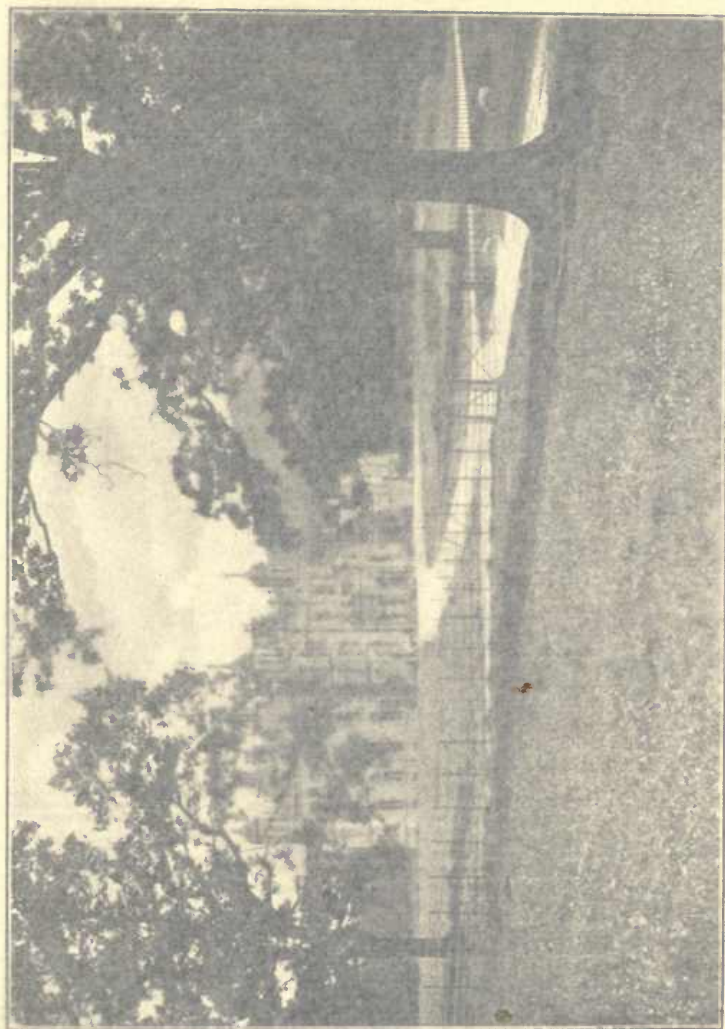
The road is now, we understand, completed to Larne; and the advantages thus secured to the adjacent country are immense. To the mere tourist, however, the “old road” presents great attractions: seen at a distance it seems a lengthened precipice, up which, ascent by any ordinary conveyance is impossible; and when at the summit, the descent appears altogether impracticable.<sup>61</sup> For centuries, nevertheless, there was no other mode of communication; and the small hardy horses of the country still go up and down, apparently without inconvenience. The view from the top is magnificent in the extreme. The wide ocean is below, with its surging tides, and its perpetual breakers; to the right are the town of Larne, and the narrow promontory of “Island Magee;” immediately beneath Ballygally Head pushes out into the sea; the Mull of Cantyre—the Scottish mainland—is seen very

distinctly; even the white houses there are plainly visible; and the small sea boats may be noticed along its coasts; while a few miles distant from the Irish shore, and seeming to be almost within reach, are the once dangerous rocks "the Maidens,"—the syrens of this rugged coast—where many a brave vessel has gone down.<sup>62</sup>

The Town of Glenarm, the seat of the Antrim family, is beautifully situated; the small bay affords a safe and convenient shelter for shipping; the mountains look down upon it; and in the immediate neighbourhood, the white limestone rocks add greatly to its picturesque effect. The Castle of Glenarm became the residence of the Mc Donnels—Earls of Antrim—soon after an accident at their ancient fortalice of Dunluce compelled a removal to some safer spot. On approaching it, we perceive, at once, evidences of the advantages that result from the continual presence of a resident landlord; giving both example and encouragement to "neighbours" of all grades and classes; and promoting prosperity by a daily experience of its progress. On entering, we pass to the left a very pretty school-house, which, under the judicious and fostering care of Edmund Mc Donnel, Esq., and his niece, Lady Louisa Kerr, will rescue the rising generation from ignorance. Some of the ladies in the neighbourhood have entered fully into the feelings of the noble founders, and the little scholars presented a clean, orderly, and industrious appearance, and were very numerous, although the absence of some was ac-

counted for; they were gone “flint gathering.” When rocks are blown up in the vicinity, the children crowd to pick up the flints, which they sell, for the purpose of being shipped to England to make glass. The gateway to the Castle, a lofty Barbican, is approached by a bridge that crosses the river. Passing beneath its arch, a fine carriage drive sweeps round to the entrance-hall. It is difficult to determine whether most to admire, the park-like grounds presenting every variety of wood and water—the numerous points which let in glimpses of the mighty ocean—or the magnificent scenery beheld from any one of the surrounding heights.<sup>63</sup> The Castle is spacious and replete with elegance and comfort, advantages which sound and refined taste can produce anywhere; but the magic of this place consists in the character and variety of its scenery, its delicious home views, so rich and close; its river bright and brawling; its lawns fringed with brushwood of every hue—from amid which magnificent trees spring up in defiance of the sea-blast;—its keepers’ cottages hid far away in the wild woods; and just as you fancy yourself in a quiet and well kept Pleasaunce, you lift up your eyes, and behold! a mountain rears its crest up to the clouds; or you are almost on the ocean’s brink, that spreads far and away into the Northern Sea. We drove up one of the many roads with which Mr. Mc Donnel <sup>64</sup> has enriched the country; and can never forget the scene that—before we were aware of it—was stretched at our feet. The bay of Glenarm sleeping in the



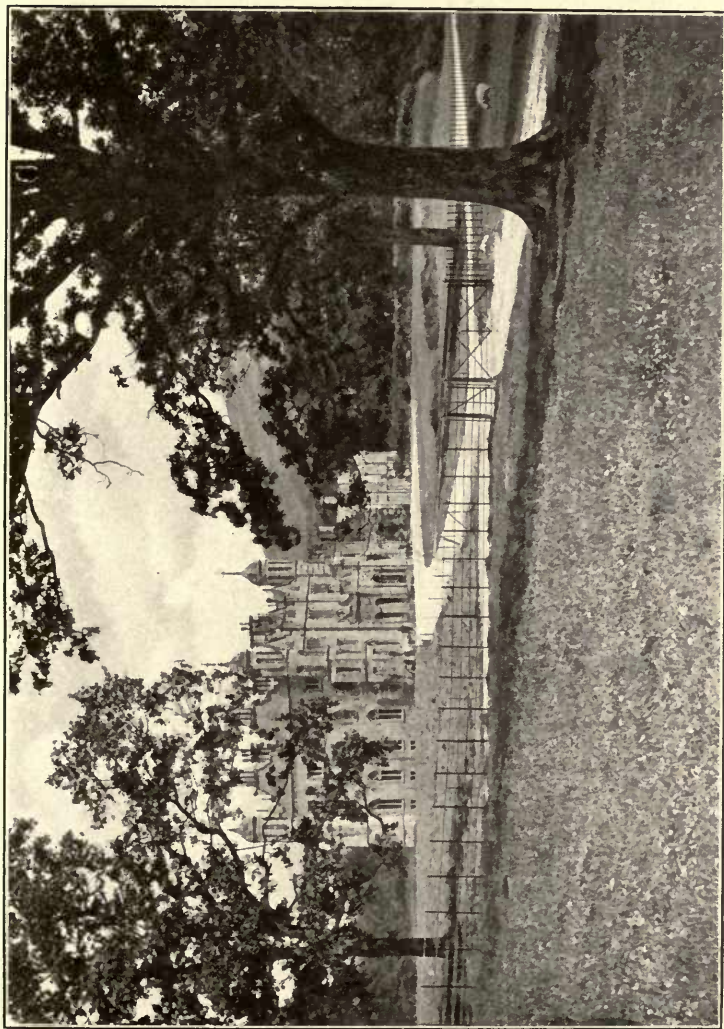


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Glengarn Castle  
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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*Reproduced from an Original Photograph*







sunbeams; the capes and promontories that guard the coast, and jut forth over innumerable creeks, and silver-sanded strands—the woods and rivers over which the Castle towers like the enchanted keep of a fairy tale; the crouching village, basking in the smiles of a well organised system; while the small merchant craft that made their way to its quay, looked to us from our mountain elevation like so many toy ships, rather than vessels capable of carrying a mortal freight.

From Glenarm to “the Causeway,” the next stage is to Cushendall, passing through the small village of Cairnlough, and leaving to the left a rich valley, open on the east to the sea; but on three sides completely surrounded by mountains. About half way, we reach Garron Point, a promontory that runs out into the ocean, and from which the view, north or south, is, in the highest degree, magnificent. The road is here, also, of very recent formation; having, we believe, originated with Mr. Turnley, whose name it bears; a principal proprietor of the district.<sup>65</sup> It has been cut through a huge cliff, a gigantic portion of which has been left, a rugged but picturesque mass, on the shore. The old road, known as the “Foaran path,” leads over the mountains; formerly, although “nearly impassable,” it supplied the only mode of progress through the country. Nearer to Red Bay, to which we are now advancing, is another of the singular limestone rocks, called Clough-i-stookan; formed, in this place, not by the engineer, but by the gradual operation of time, and

the flow of the ocean. Seen from a distance, it bears something of a human shape; and has been long regarded with superstitious feelings by the peasantry; feelings in a degree accounted for by the fact, that when the wind beats upon it, and roams through its many crevices, a sound is emitted not unlike the calls of mariners in distress. The valley of Glenariff stretches into the interior of the county; a road through it leads to Ballymena. The vale is very beautiful; the eastern entrance to it being open to the sea; and from the main road, it presents a view at once grand and graceful; the mingling of high cultivation with dark precipices and bared rocks, —giving to it a character exceedingly picturesque; while a clear and rapid river, supplied by cataracts, far up in the glen, runs directly through the centre of the vale. Red Bay, therefore, has on one side this charming valley, and on the other the wide ocean. Near its northern extremity, passing through a natural tunnel, we reach the far-famed caves;—a series of three excavations in the soft red sand-stone, from whence the Bay derives its name.

Into one of these caves we entered, having previously made a brief examination of an old and very time-worn ruin that still stands upon the cliff immediately above the tunnel.

“Look back,” said a lady whose taste is as pure as her mind is accomplished—“Look back towards Glenarm, and up the valley to the left, when you come to Red Bay.” We did her bidding; we can imagine nothing to surpass the



beauty of the scene. The sun was shining upon the wide expanse of sand, and the day was so clear, the atmosphere and water both so transparent, that every rock, and promontory, and huge stone was reflected. How an artist would have luxuriated here! enlivening the foreground with the whispering ripple of the light wave, that imparted a deeper tone of colour to the shining sand, and especially in the picturesque groups that were collecting sea-weed to make "kelp"—the bright tartan shawl, the red kirtle or golden neckerchief of the women, and scarlet vest of the men—"freshening" the picture; the children dotting the beach, as they turned over and over the stones looking for flints; the lazy boats drawn up on the sands, and the white sails of such as remained in the water hanging inertly from the masts; then the baskets, creels, ropes, cables—all, were grouped in the most pictorial manner; and a huge dog kept running in and out of the ocean, amusing a parcel of boys, who appeared to have no earthly care, except shouting to the kind animal that contributed to their enjoyment.

The shouts of playful childhood are eloquent of the heart's sweet music—there are no sounds that gush forth so full of the active, springing, overleaping joy that knows no boundary; and the associations with their gleeful melody are those of the purest pleasure.

There was activity enough along the bay to do away with the painful "feel" of careless idleness that so frequently offends in Ireland;

and yet there were no manifestations of overwork—there was leisure enough for joy and occupation, and sufficient for comfort. Looking back towards the beautiful Castle of Glenarm, the whole scene was enchanting. Such a combination of fine coast scenery beggars description; and the “valley to the left,” folded over and over in green hills, and enriched, as far as the eye could trace, by a cultivation which did not deaden the influence of nature but added beauties to its beauty, was abundant in themes for our finest and truest landscape-painters. Our driver apparently wondered at our enthusiasm respecting this enchanting spot.

“Ech, yer honors! there’s nothing at all strange in it—it’s just the same as *the Almighty left it*, thousands an’ thousands of years ago; but the caves, a bit on, they’re curious—a blacksmith’s forge, and the ould woman’s house, rooted out of the cliffs: Nanny is a very ancient women, and has as good a drop of poteen in a hole as ever left the wild place they call by the name of Innisshown.” So up to the Forge-cave we drove.

The blacksmith was in perfect keeping with the scene, which here became so contracted that you could see little save the towering cliffs and the wide ocean. You might have fancied that his life had been spent in shoeing horses for brigands and rapparees: a fellow, half ferocity and half humour, shoeing a rough mountain horse wild of eye and strong of limb, with his ears laid back, and his tail twitching first one

side and then the other; the bright fire sparkling in the interior of the cave, while a juvenile Cyclops hammered away at a red-hot bar, with a power and determination that proved him not unworthy his brave craft. The cave was hollowed out of the solid cliff, which, however, is of a soft reddish stone, easily wrought; the blacksmith's continual fire keeps it tolerably dry, and in this respect it is a more comfortable residence than Nannie's "*cove*," as they call it—"next door"—the interior of which has a wild, unsettled aspect, now so unevenly hollowed that you can hardly stand upright, and then towering upwards as if intended for the abode of a giant.

Nothing could exceed the stifling nature of the atmosphere in which this poor woman has grown old. Her swoln person and appearance suggested to us a resemblance to the toads which are found imbedded in the sandstone rocks, and which thrive without air; from the blackened ceiling of her "den" the heavy damps distilled in huge drops, while the smoke struggled to escape through the door, and the room was reeking with the smell of poteen. Yet in this atmosphere the woman had lived for, she said, "over thirty years," and the place was comfortable to what it was when she came there first; "the rain used to *power* down upon her: now there was nothing but a little dew like, now and agin—and a drop of the *rale stuff* made it all safe enough." <sup>66</sup>

But we must pass more rapidly onward



through this delicious scenery—lamenting, almost at every mile, that our limits will not permit us to do it justice. The pretty village of Cushendall lies in a hollow among mountains; and at every step we take in its vicinity, we meet some spot commemorated by “old tradition.” Ruins of castles rich in legends, and hills that are truly classic: for here Ossian is said to have lived and sung; and to this day some of the grandest of the compositions attributed to him are familiar as household words in the memories of the peasantry.

Leaving Cushendall we enter a wild country, surrounded on all sides by barren but most magnificent mountains, down which run innumerable streams, marked in the distance by white lines of foam; and, after a few miles, we ascend a steep hill road above the graceful seavillage of Cushendun, at the head of a small bay, into which rushes the rapid river Glendun, crossed by a picturesque bridge. A most extended and most beautiful prospect is presented from every part of this road; a lovely valley on the one hand and the open sea on the other.<sup>67</sup>

From the summit of the mountain there is a level road, until we approach the town of Ballycastle. It passes over a barren heath, in which there are numerous fissures, crossed by strong bridges—each bridge bearing a name, and generally also the name of the engineer by whom it was erected. Here and there we meet a shepherd’s hut, but the whole district is almost without inhabitants, the land being exclusively

occupied by flocks of sheep. The descent into Ballycastle is very rapid; leaving to the right, about three miles, two objects which imperatively demand a visit—Tor Head and Murlough Bay—to which we shall presently conduct the reader. Ballycastle is a good town, with a good inn; and the tourist will do well to rest here awhile, proceeding hence to the Causeway, and examine, both by sea and land, the grandest object along this wonderful coast—The Promontory of Fairhead. Before entering Ballycastle, a little to the left, are the remains of the ancient abbey of Bona-Margy; founded, it is said, for monks of the Franciscan order in 1509, by Somarle M'Donnel, commonly called Sorley Buy, or Yellow Sorley. From that period to the present, it has been used as the burial-place of the noble and famous family of the M'Donnels of Antrim.<sup>68</sup> The situation of this ruin is highly picturesque; the ocean is open before it; on the east is the extensive vale of Carey, and on the south is the fine mountain of Knocklade.

Ballycastle consists of two parts, upper and lower; the lower is usually termed the Quay, and the two are joined by an avenue of fine trees. The town was almost entirely the creation of one energetic gentleman, Hugh Boyd, Esq., to whom Alexander, Earl of Antrim, granted, in 1736, a lease in perpetuity of all coals, mines, &c., from Bona-Margy to Fairhead. He built a church, erected coal-furnaces, iron foundries, salt-pans, glass-furnaces, breweries, tanyards—and, in short,

obtained for the infant settlement, within a singularly short time, the reputation of being the most flourishing town in Ireland. Its fall was, however, almost as rapid as its rise. Mr. Hamilton, writing in 1786, describes it as completely decayed, "its founder having constructed a most excellent machine, but unfortunately left it without any permanent principle of motion." The darker shadows of the picture still endure—the ruins of several store-houses and factories are pointed out; the dwelling of the enterprising builder is in a state of utter dilapidation; the custom-house has been converted into a barrack; and even the collieries—sources of immense wealth—are worked but at intervals, and in a manner so slovenly as scarcely to compensate the labourers.<sup>69</sup>

Acting upon the advice of some experienced guides, we resolved to visit the several objects of interest east of Fairhead, by land, taking boat at Murlough Bay, and returning to Ballycastle by water. Soon after we turned from the main road, towards the coast, we entered a wild district, walked along a barren heath, looked upon Tor-point, stood above the several headlands, gazed, until we became giddy, upon giant rocks, from the summits of terrific cliffs, and commenced a descent into the Bay of Murlough.

There are spots—small unrecorded places—nooks hid beneath cliff or mountain, mere corners of the Island, that altogether escape the tourist who bowls along the splendid roads which render the great leading features of the scenery



of the county of Antrim so easy of examination. Let the visitor on no account omit to inspect this Bay—a scene of unspeakable grandeur and beauty. The road, or rather path, as we have intimated, has a rude grandeur befitting the magnitude of the objects to which it conducts, and the whole aspect of the country is remarkably stern. Rain-clouds had gathered about Fairhead, and by their rising and falling intimated a showery, if not a stormy, day. Nothing could surpass the splendour of the various colours thrown upon the clouds by the sun; the sea was heaving and swelling in huge masses of lead-coloured water, but the crests of the “sea-horses” had not broken into foam, even when divided by the reefs of rock; they approached slowly and solemnly; there was nothing of the usual wild splashing or roaring; they came on with dark, uncrested heads, and passed over the rocks as unworthy of notice; scorning their opposition, they divided with hardly a curl, and were lost in the wide-spreading caverns, or dispersed upon the shore. We descended towards the shore through Doctor McDonnell’s farm, to Murlough Bay; then indeed the beauties of varied cultivation gathered fresh interest from their location amid rocks and mountains. The steep and abrupt footpath was occasionally overshadowed by thick growing brush-wood, which at times, protected by intervening cliffs and projecting headlands from the strong sea wind, grew to a considerable height, and were arrayed in their full summer leaves; beneath their shade

the grass grew long and thin, and of the palest green, from amid many-coloured moss; and the innumerable wild flowers wreathing together according to the fantasy of nature, made it difficult to proceed without pausing to gather some, at every step; the music of a mimic waterfall was ever with us; leaping down some steep bank, foaming and fretting into a thousand sparkling atoms, as it forced its way round fragments of rock, and over the smooth fair stones it had polished. A brown rabbit looked more than once down upon our path from its fastness, moving first one and then the other ear, until it vanished as suddenly as it appeared. The crops in this exquisite glen looked clean and abundant, and betokened good farming; there was no waste of useful land, and we should have loitered much longer on our descent, but that the rain-clouds began to pour forth upon us, and we stood under the protecting branches of a wide-spreading thorn tree. We were soon joined by a poor woman, who was going to the shore to gather delisk. In the south, no shower would have driven a woman to seek the shelter afforded even by a tree, unless invited to do so by "the gentry," or at least without prefacing her act by a request.

"Plaze ye'r honors, would ye have anything agin me, if I'd stand out of the way of the rain (God bless it,) which 'ill be through and through me in less than no time, on account of my having but small covering (saving your presence), to keep out the *illiments*, glory be to

God!" but the northerns are more terse, and seem to have the poet's lines more frequently before them—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The *man's* the goud for a' that."

The woman eyed us attentively, and then inquired, in a very peculiar patois, "if we had travelled far, and knew many?" We replied; and she continued with good-natured feeling, and the *brusque* northern manner, "that it would be better to get down to the house, where we'd have dry lodging till the boat came round." We agreed.

Without wasting another word, she took possession of our books and a useless parasol, which she rolled up in the tail of her gown, and set off at a "swingeing trot" before us; the descent became every moment more abrupt; but the delisk gatherer trudged on, turning round occasionally to laugh at our more deliberate movements, and assuring us that nothing was better for the health than climbing crags, and eating delisk for breakfast; at last we came to the shelter she promised us in Murlough Bay.

The hut was low, and built of shingles; it consisted of but one room. Nevertheless, it was clean, orderly, and to us, accustomed to southern cottages, comfortable. An old woman was spinning, and a cheerful girl, plain, but of a pleasant countenance, was in the act of putting some small fish into the everlasting three-legged pot. "Ech!" she exclaimed, "but the ledly is wet;"



and down she knelt to pull off our shoes and chafe our feet; while the good dame hung up our dripping cloaks, and assured us it would be fine by-and-bye; and then she would have us sit close to the fire; and after some whispering between mother and daughter, a little round table was brought from the dark corner, and covered by a clean white cloth; and the little fish were dished, and potatoes, full and floury, raked from out the ashes; and if we had not partaken of this genuine hospitality, we should have given offence to those who meant so kindly. The old woman spoke with clannish devotion of her old landlord, Doctor MacDonnel. She only wished he was able to come to Murlough Bay; and then she was sure he would build her another "hoose." She was quite self-possessed, from the moment we entered until we departed; there was no southern shyness mingled with the national hospitality; the ease of manner of this poor woman and her daughter was perfectly well-bred. When she had placed all she had to offer, both asked permission to resume their wheels; and they conversed with us, and speculated on the weather. And the old woman spoke of the traditional feuds between the Macquillans and the MacDonnells; and assured us that Fairhead was better worth seeing than the Causeway; and told how her husband and her other children were at "wark" in the Doctor's fields. And at last, when the boat came in sight, and the rain ceased, she rose, "cloaked" us carefully, and clasping her hands, bade God bless us, with

a rustic grace and earnestness we have not forgotten; the girl watched our departure, but the mother immediately returned to her wheel. We have often thought of the humble cottage of Murlough Bay. We do not remember to have seen one where industry and cheerfulness made a braver stand against poverty. We have been in many huts, where the inmates sat, unrepin-ingly, side by side with misery, as if it were their sister; but here was the resolve to displace misery by industry—the effort gave the dignity of independence to the poor inmates.

Our boat was firm and deep, and rose and sank upon the heavy funereal-like billows, with greater steadiness than we expected; so still and heavy was the motion—it seemed as if we glided over mountains of ice. Sometimes we had convincing proof that this was not the case: for when a half-sunk rock provoked the monster wave to a division, however small, irritation or disturbance deluged us with water. We might have felt nervous as the huge mountains of dark brine, extending beyond our gaze, came steadily towards us—without a sound; each swelling as it advanced, and towering so fearfully above us—while we rose imperceptibly on its raven crest. At length, having become accustomed to the motion, and learning by experience that the waves designed us no wrong, our attention became riveted on the headlands—“the wonderful works of God!”

The bold and majestic promontory of Benmore, or Fairhead, underneath which the voy-

ager passes between the two bays of Murlough and Ballycastle, is grand in the extreme—sublime beyond conception. Standing upon the brink of one of the huge precipices of which it is composed, the prospect was so terrific as to have been appalling; a rapid glance was sufficient to satisfy our curiosity; we shrank back with natural dread, for

“ Dizzy ’tis to cast one’s eyes below.”

But viewed upwards, from the ocean, the extent and magnificence may be fully seen and thoroughly appreciated. It is, however, utterly impossible for any description to afford an idea of its surpassing grandeur—to portray which the pencil of the artist is equally incapable.<sup>70</sup>

Fhir Leith, or “ The Grey Man’s Path,” (a fissure in the precipice,) viewed either from land or sea, is never to be forgotten; it seems as though some supernatural power, determined to hew for itself a pathway through the wonderful formations that tower along the coast, so that it might visit or summon the spirits of the deep without treading a road made by mortal hands, had willed the fearful chasm that divides the rocky promontory in two. The singular passage, in its most narrow part, is barred across by the fragment of a pillar, hurled, as it were, over the fissure, and supported on both sides at a considerable elevation; if you descend, you perceive the passage widens, and becomes more important: its dark sides assume greater height,



and more wild and sombre magnificence; and at last they extend upwards, above two hundred and twenty feet, through which the tourist arrives at the massive *débris* which crowd the base of the mighty promontory, where the northern ocean rolls his frowning billows. From the cragsmen and boatmen of this wild coast you hear no tales of Faery, no hints of the gentle legends and superstitions collected in the South, or in the inland districts of the North; not that they are a whit less superstitious, but their superstition is, as the superstition of the Sea Kings, of a bold and peculiar character; their ghosts come from out the deep before or after the rising of the moon, and climb, or rather stalk up the rocks, and, seated upon those mysterious pillars, converse together; so that in the fishermen's huts, they say, "it thunders;" even mermaids are deemed too trifling in their habits and manners for this stupendous scenery, where spirits of the old gigantic world congregate, and where the "Grey Man" of the North Sea stalks forth, silently and alone, up his appropriate path, to witness some mighty convulsion of nature.

The cragsmen are chary of their legends; they think the beings of another world who made the basaltic columns and masses of crude rock their toys, are not only far too mighty to be trifled with, but to be spoken of; and they whisper of them as if some calamity would be sure to follow if they spoke of them above their breath.

"As sure as there's a sun in heaven!" muttered one of the elders—a keen vigilant-looking person—and he pointed to the fearful chasm with his staff; "that path was hewn in one night."

"It was a brave night's work," we observed.

"Ay, for the like of us; but to the Grey Man it was nothing."

"And who *is* the Grey Man, my friend?"

"Whisht!—hoo!—there's none living can tell *that*: only let any one in their senses look at the whole county of Antrim, from first to last, and say how it comes to be so different from every other part of Ireland, that's all. Fine palaces they made for themselves, them great *Say* Kings, and great coorts they had, giants of the earth! What else could tare up and destroy, build up and pull down!"

At the base of the gigantic columns which constitute Fairhead, a wild waste of natural ruins extend on every side, and defy description. The massive columns appear, in some instances, to have withstood the shock of their fall, and half-broken pillars are frequently grouped together with what might be called artistic skill—forming a novel and striking landscape, the principal hue of which is of a cold, dull grey, unenlivened, or undisturbed, by any other tone of colour.

Still, wonderful as it all was, the chasm of the "Grey Man's Path" most riveted our attention, looking upwards from our boat, which rose on every billow. "And did you never see the 'Grey Man?'" we inquired of one of the

boatmen, who was more eloquent than our cragsman.

“God forbid! it’s not that sort I’d be liking to see.”

“What, did you never even see his shadow?”

“No, thank God! the likes of him only comes to the place for trouble. I heard say, before the great ship was wrecked off Port na Spania, *he* was known to have decoyed the vessel in, and that when he ’ticed it on the rocks he floated away to his own berth up there, and clapt his hands, and the strength of the echo of the clap pitched yon rock into the sea from the headland, as you would pitch a marble.”

“And was he never seen since?”

“It was a year, or maybe two, before ‘the troubles’ that my father, dodging about in his boat, thinking it best to run into Ballycastle, for it was winter-time, saw, betwixt himself and the setting sun, a wreath of smoke passing over the waters; and as there were no steamers in those times, smoke was an unnatural thing on the sea; and he rested his oars, this way, and it rose and fell with the billows—a pillar of smoke; but as it drew nearer the coast, it grew into the shape of a giant, folded in its cloak; he could see the plaits of the cloak falling from the head to the feet plainly as he treaded the waters, and the apparition became more palpable when it ascended the cliffs; it assumed, as it were, a solidity of aspect and form, nor did it pause until when nearly beneath where the fallen pillar rests. Above the path it made a



pause, and turning round, spread its arms forward, as if imploring either a blessing or a curse! Too well," continued the boatman, "was it proved that the prayer was for destruction; that very night, and, as I said, it was about two years before the ruction of '98, and there are many who remember it still, that very night, on the east side of Fairhead, the colliers, who had not very long quitted their work there, for the night, were terrified by what they at first imagined to be loud claps of thunder, followed by such clouds of dust, and such raging and foaming of the sea, and such broad flashes of lightning, that they imagined the end of the world was come. Clap after clap, answered by the raging billows and the mad, mad lightning; they crowded together in their cottages, and fell on their knees in prayer—those who had never prayed before prayed then, though indeed there were but few of that sort among them. In the morning the effects of the Grey Man's curse were sufficiently plain; rocks had been detached that no earthly power could move, and they had crushed in the collieries, so that more than a thousand ton of coals were buried past recovery. Columns were hurled into the sea, which had stood erect in the sight of heaven since the world was a world. Old men trembled, and while the women asked them what it meant, they looked to see the entire of Fairhead bound into the ocean. It is there still for all that, though who knows what might happen if the 'Grey Man' paid it another visit?"

Soon after rounding the promontory we reach a comparatively level coast, and here we landed at a little settlement called "the Salt-pans," and where the ruins of an old factory still exist.<sup>71</sup>

Before we return to Ballycastle, we must direct the reader's attention to the singular, picturesque, and interesting island of Rathlin, or Raghery. The state of the weather prevented our visiting it; and we are indebted for our information on the subject to an accomplished friend.<sup>72</sup>

From the striking similitude existing between the island of Rathlin and the adjoining continent, it is the general opinion that this island had, at one period, formed a part of the county of Antrim, from which it has been separated by some violent convulsion of nature. All geologists who have made this the subject of inquiry, have stated, that in geological structure the island and adjacent continent are accurately the same; and Doctor Hamilton entertained the idea that this island, standing as it were in the midst between this and the Scottish coast, may be the surviving fragment of a large tract of country, which at some period of time has been buried in the deep, and may have formerly united Staffa and the Giant's Causeway.<sup>73</sup> Its formation is basaltic; and the most remarkable disposition of columns occurs at Doon Point, on the south-eastern side. The island is, indeed, full of natural wonders. Stories of the Fata Morgana are told, upon safe authorities:

“ Here oft, 'tis said, Morgana's fairy train  
Sport with the senses of the wondering swain;  
Spread on the eastern haze a rainbow light,  
And charm with visions fair th' enchanted sight.”

In one instance, many years ago, a gentleman of undoubted veracity, the commander of a corps of yeomen, being at some distance from the shore, with a party in his pleasure-boat, distinctly saw a body of armed men going through their exercises on the beach; and so complete was the deception, that he supposed it had been a field-day which he had forgotten. A woman also, at a time when an alarm of French invasion prevailed, very early on a summer's morning, saw a numerous fleet of French vessels advancing in full sail up the channel. She withdrew in amazement to call her friends to witness the spectacle, but on her return the whole had vanished! A belief was formerly prevalent among the inhabitants, that a green island rises, every seventh year, out of the sea between Bengore and Rathlin. Many individuals, they say, have distinctly seen it, adorned with woods and lawns, and crowded with people selling yarn, and engaged in the common occupations of a fair.

Its vicinity to Ireland rendering it an object of importance to an invading enemy, it became a scene of contention between the inhabitants of the opposite coasts of Scotland and Ireland. The memory of a dreadful massacre perpetrated by the Campbells, a Highland clan, is still preserved, and a place called Sloc-na-Cal-



leach perpetuates a tradition of the destruction, by precipitation over the rocks, of all the women in advanced life then resident on the island. Doctor Hamilton remarks, "that the remembrance of this horrid deed remains so strongly impressed on the minds of the present inhabitants, that no person of the name of Campbell is allowed to settle on the island."

During the civil wars which devastated Scotland after the appointment of Baliol to the throne of that kingdom, Robert Bruce was driven out and obliged to seek shelter in the isle of Raghery, in a fortress whose ruined walls still retain the name of the illustrious fugitive. His enemies, however, pursued him even to this remote spot, and forced him to embark in a little skiff and seek refuge on the ocean. The ruins of Bruce's Castle are situated on a bold headland at the extreme eastern part of the island, immediately fronting Scotland. Although apparently very lofty, the height of the rock on which the castle stood is marked, according to the late Survey, between seventy and eighty feet only above the level of the sea.

It rises perpendicularly from the water's edge; and about forty or fifty feet from the eastern extremity, a deep chasm traverses the ground, insulating, as it were, the huge mass on which the outer part of the fortress has been situated. On this, the ruins now standing consist only of part of a wall fronting the west, entirely destitute of all ornament and style of architecture. About eighty or one hundred feet on the western

side of the chasm, the remains of another part of the building are still visible, from which we may fairly infer that the castle had originally been of very considerable extent. In the face of the rock fronting the south, and immediately under the wall, there is the appearance of a small cave, in which, it is said, Bruce concealed himself, the castle not having been built at the time of his residence there.

From Ballycastle, to visit the Giant's Causeway, the tourist proceeds westward; the road is uninteresting, but he will have to turn off now and then and walk to examine the several headlands along the coast. First is Kenbaan—the White-head, a singular promontory, which derives its name from a remarkable chalk formation occurring in the midst of basalt. (See Plate No. 12.) It is crowned by the ruins of an ancient castle. Little remains of the building, but quite enough to render it an object of no common interest to the admirers of coast scenery. At high water the boatmen, in visiting the place, generally row stronger through a narrow winding cavern, which can only be attempted in calm weather. In the view here given, the spectator is supposed to be looking towards Ballycastle, with Fairhead in the distance. The castle is commonly known by the name of M'Allister's Castle, and is one of the most picturesque objects on the coast of Antrim. Near the village of Ballintoy, will be visited one of the principal "Lions" of the district—the hanging bridge of Carrick-a-rede. (See Plate No. 13.) The day



PLATE NUMBER TWELVE



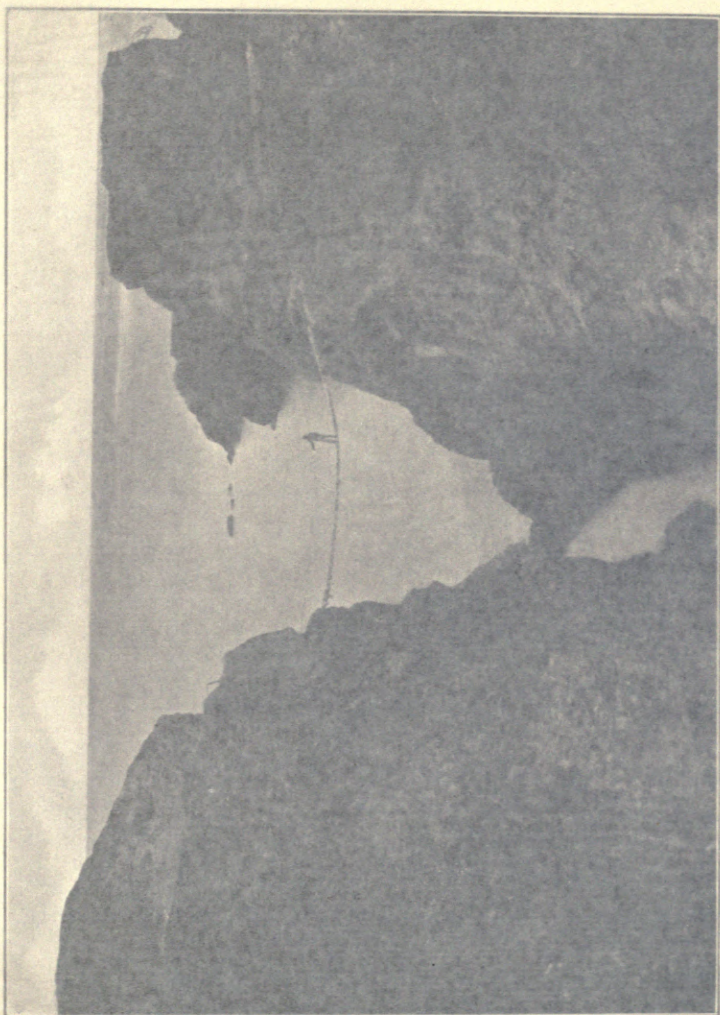


on which we examined it was very stormy, and we were satisfied to cross it by deputy; one of our attendant guides ran over it with as much indifference as if he had been walking along a guarded balcony, scarcely condescending to place his hand upon the slender rope that answered the purpose of a protector—the “bridge” all the while swinging to and fro as the wind rushed about and under it. It was absolutely dangerous even to look down upon the frightful chasm underneath.<sup>74</sup> This chasm divides the island-rock from the mainland. To a hill just above it the visitor will do well to ascend, for the prospect from thence is most magnificent, commanding a full view of the whole line of coast, from Fairhead to the Causeway. The whole neighbourhood abounds in natural caves; one of the most remarkable of which, Grace Staple’s Cave, will be examined in the vicinity of Kenbaan. It is said to be a miniature representation of the famous caves of Staffa. The columnar pillars are very distinct, and appear to have been laid as regularly as if art had been called in to the aid of nature. Between this singular vicinity and the town of Bushmills the tourist will have little delay, for his excursion along the headlands will be made more at leisure; a short walk, however, will enable him to examine the picturesque remains of Dunseverick Castle, standing upon an isolated rock, which they must, formerly, have covered. As this point is about three miles from the Causeway, it is usual to proceed to it by land, and taking boat in the

small bay adjoining, return by water. This was the plan we adopted, and, therefore, by this route we shall conduct the reader, taking him first to the pretty town of Bushmills, and leaving him, for rest, at the neat, well-ordered, and comfortable inn, kept by Miss Henry, immediately above the footway that leads to the Causeway.

The town of Bushmills, standing on the river Bush, derives its name from an ancient water-mill—said to be the oldest in the north of Ireland—the picturesque ruins of which existed until a recent period. The rapid waters of this noble stream are not, however, permitted to be altogether waste; for one of the most interesting factories in the kingdom has been erected, and is in full work, in the centre of the profitable current.<sup>75</sup> It was commenced for the production of iron tools, in 1829, by the father-in-law of the present proprietor—a merchant retired from business, who desired some occupation for his leisure hours, and at the same time to make his life useful to his generation. It is a cheering and beautiful sight to see this establishment so beneficially worked in so wild a district. The town is flourishing from other causes: Sir Francis Macnaghten, Bart., to whom it belongs, has recently built a market-house there—a very necessary and serviceable auxiliary to an extensive district; and a good, clean, and comfortable inn gives accommodation to travellers. The mansion of the venerable Baronet is about a mile from the town, on one of the heights that



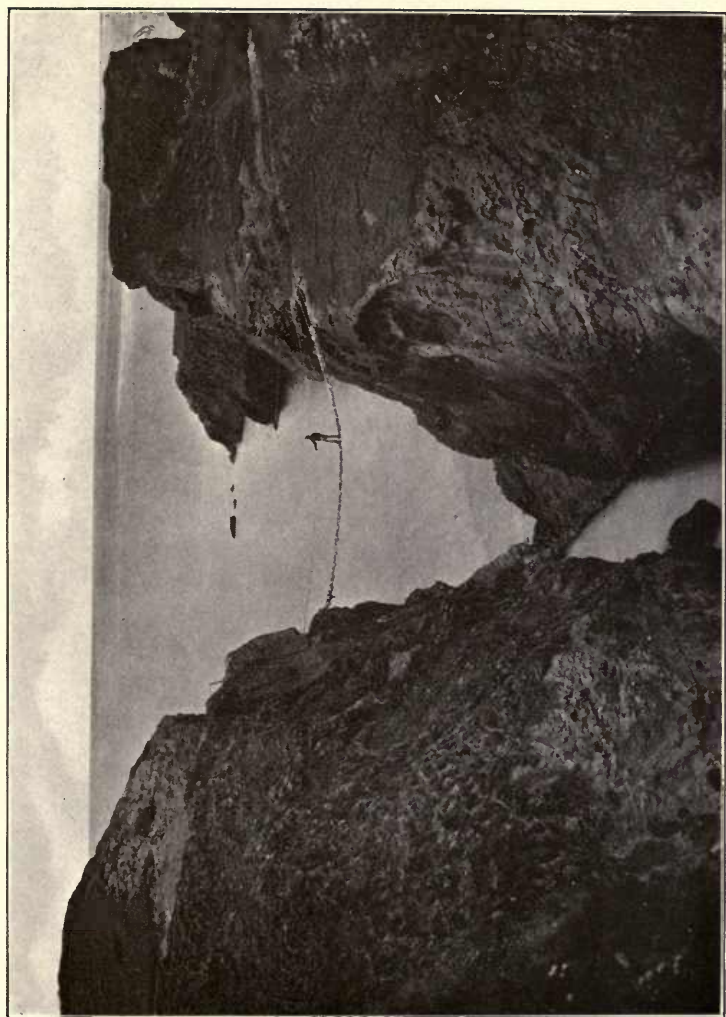


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Rope Bridge, Carrick-a-Rede  
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

small bay adjoining, return by water. This was the plan we adopted, and, therefore, by this route we shall conduct the reader, taking him first to the pretty town of Bushmills, and leaving him, for rest, at the neat, well-ordered, and comfortable inn, kept by Miss Henry, immediately above the footway that leads to the Causeway.

The town of Bushmills, standing on the river Bush, derives its name from an ancient water-mill—said to be the oldest in the north of Ireland—the picturesque ruins of which existed until a recent period. The rapid waters of this noble stream are not, however, permitted to be altogether waste; for one of the most interesting factories in the kingdom has been erected, and is in full work, in the centre of the profitable current.<sup>76</sup> It was commenced for the production of iron tools, in 1829, by the father-in-law of the present proprietor—a merchant retired from business, who desired some occupation for his leisure hours, and at the same time to make his life useful to his generation. It is a cheering and beautiful sight to see this establishment so beneficially worked in so wild a district. The town is flourishing from other causes: Sir Francis Macnaghten, Bart., to whom it belongs, has recently built a market-house there—a very necessary and serviceable auxiliary to an extensive district; and a good, clean, and comfortable inn gives accommodation to travellers. The mansion of the venerable Baronet is about a mile from the town, on one of the heights that







overlooks the ocean and the glories of the coast.<sup>76</sup>

The tourist, however, will not now—as a few years ago he must have done—be compelled to make the town of Bushmills his abiding-place during the period of his visit to the Causeway; for, as we have intimated, there is an hotel, which immediately adjoins it; and we can speak, from experience, as to its advantages in all respects—its neatness, cleanliness, and good order, the attention, zeal, and kindliness of its landlady, and the exceeding moderation of her “charges.” We may recommend the hotel of Miss Henry in the strongest terms, although our residence there was but a brief one. The hospitality of Sir Francis Macnaghten provided for us a home, where, while we were made to feel equally free to prosecute our own immediate objects, and were under as little restraint as we could have been at “an inn,” we had advantages and enjoyments such as we can scarcely sufficiently estimate, and cannot overrate.

We will suppose the less fortunate tourist to be safely located under the roof of Miss Henry—just above the rugged footway that leads down to the Causeway. He is preparing to inspect this great marvel of Ireland—one of the wonders of the world; and walks to the door to ascertain if the weather is friendly or unfriendly to the scene of grandeur he is about to examine. The instant he shows himself, he is surrounded by—THE GUIDES! They are of all ages and sizes, from the octogenarian to the

boy who can hardly go alone; each has some promise of a treat to be seen; and all are prepared with small boxes of "specimens" of the natural productions of the neighbourhood.<sup>77</sup>

Although, as a less prominent wonder, the reader will be called upon to visit Port Coon Cave *after* he has seen the Causeway; and, we shall first take him there. The cave may be visited either by sea or by land. Our escape at "the Salt-pans" was fresh in our memory, and we preferred the latter. Boats may row into it to the distance of a hundred yards or more; but the swell is sometimes dangerous; and although the land entrance to the cave is slippery, and a fair proportion of climbing is necessary to achieve the object, still the magnificence of the excavation, its length and the formation of the interior, would repay greater exertion; the stones of which the roof and sides are composed, and which are of a rounded form, and embedded as it were in a basaltic paste, are formed of concentric spheres resembling the coats of an onion; the innermost recess has been compared to the side aisle of a Gothic cathedral; the walls are most painfully slimy to the touch; the discharge of a loaded gun reverberates amid the rolling of the billows so as to thunder a most awful effect; and the notes of a bugle, we were told, produced delicious echoes.

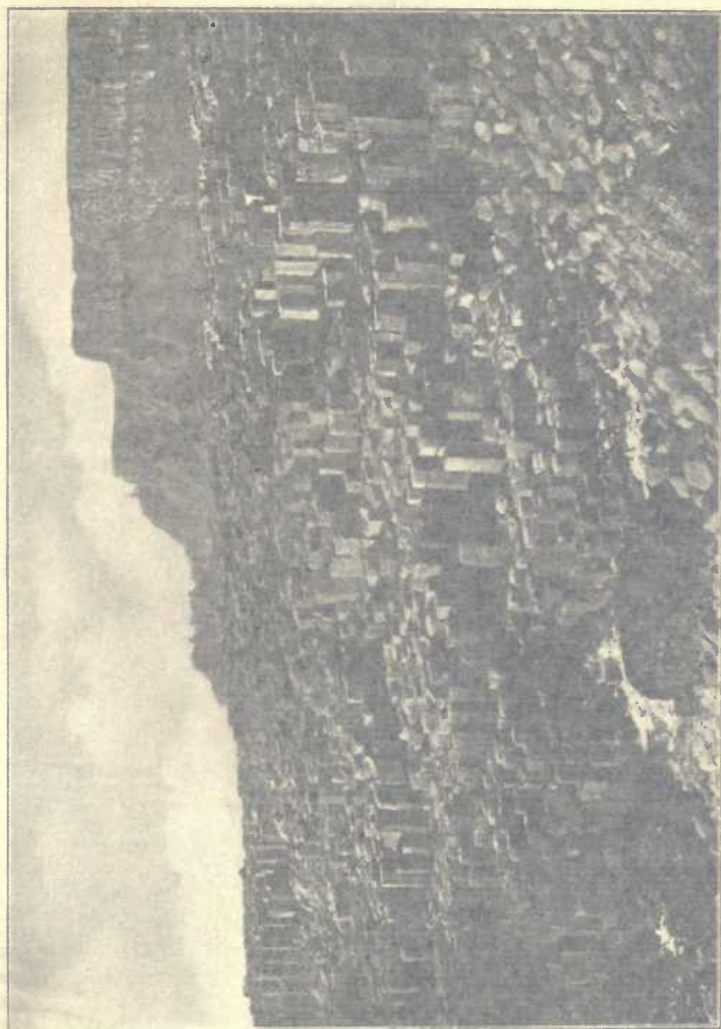
Having already deviated from a strict topographical accuracy by the introduction of the visit to the Port Coon Cave, we shall avail ourselves of the same privilege to say a few words



upon the no less celebrated cave of Dunkerry. The situation of this remarkable excavation is westward of the Causeway. It is accessible only by water; the entrance assumes the appearance of a pointed arch, and is remarkably regular. The boatmen are singularly expert in entering these caves. They bring the boat's head right in front, and, watching the roll of the wave, quickly ship their oars, and float in majestically upon the smooth heave of the sea. The depth of Dunkerry Cave has not been ascertained, for the extremity is so constructed, as to render the management of a boat there impracticable and dangerous. Besides, from the greasy character of the sides of the cave, the hand cannot be serviceable in forwarding or retarding the boat. Along the sides is a bordering of marine plants, above the surface of the water, of considerable breadth. The roof and sides are clad over with green confervæ, which give a very rich and beautiful effect; and not the least curious circumstance connected with a visit to this subterraneous apartment, is the swelling of the water within. It has been frequently observed, that the swell of the sea upon this coast is at all times heavy, and as each successive wave rolls into the cave, the surface rises so slowly and awfully, that a nervous person would be apprehensive of a ceaseless increase in the elevation of the waters until they reached the summit of the cave. Of this, however, there is not the most distant cause of apprehension, the roof being sixty feet above high-water mark. The roaring

of the waves in the interior is distinctly heard, but no probable conclusion can be arrived at from this as to the depth. It is said, too, that the inhabitants of some cottages, a mile removed from the shore, have their slumbers frequently interrupted in the winter's nights by the subterranean sounds of Dunkerry Cave. The entrance is very striking and grand, being twenty-six feet in breadth, and enclosed between two natural walls of dark basalt, and the visitor enjoys a much more perfect view of the natural architecture at the entrance, by sitting in the prow with his face to the stern, as the boat returns.

The visits to Port Coon and Dunkerry Caves are but episodes in the tour; the tourist will return to the inn and select his "guide;" to whom he will pay half-a-crown for his day's labour, attention, and information. The descent to the coast is then commenced; he will have to walk about a greater part of a mile, before he arrives upon level ground—if that can be called level, over which Time and Nature have scattered huge rocks and fragments of gigantic pillars. Below him, to the left, he sees the graceful miniature bay of Portnabaw; nearer, the singular formation called the Weir's Snoot; and after a brief progress, still sea-ward, he beholds the two guardians of the place—the Steucans, great and little—hill-promontories which separate the Bay of Portnabaw from Port Ganniay, at the eastern extremity of which is the Causeway; dividing Port Ganniay from Port



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Gisels, Canseway

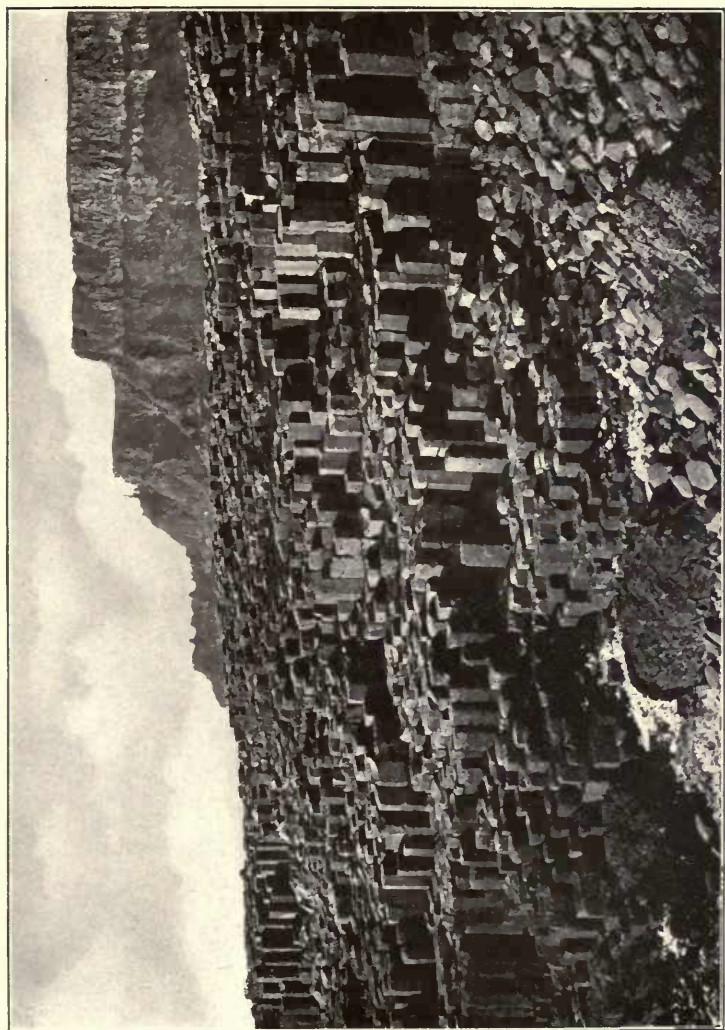


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Giants' Causeway

*Reproduced from an Original Photograph*







Noffer. A rugged road has been constructed at the foot of the hills, along the coast. In the midst of broken columns, among which we now tread, is a small well—the Giant's Well—of purest spring-water; beside which an aged crone sits to welcome visitors, and supply them with a refreshing drink. As yet, however, although the Causeway is within a stone's throw, nothing of its extraordinary character is seen; we proceed a few steps onward, and still there is little to startle us; we actually stand upon it, and ask, in a tone of sadness, "Is this really the object, of which we have heard so much and have come so far to visit?" The invariable effect of the first impression is disappointment. This is, however, soon succeeded by a sensation of excited curiosity; and that soon gives place to a combined feeling of astonishment, admiration, and delight. The imagination can have pictured nothing like it; written accounts have conveyed to us no idea of its marvels; the artist has altogether failed in rendering us familiar with the reality.

As we are enabled to give, in a note—upon high authority—the *facts* necessary to a clear understanding of the wonderful scene, our details may be here limited to such descriptions of its peculiarities as may prove interesting to the general reader.<sup>78</sup>

Standing upon the Causeway, elevated but a few yards above the level coast, we first look around us. Upon the side of the hill, immediately over us, is "the Giant's Organ"—a

magnificent colonnade of pillars, laid open as it were by a land-slip, in the centre of the cliff, and reaching to a height of one hundred and twenty feet. The derivation of its name is sufficiently obvious. While looking towards it, in silent wonder, our guides began a discourse upon the subject.

"I'm thinking," said one to another, "that the giant who made that organ for his diversion had a grand idea of music." "Well, Mac Cock, you are not far wrong," was the reply; "but it must have been a great treat entirely, to say nothing of the music, to hear Ossian sing his own poetry to the organ built by his own hands. And a fine sight to see the giants, and their wives and children, listening to the white-headed old poet shouting out the beautiful verses that your mother and mine used to sing to their spinning-wheels, when we were bairns at the knee—those were great times at the Causeway!" "After all," said Mac Cock, "it's nothing but the hoight of poetry to call it an organ; sure it's only a row of *columnar bassalts*, the same as the rest." "I wonder at you to say so," observed the Antrim guide, "and you a poet yourself. Wasn't it petrified into stone? and if it was disenchanted, all the music and fine ould Irish airs, that are lost, would break out of it again."

When the eye has dwelt sufficiently long upon this singular "structure," it is directed further east; and another variety in the scene is presented—"the Chimney-tops;" three pillars, the

tallest of which reaches to a height of forty-five feet; they stand upon an isolated rock, some distance from the cliff. We were told an interesting story of this remarkable place:—

A few years ago, a poor idiot boy was deprived of his only parent (his mother) by death; the woman was buried, and some of the neighbours, anxious to withdraw him from the grave he continued to weep over with unchanging love, told him his mother was not there, but was gone up to heaven. “Gone up!” he repeated: “what! gone up as high as the Organ?”—his only ideas of height being derived from the localities of the Causeway.

“Ay!” they said; “higher than that.”

“As high as the Chimneys?” “Yes, and higher.”

He shook his head, replying, in his innocence, “there was nothing higher.” The next evening, when they took the idiot some potatoes to the place that had been his constant abode since his mother’s burial, they could not find him; but before the night closed in, the poor creature was discovered weeping and lamenting on the top of those fearful columns—“the Chimneys”—clapping his hands and crying aloud. Nothing could exceed the horror and dismay of the “neighbours,” who could not imagine how he got there, and dared not peril their own lives by attempting to rescue him. To estimate the danger of such an undertaking, the columns and their elevation must be seen. It grew dark, and the cries of the boy increased; they hallooed to



him, entreating him to keep quiet till the morning, and to cling closely to the columns. Some agreed to watch near "the Chimneys;" so that if he fell, they might, perhaps, be able to render him assistance. Sleep, however, overpowered those whose day had been spent either in hard labour or active endurance. When they awoke, the sun was glowing above the horizon, and the boy was gone. They rushed towards the *débris* piled around the columns, expecting to find his mangled body; but there was so little trace of the idiot boy, that the two watchers asked each other if it were not ALL a dream!—and they proceeded homeward, agreeing as to the impossibility of his having descended in safety, when the first object they beheld, at the door of the nearest cottage, was the poor idiot safe and sound in body, except that his arms and legs were well scratched and scarred by the sharp edges of the stones.

"Eh!" exclaimed one of the men, "but those whom God keeps are well kept. And how did ye get down, my bonny man?"

"I could na find my mammy!" answered the child, while tears coursed each other down his cheeks, and the absence of intelligence was atoned for by the look of deep and earnest affection; "I could na find my mammy, though I cried to her. I could na find my mammy!"

These Chimney-tops were, it is said, battered by one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, whose crew, in the night-time, mistook them for the "chimneys" of Dunluce Castle. The ship,

according to tradition, was lost in the small bay on the other side, called, from this circumstance, Port-na-Spania. "There were casks of gold," said our guide—the poet Mac Cock—"rolled in there; and some of the rocks are stained with wine to this day. The rocks of the island are cruel to their own people sometimes; but to the Spaniards they were cruel indeed. I heard tell of a skull being found there, laced up in its helmet—but Death laughs through his chattering jaws at all safeguards—the steel was firm enough, but the poor bones within had crumbled into dust."

So far—as far as the rock surmounted by the Chimney-tops, which stands over Port-na-Spania, between it and Port Reostan—the eye traverses along the coast, from the summit of the Causeway. Looking seaward from this point, we perceive only a rock, which seems to be a continuation of the structure, but which, we understood, is not formed of basalt. Between it and the Causeway there are ten fathoms' water. Beyond it, to the east, is Seagull Island—a broad and high rock, generally almost literally covered by the birds which have given to it a name.

The tourist will now demand leisure to examine more minutely the wonderful work of Nature upon which he is standing. The Causeway consists of three "piers or moles,"—the Little Causeway, the Middle Causeway, the Great Causeway—each jutting out into the sea; the greater mole being visible to the extent of about

300 yards at low water, the other two not more than half that distance. The parts which the sea passes over are black, from the sea-weed; the upper portions being principally grey, from the short close lichen. The accompanying view (See Plate No. 13), taken from the east, affords a tolerably correct idea of the gradually diminishing line, from the summit to the extreme end, where it dips into the ocean. The rocks in the back-ground are the two Steucans; and the Organ is observed running up the cliff.

The Little Causeway is first approached from the west; next is the Middle Causeway, to which the guides have given the name of the Honeycomb, a name which aptly explains its character. Here is the "Lady's Chair," a group of pillars gathered round a single pillar, depressed, and so arranged as to form a comfortable seat. The Great Causeway is, however, the leading object of attraction. The visitor usually ascends it from the west, and descends it to the east. On the west side he is first shown "Lord Antrim's Parlour," a space surrounded by columns, where tourists usually carve their names—the remotest date is 1717. On the east side he leaves the Causeway by what is called "the Giant's Gateway;" the columns here presenting somewhat the character of a series of steps. Much time will be profitably expended in walking over the Great Causeway. The guides will point out its singularities, directing attention to the facts, that out of the immense number of columns, there is but one of three sides, still more numer-



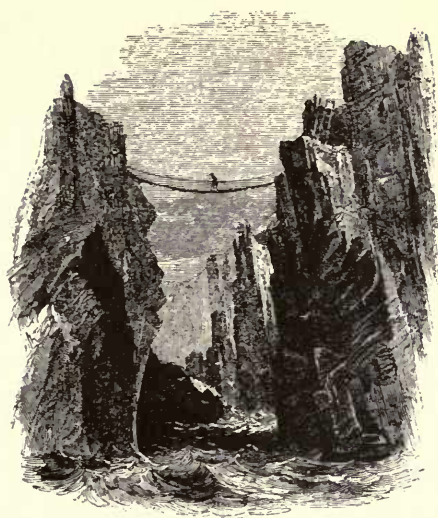


PLATE NUMBER THIRTEEN



ous are those of five sides, the majority are of six sides, there are but few of seven, there are several of eight; only three have ever been discovered of nine sides, and none have been found of ten. "Each pillar is in itself a distinct piece of workmanship; it is separable from all the adjacent columns, and then is in itself separable into distinct joints, whose articulation is as perfect as human exertion could have formed it; the extremities of each joint being concave or convex, which is determined by the terminations of the joints with which it was united; but there is no regularity as to the upper or lower extremity being concave or convex: the only law on this point is, that the contiguous joints are, the one concave the other convex."

The prevailing forms are pentagonal, hexagonal, heptagonal, but some of the pillars, upon casual inspection, may be mistaken for squares, in consequence of the shortness of one or more of the sides; indeed, it is occasionally difficult to determine the number of sides, except by the number of pillars by which each pillar is encompassed—thus a column of seven sides will be, of course, inclosed by seven other columns.

Immediately on leaving the great Causeway, the guide will point out the "Giant's Loom,"—a colonnade thirty-one feet two inches in height. One of the pillars consists of thirty-eight joints. Besides the points we have enumerated, there are the Giant's Theatre, the Giant's Ball-alley, the Giant's Pulpit, the Giant's Bagpipes, and the Giant's Granny. But, as we



have observed—and shall find it necessary to note again—every peculiarity in this marvellous neighbourhood is assigned to the giants, either as “articles of their manufacture,” or objects formed for their especial accommodation. Indeed, the Causeway itself was the production of one of them—as the guides will be sure to tell every traveller; for when the Irish giant, Fin Mac Cool, was “wishing” to fight the Scotch giant, Benandonner, and invited him over to receive the beating intended for him, the Irish giant thought it only polite to prevent the stranger wetting the “sole of his foot,” and so built a bridge for him across the sea all the way from Staffa, over which the kilted Goliath came —“to get broken bones.”

The tourist, having gratified his curiosity and satisfied his mind, by a careful examination of the Causeway, which will excite greater wonder the more it is examined; will proceed (but to this task another day must be devoted) along the headlands to Dunseverick; returning, as we have intimated, by water. The rocks, seen from either land or sea, assume an immense variety of fantastic forms—to each of which the guides have given a name, borrowed from some fanciful similitude to a real object. Passing Port-na-Spania, where also there is an organ,—“the Spanish Organ,”—a group will be pointed out to him, called “the Priest and his Flock;” next, “the Nursing Child;”<sup>79</sup> next, “the Scholar,” a white pillar in a black crevice, likened to a student, book in hand; and next, “the King and his

Nobles;" these are in Port-na-Callian: the latter, a singular assemblage of pillars, stands at the extremity of a narrow neck of land that separates this Port from Port-na-Tober, above which is "the Lover's Leap"—a precipice perpendicular from the summit to the shore. When this is passed, we reach Port-na-Pleaskin, the most famous, and by far the most majestic and beautiful, of all the bays.

It is impossible for painter to portray, or the imagination to conceive, a walk of more sublime beauty than that along the headlands from the Causeway to the Pleaskin. See the Pleaskin from the water, if you can, but do not fail to see it by land: seat yourself in "Hamilton's Seat," and look down upon the galleries, the colonnades, the black irregular rocks, the stratum of many colours, and the *débris* of a sloping bank that meets the waves and is clothed, here and there, with verdure of all hues and qualities. May you see it, as we did, when cloud and sunshine were chasing each other; when the gulls and sea-birds looked like motes floating from the ocean to their haunts in the wild cliffs; when we *saw* the motion of the waves, yet though we were hushed and listening could hardly hear them murmur; when we looked down an abyss of the most varied and surprising beauty, not at the time remembering that from where we sat to where the ripple kissed the strand was a depth of three hundred and fifty-four feet.

The wonders of the Causeway, the grandeur of Fairhead, the dells and glens, the changing

yet perpetual beauty of Cushendall and Cushendun, of Glenarm and Red Bay, of all the Antrim coast and scenery—sink into comparative insignificance before the combined grandeur and loveliness of the Pleaskin.

Yet how poor an idea of the grandeur, grace, and sublimity of the scene is conveyed by the artist! (See Plate No. 14.)

“From a natural seat on this cape,” writes Sir Richard Colt Hoare, “I had a truly astonishing and pleasing view of three successive promontories, or headlands, retiring in gradual perspective; their upper surface level and uniform, their base broken into the most fantastic forms.”<sup>80</sup> The view is seen to best advantage from the summit; where a chair of rock is placed just above the precipice; this is called by the guides “Hamilton’s Seat;” for here the accomplished author of “Letters from the Northern Coast” was usually to be found during the period of his inquiries concerning the “Natural History” of the vicinity; here he built a small wooden house for the accommodation of the artist he employed to make a model of the place; and here his admiration was most especially excited.<sup>81</sup> It is, in truth, “beautiful exceedingly”—“its general form so exquisite—its storied pillars, tier over tier, so architecturally graceful—its curious and varied stratifications supporting the columnar ranges; here the dark brown basalt, there the red ochre, and below that again the slender, but distinct, black lines of the wood-coal, and all the ledges of its different stratifi-



cations tastefully variegated, by the hand of vegetable nature, with grasses, and ferns, and rock-plants;—in the various strata of which it is composed, sublimity and beauty having been blended together in the most extraordinary manner.”

East of the Pleaskin, fronting Horse-shoe harbour—a small creek, named from the object it resembles—is a singular formation of rocks called the Lion’s Head;—formed of red sandstone. Off Kenbane Head (another magnificent headland) are the “Twins,” two pillars standing alone; then comes the “Giant’s Ball-alley,” a perpendicular rock of prodigious height; next, the “Giant’s Pulpit,” projecting over the ocean; and then—passing Port-na-Truin—we arrive at Bengore Head, scarcely inferior in grandeur, although more limited in extent, to the promontory of Fairhead.<sup>82</sup>

Here, also, stands a remarkable pillar, to which the guides have given the name of “the Giant’s Granny.” To the east are four columns, known as “the Four Sisters.” At the other extremity of Port Fad, is a single rock, named “the Priest.” Then we enter Port Moon, a calm and beautiful bay, into which rushes a river from the Feigh Mountain, forming a noble cataract as it reaches the coast. Here occurs one of the most striking and picturesque of all the basaltic formations; it is called “the Stack.”

Soon after passing this, the tourist reaches Dunseverick; and here he may consider he has achieved his purpose—so far as to examine the

coast adjoining the Causeway. His journey has been entirely east of it; for to the west it presents but few objects of attraction between the Causeway and Dunluce—a distance of some three or four miles.

A single visit to the Causeway will, however, be very far from entirely satisfying the tourist; there is an indescribable charm about the place, a powerful attraction to examine it again and again, under as many varied circumstances as the season will permit. Fortunately, the establishment of an inn so close to it, affords facilities for inspecting it at all hours. We saw it once at midnight—and alone; when the moon was shining over earth and sea, but lending a quiet light in happy harmony with the solemn grandeur of the impressive scene; there was no “guide” at hand to disturb, with idle chatter, the awful silence around, broken only by the rush of the waves, as they came rolling along the gloomy shore; and now and then breaking into phosphoric lights as they dashed against the dark masses of basalt; while the wind, something between a howl and a murmur, made the wonderful character of the locality grand and terrible, almost beyond conception, and far beyond description.<sup>83</sup>

“Dark o’er the foam-white waves  
The Giant’s Pier the war of tempests braves,  
A far-projecting, firm basaltic way  
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;  
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,  
With such design, so just in every part,

That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand  
The work of mortal, or immortal hand."

Surely our account—poor and weak as it is—of this most singular, peculiar, and marvellous production of nature, is sufficient to direct towards it the attention of the tourist, who seeks, year after year, the excitement and refreshment to be derived from travelling. To what part of Europe can he proceed, with greater certainty of deriving from his visit more enjoyment or more information?

From Bushmills, or from the hotel of Miss Henry, there is yet another excursion to be made—to the ruins of Dunluce Castle; and from thence to "the White Rocks," midway between Dunluce and the pretty and thriving sea-port of Portrush. The White Rocks are formed of Limestone, and abound in caves; there are no fewer than twenty-seven of these natural caverns, some of them extending far under the hills, within a distance of about two miles. The largest and most picturesque is called the "Priest's Hole."<sup>84</sup>

The views from all parts of this vicinity are most magnificent—to the west is the narrow promontory upon which stands Portrush; immediately before us is a picturesque group of islands—"the Skerries;" to the east is Dunluce; and beyond it are the gigantic cliffs that hang above the Causeway.

There are few ruins in Ireland so remarkable and interesting as that of Dunluce. "It stands



on an insulated rock that rises one hundred feet above the level of the sea, the perpendicular sides of which appear as if forming part of the walls—while its base, by the continual action of the waves, has been formed into spacious and rather curious caverns. It is separated from the mainland by a chasm twenty feet broad, and one hundred feet deep—the only approach to it being by a kind of self-supported arch or wall, about eighteen inches wide, below which the foaming wave dashes with considerable violence, even in calm weather. Across this narrow and dangerous footway the adventurous tourist must pass, if disposed to examine this interesting ruin, which forms one of the most picturesque and commanding objects along the whole line of coast. It is built of columnar basalt, in many instances so placed as to show their polygonal sections. The castle on the rock contained a small court-yard, and several apartments of considerable dimensions.”

The history of the Mac Donnels is closely connected with this ruin—for Dunluce was the earliest seat of the family; and that history is so full of strange matter as to be akin to romance. A collection of anecdotes illustrative of their career would fill a volume. Our limits are, however, exhausted; and we are once again reminded of the many subjects upon which we must treat before our task is finished.

## FERMANAGH

The inland county of Fermanagh, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the north by the counties of Tyrone and Donegal, on the east by Tyrone and Monaghan, on the south by Cavan, and on the west by Donegal and Leitrim. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 456,538 acres; of which 320,599 are cultivated, 46,755 are covered by water, and the remainder are unprofitable mountain and bog. In 1821, the population amounted to 130,997; in 1831, to 149,555; and in 1841, 156,481.<sup>85</sup>

The county is divided into eight baronies—those of Clonkelly, Coole, Glenawly, Knockinny, Lurg, Magheraboy, Magherastephana, and Tyrkennedy. Its principal town is Enniskillen, a famous town for centuries; and it is almost the only town of size or note that it contains.<sup>86</sup>

Although other parts of the county are highly interesting, from their historical associations, and exceedingly picturesque, we must endeavour to content our readers with a description of Enniskillen, the fine and beautiful Lough Erne, and the objects of importance in their immediate neighbourhood. We entered Fermanagh by way of Ballyshannon; a bridge passes over the Erne river, which divides the county from that of

Donegal; and close to it is the far-famed Salmon-leap, confessedly the grandest in "all Ireland." The navigation of the river is here abruptly stopped by this magnificent Fall, a fall of nearly twenty feet, which extends the whole breadth of the Erne, a length of above 150 yards. The waters descend with astonishing rapidity; and, as the cliff is almost perpendicular, the stream passes downward nearly unbroken, in one huge volume. Here and there a few shelving rocks receive it in its descent, and convert the rushing torrent into foam. The Basin, which forms the head of Ballyshannon harbour, into which it falls, is literally alive with salmon; and it is scarcely credible that the fish are able to spring up "the Leap," and make their way into the comparatively placid lake. Yet, at the usual season of their voyaging, they may be counted by thousands, overcoming the great natural barrier to their passage. This, although the most extensive, is not the only fall between Lough Erne and the sea; there are, we believe, four others; one of them—and it is the most graceful we have ever seen—is near the pretty little village of Bal-leek, about four miles from Ballyshannon. And here the beauty of the scenery may be said to commence; the road to Enniskillen, a distance of eighteen miles, runs the whole way along the southern borders of the lake. The lake is to the left; and to the right, almost into the town, the drive is under the shadow of lofty hills, richly cultivated and occasionally as richly planted. Between the road and the water, extends a re-





*Tough Time*  
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis Z. Walker, R. H. A.

Donegal; and close to it is the far-famed Salmon-leap, confessedly the grandest in "all Ireland." The navigation of the river is here abruptly stopped by this magnificent Fall, a fall of nearly twenty feet, which extends the whole breadth of the Erne, a length of above 150 yards. The waters descend with astonishing rapidity; and, as the cliff is almost perpendicular, the stream passes downward nearly unbroken, in one huge volume. Here and there a few shelving rocks receive it in its descent, and convert the rushing torrent into foam. The Basin, which forms the head of Ballyshannon harbour, into which it falls, is literally alive with salmon; and it is scarcely credible that the fish are able to spring up "the Leap," and make their way into the comparatively placid lake. Yet, at the usual season of their voyaging, they may be counted by thousands, overcoming the great natural barrier to their passage. This, although the most extensive, is not the only fall between Lough Erne and the sea; there are, we believe, four others; one of them—and it is the most graceful we have ever seen—is near the pretty little village of Ballock, about four miles from Ballyshannon. And here the beauty of the scenery may be said to commence; the road to Enniskillen, a distance of eighteen miles, runs the whole way along the southern borders of the lake. The lake is to the left; and to the right, almost into the town, the drive is under the shadow of lofty hills, richly cultivated and occasionally as richly planted.

Lough Erne the road and the water, extends a re-

*Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.*







markably fertile valley, thick with trees and underwood; and beyond it stretches the long and narrow Lough with its multitude of islands. These islands are said to equal in number the days of the year;<sup>87</sup> they are very numerous; and of all sizes, from the small "dot" to the plain of many acres. All of them are green, and most of them are very productive; some are covered with "fat herbage," on which are feeding flocks of sheep; others are miniature forests; some appear so large as to look like profitable "estates;" others seem so small that a giant's hand might cover them. Along the whole of the route, the opposite shore is kept in view—for the lake has in no part a greater breadth than nine miles—and is so wide only in one vicinity—the neighbourhood of Tully Castle, on the southern bank. From this ancient castle, which stands upon a promontory that juts out into the lake, the prospect is extensive and inconceivably beautiful.<sup>88</sup> In its general character, as exhibited in its ruins, Tully Castle appears to have been a fortified residence of the usual class erected by the first Scottish settlers in the country—a keep or castle turreted at the angles, and surrounded by a bawn or outer wall, enclosing a court-yard. It is thus described by Pynnar in 1618:—"Sir John Hume hath two thousand acres called Carrynroe. Upon this proportion there is a bawne of lime and stone, an hundred feet square, fourteen feet high, having four flankers for the defence. There is also a fair strong castle fifty feet long and twenty-one feet broad. He hath made a

village near unto the bawne, in which is dwelling twenty-four families."

The ruins of another ancient castle—the Castle of Monea—which possesses the same general characteristics, stands a few miles to the south-east of Tully. Both afford good examples of the class of castellated residences, "erected on the great plantation of Ulster;" when "every undertaker of the *greatest proportion* of two thousand acres shall, within two years after the date of his letters patent, build thereupon a castle, with a strong court or bawn about it; and every undertaker of the second or *middle proportion* of fifteen hundred acres shall, within the same time, build a stone or brick house thereupon, with a strong court or bawn about it. And every undertaker of the *least proportion* of one thousand acres shall, within the same time, make thereupon a strong court or bawn at least; and all the said undertakers shall cause their tenants to build houses for themselves and their families, near the principal castle, house, or bawn, for their mutual defence or strength," &c.

It is, however, to the grace and grandeur of Nature that we desire to direct the attention of our readers. Travel where they will, in this singularly beautiful neighbourhood, lovers of the picturesque will have rare treats at every step. It is impossible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the whole locality. How many thousands there are who, if just ideas could be conveyed to them of its attractions, would make their annual tour hither, instead of "up the



hackneyed and ‘soddened’ Rhine”—infinitely less rich in natural graces, far inferior in the studies of character it yields, and much less abundant in all enjoyments that can recompense the traveller! Nothing in Great Britain—perhaps, nothing in Europe—can surpass in beauty the view along the whole of the road that leads into the town of Enniskillen, along the banks of the upper Lough Erne.<sup>89</sup>

The town of Enniskillen, independently of its picturesque and highly advantageous situation, on an island between the two lakes, ranks among the most interesting towns in the kingdom. It is long and narrow, but neat and clean; and has a cheering aspect of prosperity.<sup>90</sup> The public establishments are well conducted; the County Jail, in particular, may be taken as a model of good management. But the jails throughout Ireland are all excellent in their arrangements; and they are generally the most stately and elegant of the public structures; so grand, “graceful,” and inviting are they in their exteriors, and so clean and neat in their interiors, that a caustic observer remarked, “it would seem as if all the gentry of Ireland expected some day or other to be among their inmates.” In the Town-hall are still preserved the Banners carried by the Enniskilleners at the Battle of the Boyne; they are, however, sadly mutilated by time, and the hands of selfish persons, who have now and then clipped off pieces to keep as memorials. The Enniskilleners are justly proud of the fame they obtained by their share in the triumphs of 1689; they

claim, equally with the Prentice-boys of Derry, the merit of having secured the crown of three kingdoms to William III.; and beyond question the result of the contest was mainly owing to their enduring perseverance and indomitable courage. In December, 1688, Tyrconnel ordered the provost of Enniskillen to provide quarters for two companies of foot; the inhabitants resolved upon refusing them admittance; but being very few in number, they asked aid and advice from the neighbouring gentry, and received both. The Protestants of the districts thronged into the town, and a strong army was soon raised, Gustavus Hamilton being elected governor; the struggle commenced,<sup>91</sup> and continued with almost invariable success, on the side of the Enniskilleners, until the close of the war, when the final defeat of the Irish forces near Newtown-Butler, "in all probability, was the cause of their raising the siege of Derry the day after."<sup>92</sup>

By far the most interesting of the islands that "gem the bosom of Lough Erne," is the island of Devenish, about two miles across the upper lake from the town of Fermanagh. It contains between seventy and eighty acres of remarkably fertile land—pasture for cattle—so fertile, indeed, that it is said never to have required manure. Here are the remains of several ancient churches and a round tower—to which we shall presently refer—considered in its present *restored* state to be the most perfect as well as the most beautiful in Ireland. The religious establishment at Devenish is said to have been founded

by St. Laserian, called also St. Molaisse, who died in 563. It was repeatedly plundered by the Danes; and appears to have been re-founded A.D. 1130. It must, however, have been a ruin early in the seventeenth century; for in a letter written by Sir John Davis, he says, "From Monaghan we went the first night to the ruins of the Abbey of Clonays, where we camped; passing from thence through ways almost impassable for our carriages by reason of woods and bogs, we came the second night after to the south side of Lough Erne, and pitched our tents over against the Island of Devenish, a place being prepared for the holding of our sessions for Fermanagh, in *the ruins of an abbey there.*" The grave-yard of the ancient church has long been regarded with peculiar veneration by the peasantry; and the dead are brought from far off distances to be interred there—"to lay their bones among their own people;" the attendant mourners embarking in boats at a small promontory on the north side, called Portora—the Port of Lamentation. The lake is peculiarly liable to sudden and dangerous squalls. A circumstance was related to us by a gentleman who was an eye-witness of the sad scene, and who furnished us with the following particulars; upon the accuracy of which the reader may depend:—

"Bury me, mother dear," murmured Edward Doran, "in the holy Island of Devenish. I've been a free rover upon land and sea, for many a year, and often when rocking in the shrouds, or half asleep in my hammock, I've seen the tower



and its churchyard, and the quiet graves where the sun shone sweetly. Mother, darlin', you will bury me in Devenish Island."

"Yes, yes, dear, sure it's my own heart's wish," replied the mournful mother—"why not there among your own people, where all belonging to you lie? It's a holy place, I know, and a beautiful. Staying so calm and quiet in the full part of the blue waters of Lough Erne; and you'll not be strange, or lying yer lone, in the blessed Island of Devenish!" Before the widow Doran had finished speaking, the young man had fallen asleep; the mother knelt by his side, and while she prayed fervently to God for what she knew was impossible, she buried her face in the bed to stifle the sobs that arose from her breaking heart. In a few moments she recovered her self-possession, and looked earnestly upon the face of the dying man; it was white and ghastly, and the dark tint around the lips and eyes gave a sure token that his race was nearly run. His long fair hair, damp and matted, hung upon his cheeks, and huge drops stood upon his forehead. While the poor woman gazed, his lips became parted by a feeble smile; and in a few moments he awoke:

"Mother," he said, "you will all be soon with me there—with your own Ned—you, and Ellen, and Mike, and all."

"Ah! Edward, honey," replied the afflicted parent, "don't set your heart on Ellen being there, ye're not man and wife you know, though you're booksworn, and she's very young, dear;

but I'll be in Devenish—holy place that it is—for I must bide with your father, his grave and mine are one; and sure—God be praised for all his mercy,—I shall have nothing to keep me out of it when you're gone."

A few words of deep love and thankfulness to the mother who had been unto him all that Irish mothers are, especially to their sons,—a tender message of love to the "Ellen" of his heart and youth, who was on her way from Dublin to see him—an expression of faith and hope for the future—something muttered between life and death, as to Ellen, and all sleeping in Devenish—and the mother was alone with her dead. The betrothed girl arrived about an hour after her lover had breathed his last, and more than usual interest was excited by her gentle bearing and deep sorrow, when she sat at the head of the coffin, and by the side of the parent, whose grief hardly surpassed her own.

The boat was duly prepared to convey "the funeral" from the mainland to the picturesque island in Lough Erne. It was a quiet "grayish" day, heavy clouds hung low, beneath the canopy of heaven, and the air had a cold breezy feel; there was, however, no swell upon the water, and neither wind nor rain. The coffin was laid across the boat, and was followed first by the mother, but all the cousins and "near friends," made way for the poor weeping girl. One by one the people followed, silently at first, until the entire party who were to accompany the corpse, fourteen in number, were arranged, as many as

could be accommodated sitting, while the others stood in the midst; then, when the boat was pushed, and so fairly launched upon the lake, they one and all commenced the wild keen, lamenting the death “of him of the fair hair and fairer heart, whose eyes were as blue as the sky he had looked at in many lands—whose voice was the music his mother loved—whose swift feet could not outrun death—whose strong arm was but as a stem of flax in the grasp of the destroyer.”

“Oh why—why—why!” exclaimed the first keener—whose grizzled hair streamed from beneath the red kerchief that was tied loosely under her chin, as she formed the centre of the standing group—and clapped her hands above her head each time she repeated “why—why did you leave us? When the colleen-das—the girl whose eyes are drowned with tears, and whose feet failed her through heart-sorrow, when she was coming from the great city, where many wooed her stay, to twine her white arms round you, and make you bide till she was ready—ready as willing to fly with you from all, but you alone—why did you not wait? Why—why—why?”

And all in that funeral-boat repeated “why—why—why?” And those on the mainland took up the melancholy chaunt, and echoed the sound to him who heard it not. Slowly the deeply-laden boat proceeded; and the waters grew dark, and of a leaden colour beneath the shadow of the heavy clouds; and some on the island who were watching the progress of the funeral, said to each



other, "We shall have rain;" and a few large heavy drops, tears as of Nature's agony in one of her convulsions, pitted the still waters; and suddenly, in a moment, a squall of wind—a blast—fierce and strong, rushed over the boat. It was gone—engulfed—there was a frothing and a bubbling of the lake; and now a head up-raised—and now an arm; and the people on the mainland sent up great cries of agony and prayer; but in an inconceivably short time all upon the lake was hushed, and a torrent of rain descended; and then the sun burst forth, and shone above the surface of the deep, where fourteen living, and one already dead, had been engulfed—and while it shone brightly, as if upon a bridal, slowly was the coffin seen to rise, and float—float—on—on—on, upon the current, until it was landed close to where its grave had been prepared in Devenish Island. And the old man who had dug the grave fell upon his knees, and crossing himself, devoutly declared, "that nothing could keep him from his people;"—poor fellow! The dream of his death-bed came but too true; for "his mother, and Ellen, and Mike, and all—sleep with him in the holy ground of Devenish."

We have referred to the Round Tower of Devenish; as one, which, although now in a perfect state, has been *restored*; but this restoration applies only to "the cap;" the whole of the tower remaining as it was when erected, who shall say how many, centuries ago? Standing high above the surface of the lake, on the northern

bank of the elevated island, it forms an attractive feature in the scenery from all parts around it; and at once conveys the idea of very remote antiquity; this feeling increases rather than diminishes, when we proceed to examine the ruins of the several sacred edifices by which it is surrounded.

A tree having taken root just at the point of the shaft, under the cone, inserted its fibres so forcibly in the masonry as gradually to loosen and displace the stones. For many years the downfall of this part of the building was foreseen; but in 1834, during a high wind, it actually took place. The tree (an elder of considerable dimensions) was blown down, and carried with it several tons of stones, making a diagonal breach which left only two-thirds of the cone standing. The breach extended some little way down below the cone, and was on the south-eastern side of the building. Numbers were lamenting the occurrence, anticipating that time would soon reduce the structure to a complete ruin; and what was "everybody's work," no person seemed disposed to enter upon. Fortunately, the Hon. and Rev. J. C. Maude, the Rector of the parish of Enniskillen, was not an indifferent looker on. He resolved upon the preservation of this interesting relic of antiquity; and at once wrote circulars to the bishop of the diocese, whose property the island then was, and to all the leading gentry of the county; "apologising for interfering in such a matter, being only, as it

were, a casual resident," but stating he had done so from the fear that, while no exertion was made, the dilapidations would proceed to an extent that would preclude all reasonable hope of restoring the building.

His call was responded to by almost every person of property in the vicinity; and having received such encouragement, he advertised for contractors. Mr. Robert Rexter, of Enniskillen, was agreed with for £95; the manner in which he erected the scaffolding enabling him to make his proposal £45 under the next lowest offer. In the tower there are projecting stones, at certain distances, "apparently for the purpose of supporting some kind of flooring or staircase." At the top, just under the cone, there are four windows, each looking to different points of the compass, N. E. S. W. The projecting stones he made use of to affix temporary floorings, communicating with each other by strong ladders. Out of the windows he projected four strong beams of timber, and on these he erected the scaffolding; thereby saving all that would be otherwise necessary from the ground to the part of the building which required repair. Competent judges agree in opinion that he executed the work in a most satisfactory manner—in the summer of the year 1835—without any accident whatever having occurred, and making use of very few new stones in the restoration.

The heads and other ornaments formed the band or coping at the top of the tower, on which



the cone, which crowned the pillar, stood. The heads were over each window, and the sculpture between, in irregular order, as exhibited above. They were found *originally* in this order, and were not carelessly and irregularly restored. Only one head and a very small part of the band was down before the restoration, and it was not found necessary to disturb the remainder of the band.<sup>93</sup>

The height of the tower was sixty-seven feet to the coping, and the cone seventeen feet; the diameter fifteen feet at bottom, thirteen at the top. The walls are built of hewn stone; laid as regularly as they could have been by the most accomplished architect of any age or country. In the interior the work is rough; and here the mortar has retained its great tenacity.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to supply information relative to the long-famed and far-famed Round Towers of Ireland; the peculiarities of which we have had occasion to notice frequently, during the progress of our work.<sup>94</sup> In treating the subject we shall necessarily occupy considerable space; it is one, however, of great importance, and cannot be dismissed briefly.<sup>95</sup> Although, formerly, very numerous, not more than about eighty-three towers at present remain; twenty in a perfect, and sixty-three in a state of decay.<sup>96</sup> The former vary in height from one hundred and thirty to seventy feet, and are divided into several stories. Their general diameter is between eight and fifteen feet. The door, with but four known exceptions—Scattery,

Clonmacnois, Aghaviller, and Down Tower (the latter now no more)—is placed at a height from the ground varying from six to fifteen feet. In some instances it is arched, in others a plain oblong. Its position varies, and seems to have been of no consequence. Each floor, exclusive of the basement and the attic, is lit by a single window; that at the entrance receives light by the door, and the upper story, (with the exception of two towers in the county Kilkenny, which have six each,) is lit by four windows, which face the cardinal points. The whole structure is roofed by a conical arch of mason-work. There are but few instances of variance between the genuinely ancient towers, and these are to be found only in Kinneagh, Ardmore, Dysart, and Devenish: we reject as spurious the towers of Killossy, Kevin's Kitchen, and Scerkieran. Kinneagh is hexagonal at base and rotund above. Ardmore has three external belts, Dysart one, and Devenish is sculptured below the roof. Cloyne and Kildare have received, in modern renovation, *crenellated battlements*, and, at present, Cloyne, Ardmore, and Clondalkin possess floors. Cloyne and Castle-Dermot are also now used as bell-fries.<sup>97</sup>

Their origin and use have formed a subject of greatly perplexed inquiry; being claimed adversely for Pagans and Christians. Whilst upon these claims many have decided very dogmatically, it is not a little amusing to hear them—these decisions notwithstanding—avowing that an *impenetrable* veil still hangs over the subject—that,

like the riddle of the Sphynx, an Œdipus is wanting to expound it. Believing, as we do, that the formidable-looking problem is one of rather easy solution, we are not consequently of those who deem its perplexities inexplicable. We believe, in fact, in their heathen antiquity, and upon grounds which we shall presently submit to the reader.

In 1830 the Royal Irish Academy proposed a prize for a satisfactory essay on the subject, and adjudicated on the claims of two writers, who delivered in essays advocating opposite opinions, by giving prizes to both. Mr. O'Brien, one of the victors, afterwards published his views, which were on the heathen side of the question; whilst the work on the Christian side, by Mr. Petrie, remains still unpublished.

Before the close of the last century these structures had excited but little attention. Neither Stanihurst, Usher, Ware, Colgan, O'Flaherty, Keating, nor the venerable Charles O'Connor, had bestowed the slightest notice on them. In the seventeenth century, Lynch, Walsh, and Molyneux alone recognized their existence. In speaking of them, however, they fell into such absurdities as people sometimes will who have no guide but their own crude fancies; no record being at hand to aid them.

The first of these, Lynch, ascribed their erection to the Danes, a people who left no similar structure either in their own country or in any of their many conquests in Britain, Normandy, or Sicily. Indeed, they possessed no dominion



in Ireland beyond the walled towns of Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, after they had become christianised.

Wright (Louthiana) adopted Lynch's opinion, and adds that they were used as beacons.

Smith, the county historian, has left on record opinions of rather a conflicting character. In one of his works he calls them *Penitentiaries*, in another *Belfries*. An Irish MS., seen by no other writer, and afterwards discredited by himself, led him to adopt the first view. The remaining joists of two upper floors of Ardmore Tower, which he mistook for beams to support bells, induced him to adopt the second opinion.

Doctor Campbell and Sir R. Colt Hoare adhered to the *Penitentiary* system, and assigned their era to the ninth century.

Harris, the author of a "History of the County Down," thought they were *Anchorite Towers*.

O'Halloran, the Irish historian, and Dr. Milner, adopted the same opinion, the latter conjecturing that they were built within a century or two after the conversion of the island, and that they were copied from the columns of the Eastern Anchorites (Stylites). Dr. Lanigan has, however, well and satisfactorily disposed of Milner's views.

The Reverend E. Ledwich advocates their Danish origin, the most absurd of all the theories that have been adventured upon. For this, he stoops to misrepresenting his favourite Cambrensis, who, however, so far from asserting that

they were of Ostmanic construction, affirms their Irish origin in the words "more patriæ." Elsewhere this inconsistent antiquary endeavours to prove that Cambrensis *saw* the *Irish* in the act of building them.

Morres ("Origin of the Pillar Tower") conjectured that they were repositories for church utensils, and built, between the fifth and seventh centuries, by monks and pilgrims from Greece and Rome, who accompanied the first missionaries. But as neither Greece nor Rome possessed any similar structures, where, we should ask, did they find the prototype? He says their architectural style is "Greek and Roman, strongly participating of the *Gothic* character, the link that combines these orders." Gothic in the fifth century, and a connecting link too between Greek and Roman architecture!

Mr. Petrie, as far as we can learn of his Essay, regards them as belfries, and agrees in some measure with the opinion of Morres, that they were repositories for valuables belonging to the adjacent churches and monasteries.

Mr. Gough (in *Archæologia*) thought they were Christian minarets, used before the introduction of bells to call the people to prayer.

Shea (*Hist. Cathedral of Kilkenny*) thinks they were monuments commemorating the principal founders of Christianity in Ireland, and at the same time symbolical of the doctrine of immortality.

Mr. William Willes of Cork, a member of the South Munster Antiquarian Society, and a gen-

tleman who has given this subject much consideration, supposes them to have been episcopal indexes, that is, erected to point out cathedral churches. But, if so, where were the indexes of Lismore, Ferns, Emly, Cong, Clonfert, Ross, &c.; or why build them on sites non-episcopal, as at Ram Island, Trummery, Dysert, Ardpatrick, Brigown, or Kenneagh?

Another learned member of the same society, who, in a communication published in the *Archæologist*, subscribes himself "Quidam," suggests that these buildings might have been used for celebrating the obsequies of deceased bishops and chieftains, as the word *Torr*, a Tower, and *Torav*, a waking of the dead, would indicate. But there is more of imagination than probability in this conjecture.

In this brief analysis of opinions, on the Christian side, we have seen that the leading theories are in favour of these structures having been either erected as *Penitentiary* and *Anchorite* retreats, or as *Belfries*. But if for the former purpose, there was no necessity for raising them to so great an elevation, and of such materials; whilst the adjoining churches were low and small, and many of them of *timber*. It is true that Anchoritism did greatly prevail in early Ireland, but the recluse selected far humbler retreats than lofty towers. We have still near many of our older churches' small cells, which served them as hermitages, as at Ardfert, Scatterry, and Glendalough. The cell of Declan at Ardmore—his residence in life, his grave in death, still subsists



and is called the *Bonachan*. The cell of Marianus Scotus was a similar lowly building. Saint Bernard mentions that Saint Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, in the twelfth century, applied in his youth for instruction to a solitary named *Imarus*, who was shut up in a *cell* near the cathedral of that city. Belonging to Lismore church was an Anchorite whose lands were not inconsiderable; (Smith's Waterford) yet at Lismore there was no round tower. But although the towers were assuredly not erected for the reception of the Anchorites, yet in after ages some few of them may have been used by these people for their penitential abodes. Such was the case with the *Turaghan Ancoire* (the Fire Tower of the Anchorite) on Holy Island, in the Shannon. The name refers at once to its original Pagan and subsequent Christian use. Harris mentions the tradition that an Anchorite lived at the top of the tower of Drumlahan, in Cavan, which on that account retained the name of *Cloich-Ancoire*, or the stone building of the Anchorite.

BELFRIES.—Probability is not in favour of their having been originally raised for this purpose; their *form* as well as their *separation* and *distance* from the church, being so unlike to the belfries of all other countries. As at periods long subsequent to their foundation, in some few instances, they may have been availed of by hermits, so in others a bell may have been suspended; this has been the case at Cloyne for the last 150 years, and at Castledermot. In the Irish An-

nals, after the introduction of belfries into Ireland at the close of the ninth century, we have frequent notices of the Cloichteach or Campanile. It is expressly distinguished from the *Turaghan* or *Fidneimhedh*. The Cloichteach or Clochier seems to have been generally of timber, as mention occurs of some of them having been consumed by fire. These buildings so recorded, are placed in localities where no round tower appears to have ever been; as at Slane, Clonard, Emly, Telcha, &c. We have still subsisting two specimens of the Cloichteach at Cashel—the earliest structures of the kind probably in Ireland; they stand at either side, and form part of Cormac's Chapel, a structure of the ninth century; are square, and built with well cut stones. A round tower, of very different stone and architecture, built in layers not horizontal, stands several yards north of these structures. If its purpose had been that of a belfry, there was scarcely any necessity for building the two towers just mentioned. A similar instance of a round tower near a square steeple occurs at Swords, and at Devenish. We have, adjoining several other towers, old churches with bell gables; as at Donaghmore, Kilicullen, Tulloherin, Kilree, Fertagh, &c. These would not have been thought necessary if the round tower had been a belfry.

Their situation next to churches, (keeping out of view, however, their severance and isolation from them,) it is which has mainly led into the error of supposing that they were the works of Christian ecclesiastics. But as remarked by Mr.

Weld, "it might be stated conversely, perhaps with as much propriety, that the churches were built contiguous to the towers;" and he illustrates this by the well-known disposition manifested by the early Christian missionaries to accommodate their worship to that of their Pagan proselytes; amongst many evidences of which was the eager appropriation of heathen temples and places consecrated to their gods, to Christian uses.

But to us an insuperable difficulty in the Christian theory, lies in the consideration as to the source whence the supposed Christian founders derived this peculiar style of building—where they found a prototype. They are unlike any structure in use by the Christian clergy of any other country, and it will scarcely be contended that it was a spontaneous growth or invention peculiar to the Irish missionaries. Again, if they were structures appertaining to the Irish church, is it not more than surprising that none of the many Irish missionaries who crowded into Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, where they built churches and monasteries, ever thought of erecting round towers in any land of their missionary labours? Neither Columba nor Adamnan built any in Iona, nor did Aedan, Finian, nor Colman, who successively governed as bishops at Lindisfarne. We find none at Glastonbury, an ecclesiastical colony of Irishmen. Fridolin, who founded so many churches, at Poitiers, Strasburg, &c., built no tower; neither did Fingen at Metz, nor Gerard at Toul, nor Gallus at St. Gall's, nor Marianus at Ratisbon.



Nor, on the other hand, at a time when the pious and the learned flocked in crowds to the Irish shores; when it was usual to say of a learned man who was missing on the Continent, "*Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hibernia*," did any of these pilgrims—and many of them were royal, and noble, and religious founders, caught by the mania for tower-building then said to be prevalent in Ireland—import the idea into his own country, and there re-erect a structure so admired in the *insula sanctorum et doctorum*; neither Gildas, Dunstan, Saint Cuthbert, Saint David, nor Alfred, thought of building one in England. We have, it is true, a solitary round tower head as a pinnacle on Saint Peter's at Oxford, and a triangular-headed window, as in the Court of Requests at Westminster; but beyond those we have few other efforts at copying even portions of the details of so striking and prevalent a form seen and wondered at by so many Alumni and visitors from the Sister Island. In France, Belgium, Germany, &c., the case is the same. Added to their vicinity to churches, Sir R. C. Hoare and others insist upon the presence of Christian emblems on the doorways of Donaghmore, Antrim, and Brechin Towers (that is, in three instances amongst sixty-three of these buildings!) as conclusive evidence as to the whole. Nevertheless, this is but a small number to decide such a question, when besides it is contradicted by the generic name of the towers, so redolent of ignicolism—by their oriental character and similarity, their antique Pelasgic architectural features, and the

finding within them remains of unquestionable Pagan sepulture. And after all, two of these boasted instances of Christian decoration are of more than doubtful authority. The Donaghmore sculptures, Miss Beauford (*Trans. R. I. Acad.*) has satisfactorily shown to be comparatively modern; and with regard to Brechin, as the sculptured stones form part of a wall which closes up the original door, the present door being confessedly of a later date, we are coerced either to admit that Brechin Tower was originally built without a door at all, or that the sculptures now ornamenting the space which it once occupied, are the addition of a more recent age. Whether the cross on the Antrim door may not have been the work of pious mediæval Christians, is a matter for conjecture. It is certain that the early ecclesiastics, in appropriating to themselves the old Pagan places of worship everywhere, took care, very generally, to impose emblems of their religion on the converted structures. Thus, in the Saracenic mosques of Sicily, now used as churches, we find Christian devices set up beside Arabic sentences from the Koran. The Pantheon at Rome, originally a Mithratic temple, has been similarly christianized; why, then, may we not assume that the Mithratic temples of Antrim, Donaghmore, &c., received a similar care from the successors of the old Sabian priests?

A strong presumptive evidence against the Christianity of the towers lies in the total silence of all Irish hagiography with respect to them. It is natural to believe that had any one of them

been constructed by saint or bishop, we should find some record of the fact amongst the "Acta Sanctorum." Smith, undoubtedly (Hist. Cork), pretends that the Munster annals record the building of the Tower of Kinneagh in 1015. His extract states that the army of Kian passing near that TOWER, then being built by Saint Mocholmog, drank up the milk of the workmen; but the original does not warrant his reading. The passage has it, "*Dolodar baine na saor bhi togbail TEMPOLL Mocholmog*," i. e., "They drank the milk of the workmen who were building the CHURCH of Mocholmog."

Indeed, so far from the remains of our literature which have been hitherto examined affording a testimony of the Christian origin of the towers, the reverse is the fact. The few notices obtained mention them under the name of *Turaghan* and *Feidh nemedh*, making, however, no record of their *erection*, *era*, or *use*: some proof surely of their high antiquity. One of the earliest events of Irish history, the overthrow of the Firbolg power by the Danaans, is stated to have occurred at a place called, from the vicinity of towers, *Muigh Tuireth na bh Fomorach* (the plain of the Fomorian Tower). *Tor Inis* (Tory Island), the Island of the Tower, is also noticed at a like early period, and so is the Tower of *Temur* or Tara, &c. The Annals of the Four Masters, at 898, mention the Turaghan Angcoire, the Fire Tower of the Anchorite, at Inniscailtre, or Holy Island, already mentioned. The Ulster Annals, at 996, say that lightning de-



stroyed Armagh, sparing neither the infirmaries, the cathedral, the *Erdam*, nor the *Fedneamead*. The same has Tigernach at that year, except for *Erdam* he substitutes *Cloichteach* (a belfry). Of the erection of churches we have abundant mention in these Annals, whilst of the towers we have only those just given, and comparing the magnitude and importance of the respective buildings, we may reasonably suppose that, did these towers appertain to the same era with the churches, the annals would not have been so silent regarding them—a further evidence, in our estimation, of their extreme antiquity.

The traditional and legendary notices are equally in favour of our view. Cambrensis relates a tradition of an ancient city which had been, ages previously, buried beneath the waters of Lough Neagh; and states that the fishermen in serene weather were wont to point, in passing, to the round towers “in the waves beneath them shining.” The bardic history supports this antique tradition, by affirming that Lough Neagh burst forth suddenly in the reign of Lugad Lamh-dearg, or about the year 586 A.C. Popular report at the present day relates that these towers were universally built *in one night* by some holy man or other. This legend, curiously enough, corresponds with that prevalent in India concerning the cavern temples of Elephanta, Salsette, Ellora, &c., and in Mexico, regarding the mysterious cities of Palenque and Copan. The vernacular name still used, *Cillcagh* or *Golcagh*, is a compound of two sacred words, mean-

ing fire and the divinity. Its root seems to be the same as the Hindoo *Coill*, from *Chalana* to burn, and hence probably our Irish *Cill*, now applied to a church. Coupled with the ancient names of *Turaghan* or *Aidhne* (the Tower of Fire, or the Fire of the Circle, i. e. the sun), and *Fidh neimedh*, a gnomon or celestial index, as given in the annals; nothing can be more indicative of the original paganism of the structures. But we see this reference to their connection with sun-worship and the sacred fire still further borne out in the particular names of several of them; thus, *Agh-a-doe*, the field of fire, *Tegh-a-doe*, the fire house, *Ard-doe* (the land in the vicinity of Ardmore Tower) the height of fire, *Kennegh*, the chief fire, *Lusk*, a fire, *Fertagh*, the sepulchral fire-tower. It was anciently called *Fertagh na Guara*, or of the Cabiri, Ghebers, or Gaurs, i. e. fire-worshippers. At Rattoo, in Kerry, we have a number of denominations of adjoining lands pointing out their possession by these Gaurs.

The worship of fire by the ancient Irish is a fact sufficiently vouched by the Irish annals and Saints' lives, as well as by existing practices on the eves of May, Midsummer, &c. Its votaries were divided into two sects, one which lighted the sacred fire in the open temple, as at *Gall-timor* (the flame of the great circle), *Gall-Baille* (the flame of the community), &c.; and the other which enclosed it in the *Sun-Tower*, (*Turaghan*,) or in low over-arched buildings, such as the *Boens*, the cells at *Gall-erous*, &c. The tower and low

square temple were equally common to the Persians, with whom, as well as, indeed, with most of the other early Pagan nations, fire or the sun formed a main object of adoration. In India the presiding genius of fire is still named *Agni*, a name curiously corresponding with that of the Irish tower, *Tur-aghan* or *Aidhne*, being pronounced nearly as *Agni*. And the columnar temples belonging to the ancient worship of that element still subsist there. The similarity of name and design led Vallancey to recognise the almost identity of the western and oriental towers; and he it was who first announced the real origin and purpose of the former, so long involved in darkness. He has been followed by some of the ablest writers on Irish antiquities that have hitherto appeared; by Webb, Weld, O'Connor, Lanigan, Dalton, O'Brien, Beauford, Moore, and Betham, who agree in their adscription as *sun* temples; whilst O'Brien and Betham only hesitate in supposing that *all* were *fire* temples. Their sepulchral purpose was only guessed at by O'Brien. Sir William Betham is cognizant of it by the discoveries recently made.

Independently of language, the similarity of structure above alluded to would have supposed an identity of design, and offered ground for a reasonable presumption of analogous purpose. We know that the Indian towers were *Mithratic*, that is, consecrated to solar worship; and, therefore, and for the other reasons mentioned, derived from language and similarity, we are coerced to consider those of Ireland as similar.



We cannot here be expected to open up the question of early Irish colonisation, but those acquainted with Irish and Asiatic antiquities, are well aware of the many analogies in language, religion, letters, architecture, and usages, between Ireland and the cradle of mankind. The Cabiric religion has left vestiges in Ireland, by which a connection between that country, through Chaldea and Persia, with India, can be satisfactorily traced. In the very form of the structures under consideration we perceive an evidence of this. Nearly all the Mithratic (*i. e.* the solar) temples were *rotund*, varying as they may in proportions and details, from the Polygar Pagoda to the Roman Pantheon. Hyde has given a drawing of one of the Eastern structures, with its four upper windows emitting volumes of smoke. Maurice (*Indian Antiq.*, vol. ii.) says that with the Bramins the Pyrcia were round.

Lord Valentia was particularly struck by the resemblance which he observed between two round towers at Bhaugulpore, in India, and those of Ireland. The doors were elevated; there were four windows at top, and the roofs were arched with stone. One of these towers is nearly that of Kenneagh (Cork) reversed, the one being hexagonal at base, the Eastern tower at summit. In the silence of history, and tradition too, with respect to the latter buildings, the similarity is further carried out. All that is known of them is, that they belonged to the *ancient religion*.

Pennant, speaking of the Polygars of India, says that they retain the *old religion*; and he describes their pagodas as buildings of a cylindrical or round-tower shape, with their tops either pointed or truncated, frequently ornamented with a ball stuck on a spike, intended to represent the *Sun*,—an emblem of the deity of the place.

The fire temples of *Sari*, according to Hanway, are round, one hundred and twenty feet in height, and about thirty in diameter.

Caucasus, the country of the ancient Iberians, whence our Scoto-Iberians of Ireland once issued, abounds in round-tower temples. Klaproth mentions a lofty tower on the banks of the Terek, close to an Inguishan village, with a conical roof, and the door twelve feet above the level of the ground. Amongst the ruins of Damghan in Khorassan, is a tower of similar character. Franklin mentions some of the like towers he had seen in Mandukan.

Amongst the ruins of ancient Babylon is the pile called *Al Kasr*, or the Palace, which consists of a group of round-towers; this we merely notice in proof of the antiquity of buildings of a round-tower shape. A Macedonian coin, mentioned by Dr. Clarke, affords further evidence in confirmation. Major Keppel has given a drawing of a tower which he saw near the Tigris, (in the ancient Babylonia) which, he correctly says, “shows the resemblance it bears to those ancient columns so common in Ireland.” Fire was anciently adored extensively in all this coun-

try. Lucian (*de Dea Syria*) informs us that the most solemn feasts of the ancient Syrians was that of fire, celebrated at the vernal equinox, holden at Hierapolis, whither people flocked from Arabia, Phœnicia, and Babylonia to worship.

The Giant's Tower at Gozo (Malta) is a circular building, of that branch of the Cyclopic style of architecture called the Polygonal. It is built of large masses of stone, and "its history is lost in the mist of antiquity." *Human bones* have been found about it. (Clarke's "Glimpses of the Old World.")

The round *sepulchral* towers of the ancient Etruscans, found at Cucamella, &c., form another very curious and interesting link in the chain which connects our towers with those of India.

The Sardinian *Nuraggi*, of which there are several hundred still standing, are of so essentially sepulchral a character, that in some parts of the island they are called "*Domu de Orcu*," or house of death. They are round, conical, generally about sixty feet in height, and of an antiquity so remote as to be attributed to Norax, the Iberian coloniser of the island, or to the Etruscans. Their characteristics partake so largely of those of our towers, that a writer in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* observes, "there are, we believe, structures of a similar description in some parts of Ireland, which country is supposed also to have been colonised from Iberia." Beneath them are passages and cham-



bers, in some of which urns, fragments of terracotta, &c., have been found.

The tower of Allaior, in Minorca, bears a great similarity to the Sardinian Nuraggi; with this difference, that in the former the passage to the summit winds on the outside, whilst in the Sardinian structure it is carried in the inside, through the thickness of the wall.

Silius relates that a perpetual fire burned in the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz; and it is said that a fragment of a stone tower, built by Tyrian colonists, remained at that place. The Greeks called it the Pillar of Hercules.

Diodorus, speaking of the Hyperborean Island and the worship of Apollo, mentions, in his description of the Sacred Grove, a singular temple, of *round* form, endowed with many gifts. The identity of this Hyperborean Island has been variously claimed; and our Irish antiquaries amongst others have, on no slight grounds, assumed it to be Ireland. Whether the *Round* Temple be a tower, or an open circle of upright pillar stones, of course there is no determining. The rotund form was certainly a favourite with the ancient Irish. Their raths or dwellings, their cairns, their tumuli, as well as temples, whether towers or circles of pillar stones, were of that figure. St. Evin, a writer of the sixth century, who wrote a life of St. Patrick, mentions a prediction by a Druid of one who would come to Ireland, whose houses would be like those of the Romans, *narrow* and *angular*. "A striking evidence," remarks a writer

in the Ordnance Survey of Templemore, "that previously to the introduction of Christianity into the island no angular buildings were known."

Language, and similarity in form and in purpose, are then, we contend, most satisfactorily and powerfully in favour of their heathen origin, and from what has preceded we can have little hesitation in assuming that most, perhaps all, were at once temples of the Sun, depositaries of the sacred fire, Indexes to denote the solstices, equinoxes, and motions of the heavenly bodies, and Gnomons by which the shadow of that Sun (of which they were the temples) indicated the *Rathas*, or seasons of the year. From their summits also the people were summoned, by the sound of trumpets or horns, to worship; and in this respect they served the purpose of minarets. Added to these various uses, many of them were also *sepulchral*, like the Egyptian pyramids, which were Sun-temples, as well as burial-places. The Irish, like other ancient heathen nations, buried their dead within the precincts of their most hallowed fanes; human remains have been found interred within the Druidical circle, and beneath the Cromleach.

The recent researches conducted in 1841 by Messrs. Odell, Abell, Hackett, Wall, Horgan, and Windele, by which nine of these structures have been examined, have established the sepulchral character of many of the Irish Towers. In the base of the Tower of Ardmore the remains of two skeletons were found deposited in

a bed of sifted earth. Above this was a floor of concrete, over which were four successive layers of large stones, closely fitted to each other, and over these was laid another floor of smoothed concrete. Here a care and precaution were displayed, indicating the importance of the personages interred, whilst the absence of any remains of coffin, or crosier, or ring, or other ornament, afforded a fair presumption that the deceased were not Christian. Three skeletons have been found in the base of Cloyne Tower. Human remains were also discovered in the Tower of Ram Island (Antrim). Similar discoveries have been recently made in the Tower of Roscrea, by E. Wall, Esq., of that town. The Tower of Dromboe has been submitted to a like examination. In this, at several feet below a deposit of rubbish, earth, human bones, horns, and stones, which had undergone the action of fire, a concrete floor, similar to that found in the towers of Ardmore, Cloyne, Roscrea, &c., was reached. Beneath this was found a stratum of dark loamy earth, under which, even with the foundation of the building, lay a skeleton nearly perfect. Of the skull a cast has been taken for the Belfast Natural History Society. But what beyond all question decides the Paganism of these buildings is the discovery of an *urn*, in the Tower of Timahoe, and of fragments of others in those of Brechin and Abernethy, in Scotland; in the latter, beside a portion of an *urn* of *green* clay, Mr. Black, the author of a History of Brechin, says that bones were got



laid below flat stones; thus in the same sepulchre exhibiting cremation and inhumation together, as has been found in Etruscan tombs. These discoveries justify the name of one of the Irish towers, *Fertagh*, the sepulchral fire-tower; and clearly assimilate those structures to the Nuraggi, the Gozo Tower, the Dagobas of Ceylon, and other most ancient structures appertaining to Sun worship.

It is said that large brazen and iron trumpets have been found in and near several of them. Dr. Pocock saw a long trumpet of iron, which was dug up from the bottom of one of them. "The Gentleman's Magazine" (1742) states that two silver images were found under a tower; they were three inches in height, representing men in armour, each holding a small *golden* spear in his hand. O'Brien has looked on these as idols.

Vallancey, in one of his works, informs us, that he "had caused the floors of many to be opened, and ashes of burnt wood have been found, the remains of the perpetual fire kept burning in the bottom, in honour of the Deity, the Sun." This curiously coincides with the discovery of small fragments of charcoal at the external base of the Round Tower of Cashel, in September, 1841, by the Dean of Lismore, Mr. Abell, and Mr. Windele, when digging to ascertain the depth of the foundation.

In arguing against the original construction of the Towers by Christians, we endeavoured to show the probability that the early missionaries,

in their desire for possessing themselves of the Pagan fanes, erected their churches on their sites, or immediately adjoining; and this, on their part, was an act highly politic. Those temples stood in populous and recognised localities, and, as such, were desirable to the missionary; besides, in choosing such situations, they encountered Paganism in its strongholds. We shall follow out that argument with the statement of a few facts, exhibiting the practice very unequivocally, and thus strengthening our entire case.

At Sugar Loaf Hill, in the county of Waterford, we have, at the present day, a *Church* and a *Cromleac* within the same inclosure. At Kelmelched (or Kerry) is another church, very ancient, standing within a short distance of an old *Ogham* inscribed Phallic hole-stone, and several stone-roofed crypts or Mithratic temples. At Saint Olan's, Cork, in the burial-ground, stands an *Ogham* inscribed stone; several others have been found in the neighbourhood, and near it is a highly venerated *holy well*. At Temple Brien, Cork, a Phallus, twelve feet high, stands within a few feet of the old church. At Ardmore, Waterford, we have the original Pagan character of the place more strongly marked. *Within the area* of the ancient church, on the cliff, is a celebrated *holy well*. Lower down, on the strand, is one of those mysterious Tolmens, beneath which, annually, a ceremony typical of regeneration is performed by hundreds. And again, within the Church of Saint

Declan was discovered, in 1841, by Mr. Windele, a fragment of an Ogham inscription, whilst at the distance of a few feet stands the *Turraghan*, the most beautiful Tower in Ireland. At Ardpatrick, Limerick, are the remains, 11 feet in height, of another Round Tower, and beside it stand the ruins of an old Church. Here also have we another *holy well*, efficacious in the cure of cattle. But what is even stronger to our purpose, this place is mentioned in an ancient Life of Saint Patrick, as a hill sacred to the *Sun*. "In australi regione Momoniæ Desiorum Australium, metatus est erigendæ ecclesiæ locum in quodam colle, qui proinde nominis usurpationem ab eo desumens *Ard patrick*, i. e., Collis Patricii, nuncupatur (pro *ard grian*, vel *Grianard*, quo gaudebat antiquitus); ubi in *veneratione* habetur *lapis*, qui *Lapis Patricii* vocatur, sed vir Belial Derbhallus ei se opposuit," &c.—(Rerum Hib, vol, ii., page 150.) On Scattery Island is a *Druidical Circle* near the Church and Tower, and immediately adjoining is "Our Lady's *Well*." At Clonmacnois, also, is another evidence of the primitive Pagan character of that place—a *holy well* of much repute. But instances of this description we shall not unreasonably multiply. Need we here remark, that Well-worship formed a prominent feature in the Paganism of all ancient nations, and that traces of it have been found in Asia, in Africa, in Greece, Italy, Spain, France, &c.?

Our next point of attention in this inquiry is the *architecture* of these buildings. That Ire-



land has many monuments of ancient Cyclopic and Pelasgian architecture, no one acquainted with her antiquities can doubt. The interior of several of her cairns, cave temples, forts, cassiols, and cahers, as well as those singular cells—various in form—found at Gallerous, Mount Eagle, and the adjacent Islands of Kerry, amply attest this. The walls are generally of dry stonework, sometimes cemented; the stones often polygonal, the doors broad at base, narrow at top; their heads, as well as the window-copes, sometimes formed of transverse lintels, and at others presenting the semi-circular or the primitive lancet arch; and the roofs invariably formed by overlaying;—in strict conformity with the style found at Mycene, in the Etruscan Sepulchres, the Egyptian Pyramids in India, in the Temple of Brombanan in Java, in Mexico, &c., the most ancient in the world, and whose origin is traceable to the Canaanites or Phœnicians—the Giants of the Septuagint, the Cyclopes of the Greeks. The style ceased between the seventh and fourth centuries before Christ, and yet, strange to say, we find it continued in Ireland in some of our most ancient *Christian Churches* for seven centuries *after* the Christian Era. This is accounted for in part by the seclusion and isolation of this country from the Roman world, and by the permanent and, in this and many other instances, Asiatic nature of its institutions, habits, and manners. In a country like Ireland, in which professions and trades were hereditary, as in the case of

the brehon or judge, the physician, the Druid, the bard, the marshal, the standard-bearer, the brazier, the smith, &c., Christianity wrought no change of architectural style beyond that of form, substituting, in the Christian Temple, the *angular* for the *rotund* of the Pagan, but preserving all the manner, character, and details of the national style.

This fact, to be sure, may serve as an argument to cut either way, and should not *per se* be relied on as very conclusive in our view of the question; but, taken in connection with the other weighty considerations in its favour, already adduced, indicating, as it does, an antiquity of such a wide range, it will be found of the highest value.

In the construction of the walls we have the Pelasgic feature of the jointing stones placed irregularly, but fitted closely to each other. The Round Tower of Cashel presents us with instances of this; we have it also in the Church of Britway, and it is constantly present in all the Pelasgic remains of Greece and Italy, as at Mycene, &c.

Again: we have the semi-circular arch in the same Tower, likewise at Britway, in common with all Christian Churches down to the present day; and we have it also in some of the most ancient monuments of Egypt, in the tomb of Mithridates in the Crimea, &c., but we have this arch formed, not by radiation or centering, as in the Churches, but by overlaying, as at Scattery and Ardmore, and in the ancient Cyclo-

pean Gateway at Rhyniassa in Albania. The triangular, or lintel-pointed, arch is common to the Towers; it occurs also in the old Churches of Killaloo, Clare, and of Coole, Cork, and in the Cyclopean Galleries at Tyrins, as well as at Messene and Megalopolis.

The doorways of two or three of the Towers exhibit the *chevron* or *zig-zag* ornament. This has been seized on by the Christian advocates as evidence of a Christian period, because it occurs in most of our Romanesque Churches. But it has been found also amongst the hieroglyphics of Egypt and Arabia Petræa (see De Laborde's work), on the shafts of the columns in the tomb of Agamemnon, and in the sepulchres of Etruria. We have it also in urns discovered in barrows and cairns in England and Ireland. In fact, it is one of those ornaments of antiquity that, once used, never afterwards fell into disuse.

But in the arching of the stone-roof the Tower possesses a distinctive peculiarity. This covering is invariably formed by overlaying, in the manner of inverted steps, and this species of arch was skilfully adopted where lateral abutment, so requisite for the round arch, was almost impossible. We have examined the stone-roofed churches of Saint Doulagh, Cormac's chapel, Killaloo, and Killaghy, (Killarney,) and ascertained that their covering is formed by radiation.

We cannot conclude without directing attention to those very singular structures, the



Boens, so numerous in Kerry. They would appear to us to be of the same family as the Round Tower. They are low, seldom above 20 feet in height, circular, and of a diameter similar to the Towers, decreasing in the ascent, and the covering formed of an overlaid arch. No cement has been used in their construction. Beneath the one mentioned by Lady Chatterton, and, probably under all, are subterranean chambers similar in style and form to those found in our most ancient raths. Our knowledge of these structures is so recent and limited, that we cannot attempt to offer any decided opinion with regard to them. Their external resemblance to the Sardinian Nuragh, as well as those remarkable ancient Scottish Duns, of which "Arthur's Oven," and the "Dun of Dornadilla," may be offered as examples, is, however, not a little remarkable. Their name of *Boen*, formed of *Bo*, a cow, and *an* or *ain*, a circle, would seem to refer to that helioarkite worship which once prevailed in Ireland, and in which the *sacred Cow*, as in Egypt and India, formed a prominent object. Tradition has, to the present day, associated with the *Bo finne*, (the white cow,) strange supernatural attributes which could have only originated in that ritual.

## LONDONDERRY

The maritime county of Londonderry, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the south and south-west by the county of Tyrone; on the east by the county of Antrim; on the north by the Atlantic; on the north-east by Lough Foyle; and on the west by the county of Donegal. According to the Ordnance Survey, it comprises an area of 518,423 acres, of which 388,817 are cultivated, 10,404 are covered by water, and 119,202 are waste mountain and bog. It is divided, for the purposes of civil jurisdiction, into the city and liberties of Londonderry, the town and liberties of Coleraine, and the baronies of Coleraine, Tirkeeran, Kenaught, and Loughinsholin. Its principal towns—besides Londonderry and Coleraine—are Newton-Limivady, Castledawson, Dungevin, Money-more, Draper's-town, Magherafelt, Maghera, and Garvagh.

Journeying from the Giants' Causeway, the county is entered by way of Coleraine, the liberties of which extend to the borders of the county of Antrim. It is situated on the east bank of the river Ban, about three miles from its influx into the sea. The town appears busy and bustling, and although its commerce is comparatively limited, considering the advantages

it enjoys, almost on the verge of the Atlantic, it still carries on a flourishing trade in the finer class of linen—for the manufacture of which it has been long pre-eminent. The Ban is crossed by a pretty bridge, built in 1743, chiefly by aid of the Irish Society. The navigation of the river is obstructed by a bar of shifting sand; and, at a distance of about two miles from the town, by a ledge of rocks—"the Salmon Leap"—which runs from its eastern to its western bank. The fall over this huge and high barrier is magnificent in the extreme. A lofty, but unemployed and half-ruined mill, stands upon its western border; the rapid waters rushing idly and uselessly by; adding, indeed, to the picturesque beauty of the scenery, but contributing only to the occupation of the fisherman and the enjoyment of the angler.

Passing through the town of Newton-Limivady—a long broad street of poor houses—and the village of Ballykelly, a neat and peculiarly graceful village of "the fishmongers," on the south-west border of Lough Foyle, we soon arrive in sight of the famous city of Derry. Its character is remarkable from every point of view; covering a hill from the summit to the base, round a considerable part of which roll the waters of Lough Foyle; the houses rising in tiers one above another; with the lofty spire of the time-honoured cathedral topping all.<sup>98</sup> It is impossible to approach the venerable and heroic city, without being struck with its apparent "fitness" for resisting the assaults of a besieger; its



great natural strength is at once apparent; and as we advance nearer and note the high and thick walls by which it is surrounded, we become convinced that the brave and earnest hearts by which it was defended, and who obtained for it and themselves imperishable names in history, might have scorned the attacks of any enemy but famine. The walls that encompass Derry will first attract attention; they seem, to-day, as perfect as they were in 1688; have been kept in excellent repair; the broad walk upon them is neatly gravelled as a promenade, and the towers appear as capable of defence as they did a century and a half ago. These walls were built by the London companies, soon after the "Plantation"—to which we shall refer presently—indeed the town itself may be said to have been raised by them, for, in 1608, it was burned and destroyed by Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, who almost literally left it "without one stone remaining upon another."<sup>99</sup>

The city gates have been kept in good repair; chiefly by grants from the Irish Society. "The four original gates called the Bishop's Gate, the Ship-quay Gate, the New Gate (now the Butchers' Gate), and the Ferry-port, or Ferry Gate (now the Ferry-quay Gate); two others, commonly called the New Gate and the Castle Gate (but not by authority), were subsequently added. Between 1805 and 1808, the first three were rebuilt, at an expense of £1,403 3s. The Bishop's Gate and the Ship-quay Gate are alone embellished. The former is a triumphal arch,

erected to the memory of William III., in 1789, by the corporation, with the concurrence of the Irish Society, at the centenary of the opening of the gates." It was the Ferry Gate which the 'Prentice Boys "shut" on the 7th of December, 1688. It was from the Bishop's Gate the garrison generally made its sorties.

After its destruction, in 1608, the city rose from its ashes, but not rapidly; in 1618-19, the houses numbered only 92; and its progress continued to be slow, until within the present century. So recently as 1804, there was only one market—a fish market; the court-house was "unsafe from decay;" and the jail was "small and bad;" there was no dispensary; no library; there were no lamps; parts only of the streets were flagged; and the walls were in "very bad order." The city now contains several handsome public edifices and valuable institutions; the houses within the walls and adjoining them, number 2,947; and the population exceeds 10,000. It is approached from Coleraine by a singularly long and narrow wooden bridge, crossing the river Foyle.<sup>100</sup> The quays are good, and the dock-yards rank among the most extensive and admirable in Ireland. The most interesting of the public structures is the Cathedral; it stands upon the summit of the hill of Derry; and derives its importance less from its antiquity than from its close and intimate association with the history of the siege, and as covering the mortal remains of its immortal defenders. On either side of the east window are

two flags, taken from the besiegers in 1689—their remains, rather, for time has left them a mere collection of shreds. On the sill of the window is an inscription commemorating the circumstances under which they were placed there—their having been taken from the enemy during a sortie on the morning of the 7th of May. Another memorial of the glory of “the defenders” stands on the central western bastion; a testimonial to the memory of Walker and his brave companions in arms. It is a well-proportioned column, of Portland stone, eighty-one feet high, surmounted by a statue of “the governor,” represented in the clerical costume of the period, his right hand holding a bible, his left pointing to the place where the boom was laid; indicating, as it were, the approach of the vessels that brought food to the famished heroes. It was erected in 1828, by subscription, at a cost of £1,200. In the area at the base, are four of the famous guns, which performed such signal services during the siege; six others stand at the south-west bastion; and in the yard of the court-house is the far-famed “Roaring Meg,” so called from “the loudness of her voice,” which is said hourly to have cheered the hearts of the besieged, and appalled those of the besiegers. The cannon, generally, contain the date 1642, and the names of the several London Companies by whom they were presented to the city. Roaring Meg was the gift of the “Fishmongers.”

Although Derry had sustained two previous





Walker's Monument and Roasting Meg  
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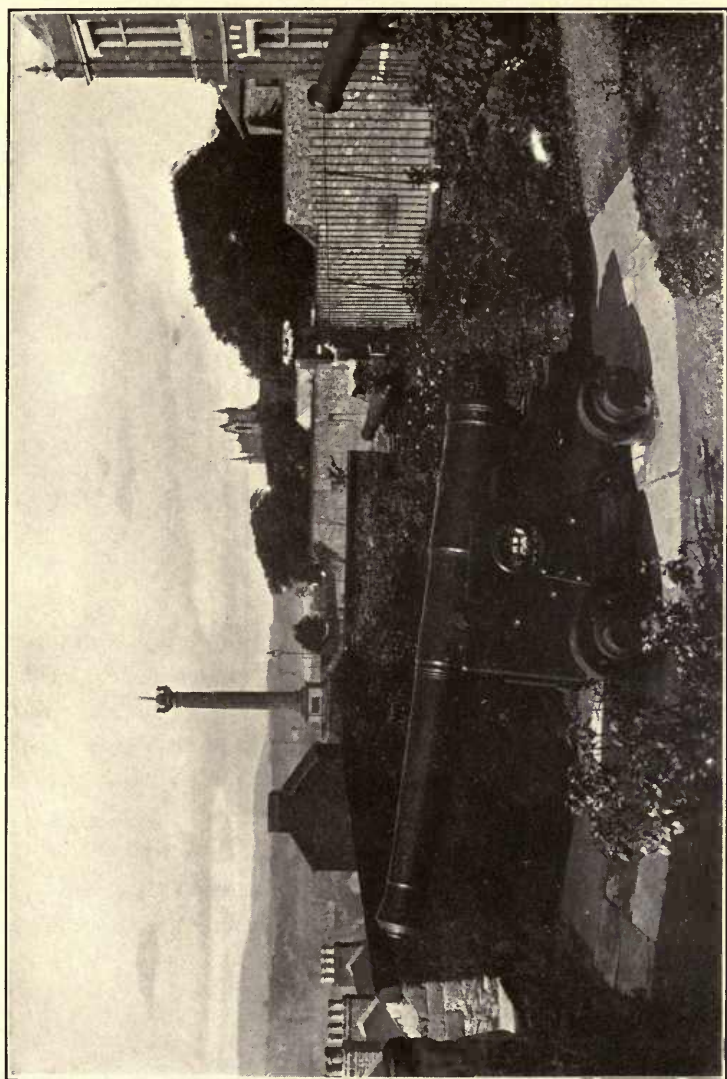
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“Defenders.”

Walker's Monument and Roaring Meg

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ind two previous







sieges—one in 1641, and one in 1649—it is from the third and last, which occurred in 1689, that the city derives its fame. The “shutting of the gates of Derry,” took place on the 7th of December, 1688. Tyrconnell had withdrawn from the garrison a regiment commanded by Lord Mountjoy, a Protestant, in whom the citizens had much confidence, and proposed to replace it by one then raising by the Earl of Antrim, a Roman Catholic nobleman, whom they distrusted. The terrors of 1641 were yet green in the memories of many, and dismal rumours of a coming massacre were circulated;<sup>101</sup> the Protestants of the north—surrounded by a hostile population, threatened by an undisciplined mob of armed men, recently recruited from classes whose evil passions required no stimulus, and governed by rulers who made no concealment of a resolve to destroy their rights and their religion—banded together for mutual defence; and, by degrees, assembled in towns where a stand was most likely to be made with effect. Derry offered peculiar advantages; and the neighbouring Protestants were already looking to it as their sanctuary, when the war was suddenly commenced. The two companies of Lord Antrim’s regiment were marching towards the city; they were actually within sight of its walls, when a few lads—“about eight or nine of them”—SHUT THE GATES; refused entrance to the soldiers of King James; and, by conduct so seemingly “rash and desperate,” so completely without calculation, as to have appeared

absolute madness at the moment, these "Prentice-boys" became the arbiters of the destinies of three kingdoms, and, according to all human calculation, determined the fate of the Reformation in Europe. The leading authorities, headed by the bishop, Ezekiel Hopkins, vainly endeavoured to persuade the youths to retrace their steps; they were resolute in defending the honour of the "maiden city;" the spirit they had kindled spread rapidly; men of note soon caught it; and within a very brief period a good and substantial band of armed citizens was formed, officered, and disciplined to man the walls and endure a siege. First and foremost among their leaders was David Cairnes, a gentleman who, from the beginning to the end of the war, was brave, active, and uncompromising, and who lived to represent in Parliament the city he had so largely contributed to save. The news that Derry was to be defended, spread like wild-fire through the northern counties; Protestants of all grades made their way to its protecting walls; arms and ammunition were, by degrees, and not without great difficulty, obtained; and preparations were made to preserve the city from the assaults of the army that was certain to be sent against it. Ample time was given for the citizen-soldiers to prepare; for the month of April, 1689, had advanced before they were exposed to serious danger. Meanwhile, James II. had landed in Ireland at the head of his French allies; and very soon afterwards directed his attention to the north, with a view chiefly to



the subjugation of Londonderry, where the governor, Lundy, an officer originally appointed by Tyrconnell, and who, although his commission was ratified by the Prince of Orange, was in reality a partisan of James, was ready to "open the gates," betray the garrison, and sacrifice the cause. The King had actually reached the walls, expecting quiet possession, when the "'Prentice-boys"—a "tumultuous and untractable rabble," for so they were described to his Majesty, rushed to their bastions, and fired their cannon upon his troops, killing, it is said, "a captain who stood near the king's person."<sup>102</sup> At this critical moment, Adam Murray, Esq., who had been a medical officer in the service of the East India Company, arrived to the rescue,<sup>103</sup> resolutely opposed all proposals for capitulation; and succeeded in establishing the principle, subsequently carried out, of "no surrender." On the 19th of April, Lundy, whose treachery had been fully exposed, and whose life was in danger, skulked from the walls in disguise, "with a load of match on his back." Major Henry Baker and the famous ecclesiastic, George Walker, were appointed to succeed him; Baker died about six weeks afterwards, and was buried in one of the vaults of the cathedral; and Colonel Mitchelburne was elected in his place. The garrison was immediately formed into eight companies, amounting to 7,020 men, commanded by 341 officers, "each regiment had its own ground, each company its own bastion, and the spirit of the in-

habitants was exhibited by a resolve, that 'if any man offered to go out on that errand (to propose terms of capitulation) he should be treated as a betrayer of the town, the Protestant religion, and King William's interest.' The treacherous had been expelled, the timid had withdrawn, and the brave garrison was left to its own natural resources. The citizen-soldiers were badly armed and ill-provisioned, the town was over-crowded by a useless population; there was no officer of experience to direct their energies; they had no engineers, few horses, and no forage; not a gun well mounted—nothing indeed to support and encourage them, but, according to the simple eloquence of Governor Walker, "their great confidence, and dependence upon Almighty God, that He would take care of them and preserve them!" Yet in the midst of appalling perils, they persevered in resisting all temptations to surrender; they commenced the contest nearly in despite of hope, continued it almost in despair, and endured sufferings with a degree of patience, fortitude, and courage, scarcely paralleled in history. At this period there appears to have been upwards of 30,000 living souls encompassed by the walls, which enclosed an area of a few acres.

The first sortie of the garrison took place on the 21st of April. An assault was made upon the combined French and Irish at the Mill of Pennyburn, now a picturesque ruin. The men of Derry were led by Colonel Murray; who killed with his own hand the French General

Mammou; <sup>104</sup> with whom he is said to have had three personal encounters. The success of this effort animated the garrison; so that no difficulty was afterwards found in procuring men for a sortie. There were volunteers enough to follow any officer of note, whenever an attack was to be made upon the enemy. Meanwhile their resolution and bravery were known in England; and Major General Kirk was sent with men, arms, and provisions to their relief; but the passage up the Foyle was arrested by the enemy, who planted guns upon either border, and placed a boom across a narrow part of the river. Kirk, however, continued to communicate with the city, informing the garrison that he had "stores and victuals for them,"—one of his messengers, "a little boy," carried a letter made up in a cloth button, and as in conveying a reply he was taken prisoner, he contrived to swallow it. Towards the end of June, Marshal Rosen took the command of the French and Irish forces, in person; and James returned to Dublin, previously exclaiming, that if his troops had been English they would have brought him the walls stone by stone. Rosen tried the effect of lures and promises, "of which he was very eloquent and obliging;" and finding them of no avail, resorted to threats—"swearing by the belly of God he would demolish the town and bury the inhabitants in its ashes." Kirk, who earned and deserved the title of "infamous," both for his conduct in Derry, and previously in Devonshire—made no worthy ef-



fort to relieve the gallant but famishing garrison; he had set sail from their shores, advising them "to be good husbands of their provisions"—advice from which they had a melancholy presage. Even then they were reduced almost to the last extremity—living upon salted and dried hides, horse-flesh, dogs, cats, and mice—yet still declaring, and with no empty boast, their resolution "to eat the Irish, and then one another, rather than yield." Disease added its terrors to those of famine, yet half dying men, with emaciated frames and hungry eyes, stalked through the city, day and night, threatening death to any traitor who spoke of a surrender.<sup>105</sup> On the 1st of July, Rosen kept the promise to which he had pledged himself; he collected from the neighbouring counties of Antrim, Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Donegal, every Protestant he could find—and before day broke on that eventful day, the miserable garrison heard a confused murmur of groans and cries; as the morning dawned they beheld a mass of their aged, decrepit and infant relatives—old men, women, and children—to the number of "some thousands"—pushed, or rather pricked, onward towards the walls; with an intimation from the French commander, that unless they were received within them, they should all be left there to perish.<sup>106</sup> The atrocious act produced an effect the very opposite of that intended; for, says Walker, "the sight only warmed us with new rage and fury against the enemy;" and, according to Mackenzie, "the

poor people themselves entreated us not to surrender." The garrison immediately erected a gallows on the bastion next the Irish camp, and declared that unless their friends were allowed to depart to their several habitations, they would hang every prisoner within the walls—an experiment that succeeded, although Rosen remained unmoved; and Hamilton, in answer to a touching memorial, informed his friends that "if they suffered it could not be helped, but they should be revenged on many thousands."<sup>107</sup>

At length, on the 30th of July, "some ships were seen in the Lough"—they proved to be the Dartmouth frigate, with a convoy of three vessels laden with provisions; the first of them struck against the boom, rebounded and ran ashore; the shock of a broadside, however, "loosened her;" so that she got clear, and passed the barrier. The starving garrison and inhabitants obtained food; and on the next day the siege was raised. Of 7,500 men "regimented," fatigue, hunger, and disease, had swept away nearly 3,200—for the losses in actual fighting were few; and of those who remained alive, at least a fourth were incapable of service.

Of those who had taken shelter in Derry—and people had thronged into it from all parts of the northern provinces—thousands died of famine and disease; and many fell by the shot of the enemy. The siege lasted one hundred and five days.

Relief came precisely at the moment when it was most needed and could be made effectual.

A delay of a day or two longer, and the people must have perished or the gates must have been opened—opened to but few of King James's soldiers, it is true, for the besiegers had dwindled down to the wreck of an army, but with them would have entered a multitude of camp-followers; and it is more than probable that not one of "the Defenders" would have been left alive. They saw, from the tops of houses, the ships laden with provisions; they even exchanged signals with their deliverers; and yet, for no inconsiderable time, they had to bear the misery of "hope deferred;" food, almost within the grasp of hungry thousands, was yet beyond their reach; it was impossible for contemporary historians to exaggerate in describing the agony they suffered. "Our spirits sunk, and our hopes were expiring," writes Mackenzie: "We only reckoned," says Walker, "upon two days' life." Proportionally great was their exulting joy when the boom was broken, and the ships sailed slowly but safely to their quays. The bells of the battered cathedral rung out a merry and grateful peal, bonfires were kindled in various parts of the city, and cannon thundered from the walls, when the craving hunger of the multitude had been satisfied. It requires no exertion of fancy to picture the miserable and famished—men, women, and children—crowding around the boats that were conveying to them food. The imagination readily beholds the scene, even to-day, from the heights that command the quays upon Lough Foyle; hears the mingled moans



and shouts of the sufferers; grateful for their deliverance, giving thanks and glory to God, who had prospered "the just cause they had undertaken."

Every step we tread in Londonderry calls to mind some incident connected with the siege. Unhappily, Time has not yet sufficiently deprived its history of party taint, to render its memory "glorious and immortal" to all classes; yet it should be considered, by all, only as affording evidence of the courage, fortitude, and endurance of which Irishmen are capable. Derry is the twin of Limerick; the sieges of both are alike honourable to the brave spirits who maintained both—the Catholic in the one case and the Protestant in the other. We trust there are many descendants of the gallant men who were foiled before the old walls, generous enough to merge personal feeling in admiration of the bold defenders of either; and we deduct nothing from the merits of the Derry "'Prentice-boys," when we say it was lucky for them that the army which encamped around their city was not commanded by the king who vainly sought for entrance into Limerick. The triumph of Londonderry is more conspicuous for its results. It paved the way to the Boyne victory; it went far to secure the British Crown for the Prince of Orange; and there can be little doubt that the "shutting of the gates," as it were, sealed the charter of our liberties obtained by "the Revolution." William the Third was not ungrateful to his valuable partisans in the north of Ireland.<sup>108</sup>

We have had frequent occasion to refer to the "Irish Society," whose connection with Londonderry has been so close and so continuing. A brief account of its origin and state may be acceptable to our readers:—

Down to the middle of the sixteenth century, the city, as well as the district now forming the county of Londonderry, remained in the hands of the native Irish, and was governed by their chiefs, the principal of whom were the O'Cathans or O'Kanes,—a branch of, and tributary to, the O'Nials. One of the earliest acts of the reign of James I. was the confiscation of the estates of "certain Roman Catholics of distinction," who about that period, and during the reign of his predecessor, had rebelled against the state; and in 1608 the king, by the advice of the Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer, took advantage of a new outbreak, to confiscate the whole of the six northern counties,—Armagh, Tyrone, Coleraine,<sup>109</sup> Donegal, Fermanagh, and Cavan,—and to "plant" them with Protestant British and Scottish subjects; a project which he had for some time contemplated, and "had strongly at heart."

The various stipulations into which the settlers were required to enter were published by command of his Majesty; who "conceiving the city of London to be the ablest body to undertake so important a work," desired a conference on the subject between the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Mayor—Humphrey Weld. It took place accordingly. "Motives and reasons to induce

the City of London to undertake the plantation in the north of Ireland ” <sup>110</sup> were submitted to the city commissioners; the Lords of the Privy Council and the Corporation of London came to a right understanding; and the latter expressed their willingness to undertake the plantation, provided the flattering statements of his Majesty were found, upon due examination, to be sufficiently correct. Accordingly, “ four wise, grave, and discreet citizens ” were sent to Ireland to view the situation of the proposed colony. After their return, an agreement was entered into, settled, and duly executed by the several parties. It was at the same time determined, that “ for the purpose of conducting the said plantation, a company should be constituted and established within the city of London, which should consist of one governor, one deputy governor, and twenty-four assistants.” The Irish Society was thus formed: it was styled “ The Society of the Governor and Assistants of London of the new Plantation in Ulster, within the Realm of Ireland,” and it was incorporated by charter on the 29th of March, 1613. A very essential part of the business, was the raising and collecting “ the sum agreed to be raised by the city ” for the purposes of the plantation, and in building towns and fortifications—this was, after much consideration, determined to be done “ according to the assessment of the corn-rate made on the various companies of the city.” Other assessments were subsequently made, which eventually exceeded the sum of £60,000.<sup>111</sup> It was soon afterwards



determined to divide the estates into twelve parts; these twelve parts to be divided, by lot, among the several London companies: and as it appeared that “the whole monies disbursed in and about the said plantation” amounted to £40,000, that sum was also divided,—each company to pay a twelfth part, *i. e.* £3,333. 6s. 8d. and that “in every of the said twelve proportions of money, one of the twelve principal companies to stand as chief; and unto that principal company, not having of itself expended so much money as amounted to a full proportion, were added and joined so many of the inferior companies as should make up a full proportion of the required sum.”<sup>112</sup> These sums were subscribed in very unequal parts: thus the Mercers contributed £2,680; the Haberdashers £3,124; the Fishmongers £2,260; the Drapers £3,072; the Goldsmiths £2,999; the Skinners £1,963; while the Grocers and Merchant Tailors exceeded their full proportion, the excess being joined to some other principal company. On the other hand, the Masons contributed £100; the Armourers £40; the Poulterers £80; the Woolmen £20; and so forth. In all fifty-five companies contributed—the twelve principal companies being the Mercers, the Grocers, the Drapers, the Fishmongers, the Goldsmiths, the Skinners, the Merchant Tailors, the Haberdashers, the Salters, the Ironmongers, the Vintners, and the Clothworkers. The whole of the estates so divided had been estimated to be worth no more than £1,800 per annum. In letting their lands, the

companies stipulated with the parties proposing to become tenants, that they should perform the original articles and conditions of plantation. The duties they had undertaken appear, however, to have been discharged very carelessly: the bargain was thought to be a very bad bargain by several companies; it was in a manner forced upon them by the crown; and they, for a considerable period, either let their lands at nominal rents, or neglected them altogether. The records of the Irish Society contain abundant evidence that they found it necessary to remind the companies that certain conditions remained unfulfilled; such notes as this are of frequent occurrence in their 'Books:':—"27th July, 1616. Communications were made by the Irish Society to the Goldsmiths' Company, urging them to perform the conditions of plantation, and execute the necessary works on their proportion, which as well as the proportions of the other companies, appeared at this period to proceed with great slowness."

And it is this property, thus acquired, which the London Companies continue to enjoy, and over which "the Irish Society" continues to hold jurisdiction.<sup>113</sup>

For a considerable period the Society has been accustomed to send Deputations occasionally to examine into and report upon the condition of their estates. These reports were "printed by order of the Court," and they supplied considerable information upon all the topics upon which it was their duty to inquire.<sup>114</sup> But of late years

the practice of printing these reports has been discontinued, as the Society deemed them unnecessary, and the public felt no interest in the particulars they contained.

From this latest accessible report we may learn the existing "Proportions" of the several Companies, and are furnished with considerable information concerning their state. 1st, THE GOLDSMITHS.—The estate of this company is situate in the neighbourhood of the City of Derry, north-east of the River Foyle; it is one of those let in perpetuity, and possessed by Lesley Alexander, Esq., of Foyle Park. The soil is generally poor and superficial, being the *débris* of mica slate, with occasional patches of alluvial soil, which are more productive. The face of the country is without any wood, excepting here and there a few trees round a farm-house, on two or three farm-holdings on this proportion, not held under the company; these are the snug residences of gentlemen of small fortunes, who have improved and planted thereon, so that the otherwise naked appearance of the estate is not so remarkable. The income from the estate is considered to be £4,500 per annum; a number of leases having a few years yet to run, will, upon their expiring, increase the amount to about £6,000 per annum.<sup>115</sup> 2d, THE GROCERS.—The estate is situated "at an average of five miles from the city;" its extent is about 15,000 acres, with a rental of about £5,000 per annum.<sup>116</sup> 3d, THE FISHMONGERS.—Their estate is situated about ten miles from the City of Derry; its chief town



is Ballykelly, containing about 200 inhabitants. The lands are generally superior to either the Goldsmiths' or the Grocers'; "the low lands of Myroe are alluvial, and very productive; the soil near the mountains is formed of the *débris* of mica slate, whilst that in the neighbourhood of Claudy is formed of the disintegration of silicious sandstone and mica slate." This proportion is supposed to extend to about 18,000 statute acres, and to be let at about £7,000 per annum.<sup>117</sup>

4th, THE HABERDASHERS.—Their estate is situated about fifteen miles from Derry; it contains about 27,000 statute acres. The lands are let at fair and moderate rents, bringing in a rental of about £10,000 per annum. The property has been let *in perpetuity*, and is possessed by the Marquis of Waterford, one of the most excellent of Irish landlords; consequently, "the tenantry are considered comfortable; and the sums paid by new tenants for old leases or holdings are very large, which shows that there is confidence between landlord and tenant, and that the lands are not rack-rented."

5th, THE SKINNERS.—This proportion is situated, in its nearest part, about four miles from Derry, and its extreme end is about twenty-two miles from Derry; it is the largest of all the company's estates; the annual rents amount to about £11,000. The estate is capable of great improvement, and, under proper management, may ultimately become by far the most valuable of the twelve proportions.<sup>118</sup>

6th, THE MERCHANT TAILORS.—This estate is situated about twenty

miles from Derry, and about two at an average from Coleraine; it contains about 12,000 statute acres, and is worth about £6,000 per annum. It has been let by the company in perpetuity.<sup>119</sup>

7th, **THE CLOTHWORKERS.**—This estate is situated on the banks of the river Bann, within an average of two or three miles of the town of Coleraine. It is in extent about 10,000 statute acres, and in value about £5,000 per annum.<sup>120</sup>

8th, **THE IRONMONGERS.**—This estate is situated at an average of about seven miles from the town of Coleraine, and skirts the river Bann; no one of the proportions is more scattered in its allotments, or more diversified in its soil. The rental is about £5,200 per annum.<sup>121</sup>

9th, **THE MERCERS.**—This proportion is situate about twelve miles from the town of Coleraine, and twenty-eight from Londonderry. Its extent is about 21,000 statute acres, and its value £8,000 per annum.<sup>122</sup>

10th, **THE VINTNERS.**—This proportion is situated about nineteen miles from the town of Coleraine, and twenty-five miles from the city of Londonderry; it contains about 25,000 statute acres, and its annual value is from £9,000 to £10,000.<sup>123</sup>

11th, **THE SALTERS.**—This proportion is situated about twenty-nine miles from Derry, twenty-nine miles from Coleraine, and twenty-nine miles from Belfast, being equally distant from the three sea-port towns. Its extent is about 18,000 statute acres, and its value about £14,000 per annum. Several tenants hold favourable leases under the present lessees, so that the present income is only £12,500

per annum.<sup>124</sup> 12th, THE DRAPERS.—This proportion is much scattered. Its average distance from Derry is twenty-nine miles, from Belfast thirty-two miles, and from Coleraine twenty-seven miles. It contains 27,000 statute acres, and is let by the company at about £10,500 per annum.<sup>125</sup>

Possibly “the Deputation” of the Society may have taken too gloomy a view of the condition of the estates; as tourists from the fair meadows of Essex, the fertile grounds of Kent, and the rich harvest lands of Middlesex—where parish paupers have far more comfortable homesteads than Irish farmers—they may have seen the “miserable hovels” of the north without being enabled to compare them with the wretched huts of the south and west; but our own experience bears them out as to the general aspect of the county—scandalous and disgraceful, very often, to those “under whose protection” they have been placed—wealthy and powerful London Companies, who are deaf to “the clamorous voice of woe,” and are more ready to open their hearts and purses to the sleek Negro or the sly Hindoo, than to a people whose interests are so completely identified with their own, and upon whose welfare and improvement must always so essentially depend the welfare and improvement of their common country.<sup>126</sup>

From much that we have heard, seen, and read, we have reason to believe that the Irish Society are sincerely and ardently desirous of employing their power and resources for the advantage of



Ireland, and to diminish, as much as possible, the evil of absenteeism in Londonderry. We have had opportunities of conversing with some of their agents, and have found them, as far as we could judge, anxious to act up to their instructions in forwarding every object that shall seem beneficial to the county; unquestionably they have largely participated in every good work that has been undertaken; and there exists abundant proofs of a steady and continuous design "to remedy many existing evils, to encourage the investment of capital and the industry of the population, to alleviate the distresses and wants of the poor, to extend the prosperity and comfort of the entire county of Londonderry, and thereby to offer an example to the whole kingdom of Ireland."

It will be seen that the Haberdashers, the Vintners, the Goldsmiths, and the Merchant Tailors, have alienated their estates, by letting them *in perpetuity*; that the Salters and Skinners hold estates let on terminable leases, which in a few years will expire; while the Ironmongers, Clothworkers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Grocers, and Mercers have their estates in their own hands, which are now let to the occupying tenants. Now, although the Irish Society had, by virtue of the discretion vested in it by the charter, conveyed several allotments of territory in the province of Ulster, to the twelve principal companies of the city of London and their associates, still it retained the paramount duty of "management, control, and visitation, for the perpetual main-

tenance of those important public purposes, in consideration of which," as was emphatically observed by the Lord Chancellor, (in 1836) "the Crown parted with large possessions for the benefit of that part of the King's dominions."

The Irish Society admit that they have, for themselves, no beneficial interest in the property, and that they are trustees for the companies of any surplus which may remain after answering certain public purposes, but they claim to have a discretionary power to apply so much of the income as they may think fit for those public purposes, without being liable to account for the same to the companies.

It is sufficiently obvious that a continuation of this trust to the Irish Society is calculated greatly to benefit and improve the condition of the county of Londonderry, inasmuch as they are, thus, in the position of Trustees only for so much surplus as may remain after they have expended all sums they may consider needful for carrying out the original purpose of the Grant;—so they were considered by Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, in giving judgment in the case of the Skinner's Company, 19th Nov., 1838. His lordship determined that "the power given to the Irish Society for the general operation of the Plantation were of a general and public or political nature; that the property remaining vested in the Society is applicable towards such general operation; and that the Companies of London, though interested in any surplus which may remain after the general purposes are answered,

are not entitled to control the exercise of the powers which are given for general and public purposes."

This decision, however, was not suffered to be final: the Skinners' Company appealed, and the suit was protracted till 1845, when it was terminated by a confirmation of the previous judgment; Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Campbell agreeing in the same view of the case as had been previously taken by Lords Langdale and Cottenham. The Lord Chancellor, on delivering his judgment in the House of Lords, entered into the question of the public character of the trust conferred upon the Irish Society; he took an historical review of the charters which had been granted to them, and the nature of the duties which they had to perform, and came to the conclusion, that the Irish Society was a public body, responsible to the corporation of London and the Crown, but not amenable to the several companies who held lands under them. Judging from the Societies' "Reports," and from our own knowledge of the condition of the several localities over which they exercise jurisdiction, most important consequences will follow the final settlement of this question. They appear to have inquired concerning nearly every topic worthy of attention—the state of the schools throughout the districts; the character of the various farms and holdings; the nature of the soil, and the best means of enriching it; the places most favourable for planting; the judicious management of fisheries; the practicability of draining bogs, fer-



tilising mountains, and reclaiming "slobs;" the advantages that may be derived from forming canals; the making of high-roads and bye-roads; the reformation of habitations for the humbler classes, by erecting substantial cottages in lieu of miserable hovels; in short, the attention of the Society, as the governing body, has been, within the last twelve or fifteen years, continually, and it would seem steadily, directed to a complete regeneration of the county, in order that they may bring to bear upon its natural advantages the advantages of experience, judgment, and capital.

Still—we borrow the words of Mr. Tite, architect to the Society, in his "Report"—"The Society must always be placed, to a certain extent, in the class of those who have caused and do still cause much of the misery and wretchedness prevailing in Ireland—viz., absentee landlords; and therefore, without adverting to the objects of their establishment as stated in their charter, it becomes their most obvious duty to obtain, by all means, an intimate acquaintance with their tenantry, and to endeavour, directly or indirectly, to afford them that support, assistance, and encouragement, which, in their operation, contribute as much to the interest of the landlord as to the well-being and comfort of the tenantry."

## DONEGAL

The maritime county of Donegal, in the province of Ulster, is bounded on the east and south-east by the counties of Londonderry, Tyrone, and Fermanagh (from that of Londonderry it is separated by Lough Foyle); on the south by Donegal Bay and the northern extremity of the county of Leitrim; and on the north and west by the Atlantic Ocean. It comprises, according to the Ordnance Survey, an area of 1,165,107 statute acres, of which only 520,736 are cultivated land, the unimproved mountain and bog amounting to no less than 644,371 statute acres. In 1821, the population was 248,270, 294,104 in 1831, and in 1841, 296,448. It is divided into the baronies of Raphoe, Kilmacrenan, Inishowen, Tyrhugh, Bannagh and Boylagh. Its principal towns are Donegal, Ballyshannon, Killybegs, Lifford, Letterkenny, St. Johnstown, and Stranorlar. Prior to the Union, it sent to Parliament twelve members; it is now represented by two—for the county. The most elevated of its mountains is Errigal, which rises 2,463 feet above the level of the sea. It abounds in lakes, generally small, although some of them are very extensive. Lough Swilly and Lough Foyle are both connected with it, the former exclusively; and its southern border is washed by

the waters of Lough Erne. Its three principal rivers bear the same names—the Swilly, the Foyle, and the Erne; but it abounds with water, and from its mountainous character, huge “falls” are encountered in astonishing numbers.

From the immense proportion of waste land, the reader may form some idea of the barren aspect of the county; and, at the same time, of its surpassing grandeur—for wild and rude magnificence it is, indeed, unequalled in Ireland; it presents a succession of mountains, down every one of which rushes some rapid river, supplying a lake in the valley, that again sends forth its current, tributary to the sea, which may be almost said to surround it—for the extensive loughs that bound it on the east and south are nearly as effectual barriers as the Atlantic, that washes its northern, western, and southwestern coasts. Soon after passing the liberties of Londonderry—proceeding northward—we enter upon the barony of Inishowen—a huge peninsula inclosed on one side by Lough Foyle, and on the other by Lough Swilly, both salt-water lakes. On the southern extremity of this barony—distant about four miles from Derry—is the far-famed Grianan of Aileach. The mountain upon which it stands is eight hundred and two feet high, and from its summit there is an extensive and all-glorious view of the two lakes, with the surrounding scenery; scattered over which are the ruins of several ancient castles, strongholds of the earlier Irish chieftains, or the English settlers, by whom they were dispossessed.<sup>127</sup> Within



ken, although distant several miles, is the rock of Doune, a natural fortress in the centre of a district scarcely accessible, where, it is believed, the ancient chieftains of Tyrconnel were inaugurated—a race who, according to Sir Henry Dockwra, were “proud, valiant, miserable, immeasurably covetous, without any knowledge of God, without any civility to man;” and of whom James the First said, in his apology for robbing them, that “their condition was, to think murder no fault, marriage of no use, nor any man valiant that does not glory in rapine and oppression.”<sup>128</sup>

In the immediate vicinity of Derry there still exists a stone, which, according to one of the authors of the “Ordnance Survey,” appears to have been an inauguration stone of the ancient Irish kings. The stone, which is of gneiss, exhibits the sculptured impression of two feet, right and left, of the length of ten inches each. That stones of the kind, as well as rude stone chairs, were formerly used, we have the testimony of Spenser, in his *View of the State of Ireland*:—“They used to place him that shall be their captain upon a stone always reserved for that purpose, and placed commonly upon a hill; in some of which I have seen formed and ingraven a foot, which they say was the measure of their first captain’s foot, whereon hee, standing, receives an oath to preserve all the auncient former customes of the countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the succession peaceably to his Tanist, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by some whose proper

office that is; after which, descending from the stone, he turneth himselfe round, thrice forward and thrice backward." The inauguration chair of the O'Neils of Castlereagh is still preserved; it was, for a long period, built into the wall of the Buttermarket of Belfast. The famous "coronation chair" in Westminster Abbey is believed to be of Irish origin; and is said to have been sent into Scotland for the coronation of Fergus, the first king of the Scots, who was "of the blood-royal of Ireland."

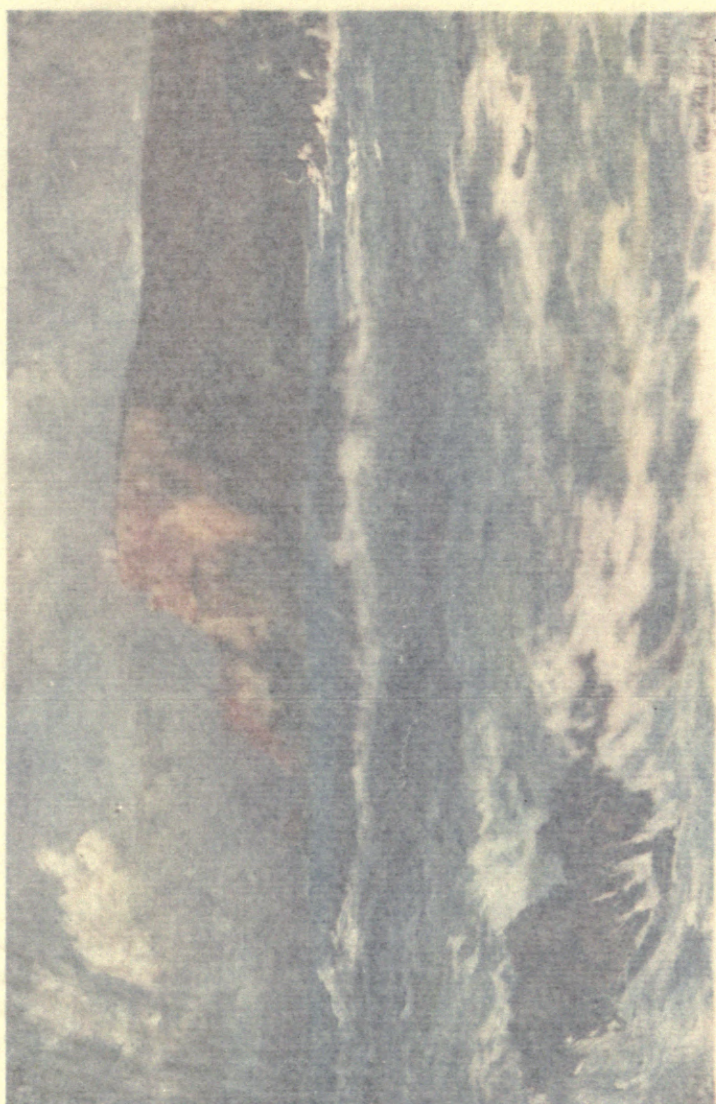
The hill of Greenan supplies a singular example of earliest architecture; according to a writer in the "Ordnance Survey," it was "a royal residence,"—"one of the most remarkable and important works of its kind ever erected by the ancient Irish." The ascent up the mountain, for about a mile, is gradual, till within a few hundred yards of the summit, when "it starts up, as it were, somewhat precipitously into a circular apex of many acres in extent," crowned by the singular pile—of the remote antiquity of which no doubt can possibly exist.<sup>129</sup>

At the base of the hill are several remarkable caves; which are considered by some antiquaries as associated with the ancient relics on the summit. Indeed, such occur in all parts of Ireland. Mr. Croker states that, in a circle of four miles "round Garranes," in the county of Cork, there are no fewer than thirteen of these "circular intrenchments:" and he considers it "probable that these works were thrown up by the native Irish around their little wigwam settlements, as

a defence against any sudden attack from an enemy or from wolves, and that subterranean chambers or cellars were formed for granaries, or as secure depositories in time of danger for their rude property.<sup>130</sup>

We now wish our reader to form some idea of the peculiar character of the coast scenery of the northern districts of Donegal. It is utterly impossible to describe its surpassing grandeur, and our limits permit us only to notice its more leading and striking features. The natural wonders of the barony of Inishowen would alone supply materials for a volume. The stupendous hill-rocks and headlands that stand as barriers to the sea, are frequently covered by the spray of the Atlantic, dashed to a height almost inconceivable; miles upon miles of sandy deserts stretch along under the huge cliffs, without a single particle of verdure; "hills and dales and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, and desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and flesh-like hue." Such are the sands of Rosapenna. Caves of wonderful construction abound in all parts. One of the most remarkable is "M'Swine's Gun,"—a prodigious cavity, into which the tide rushes with such force as to produce a sound louder than the report of any piece of artillery, and is said to be heard, at times, distinctly a distance of between twenty and thirty miles; occasionally the waters shoot up through a perpendicular shaft some hundreds of feet high into the air; altogether, perhaps, so extraordinary





Glen Columbkille Head  
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.

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Glen Columbkille Head

*Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.*









a natural marvel does not exist in the British dominions.

Along this coast, too, is Torry Island—inhabited by about five hundred persons, the greater number of whom have never visited the mainland; some years ago a few of its fishermen were driven on shore, and when returning to their island homes, they took with them leaves of trees as the greatest curiosities they could show to “their people;” here also is another Herculaneum—a town buried beneath the sand. Ruins of ecclesiastical structures, and of structures of ages far more remote, are to be encountered in every locality; places are pointed out where the sea-kings entered, and others where the Druids held their most solemn rites; every spot has some tradition, there is scarcely a mile without a legend; and as the district is more primitive than any other portion of Ireland—the people adhering pertinaciously to their ancient language and their old customs—the county is immensely rich in stores for the antiquary, the historian, and the writer of fiction. Here, until of late years, the illicit distiller carried on his trade without the remotest dread of interruption; the whiskey of Inishowen became proverbial for its excellence; and the coast from Moville round to Killybegs was famous for all that was rude, uncultivated, and lawless. For a full, accurate, and interesting description of this grand and picturesque coast, we must refer the reader to the interesting volume by the late Rev. Cæsar Otway, published by Messrs. Curry and Co., of Dublin, to

whom the literature of Ireland is so largely indebted.

The occasion, however, seems an apt one for introducing some account of the "Fairies" of Ireland—a race which is daily losing its repute;—education and Father Mathew having worked sad havoc among them—and whose existence will, ere long, become a mere history of things and times gone by. During our recent visits to Ireland, we have been enabled to add very little indeed to our store of knowledge on this subject; the peasantry have grown "mighty shy" of their communications; they have become, for the most part, even sceptical concerning them; and deliver their anecdotes with an air of doubt, at the least, which indicates an abandonment of their cause approaching to contempt of their power. We venture to assert that a modern traveller, even in Donegal or Connaught, will not hear from veritable authorities a dozen stories of the "good people." A score of years ago he would have heard as many from a dozen persons, meet them when or where he would. In Ireland, superstitions of a grosser or more unnatural character, have almost vanished. Prejudices will soon follow them. The Rational is making rapid way. Knowledge is extending itself into places hitherto inaccessible. Common sense is gradually forcing out the imaginative; and, ere long, the Irish peasant will retain little or nothing of a distinctive character. To the mere searcher after amusement this may be regarded as a misfortune; but to those who have higher hopes and



objects, the change supplies a theme for grateful rejoicing, as inevitably tending to incalculable good.

The Fairies of Ireland have been the subjects of innumerable stories and many books. The volumes collected by Mr. Crofton Croker contain, indeed, ample information concerning them. He has divided them into their classes, and preserved the history of each. But the topic is by no means exhausted; it may be varied as often as the relators; and, as we have intimated, a few years ago these relators were almost as numerous as the peasants. A few of these stories—illustrative of their habits, dispositions, and “peculiarities”—may interest our readers. We take them nearly at random from our gatherings; for our collection might fill one of our volumes, instead of a dozen pages—the utmost we can spare. Some of the race we have already described—the Phoca, the Cleuricaune, and the Banshee; but these, properly, are not fairies;—they are “spirits,” more immediately of Irish growth, while the fairies of Ireland resemble those of England and other countries, appertaining to “the green sod” only, like the natives over whom they watch, by being more essentially poetical than they are elsewhere.<sup>131</sup>

The antiquity of the race is unquestionable. They were generally supposed to dwell in pleasant hills, raths, moats, &c.; hence they are termed, in Ossian and other bards, “spirits of the hill.” They are called by the peasantry, out of respect, “daoine maithe,” or “the good people;” and

hence, very probably, the moats where they were supposed to resort first got the appellation of "Danish moats" from English writers, who were led by the *sound* and were ignorant of the *sense*; though it is also, as we have elsewhere observed, likely that the mistake originated from confounding with the Danes, the Tatha-de-dananns, to whom the erection of all the *very ancient* edifices is ascribed by popular tradition.<sup>132</sup> The fairies were also supposed to haunt old towers and castles. Of this we give a curious instance, furnished by an old man who resided at Clonmel. This man was many years ago travelling through the county Kilkenny, and happened to pass by the castle of Bonnetstown, which is situate within a few miles of the city. It was about the hour of midnight, when, as he was crossing a field, he was startled by the sound of wild and unearthly laughter at a short distance from him. On looking in the direction of the sound, he found that it proceeded from the castle, which, to his great surprise, appeared brilliantly illuminated. His courage was, however, in some measure restored when he recollected that there was a wake within a few fields of the castle. "So, by gor, over to it I went," said he, "thinkin' it might be some o' the boys that were preparin' some sport an' divarsion to act at the wake." But on his nearer approach the light suddenly vanished and the laughter ceased. After remaining some time without hearing or seeing anything, he once more proceeded on his journey; but he was scarcely in the middle of the next

field when the light shone forth with redoubled brilliancy, and the laughter burst on his ear in louder peals, and with such distinctness that he could clearly distinguish the voices of old men, young men, and children. He was now seized with that desperate courage which so often accompanies fear, and rushed back to the castle, determined on exploring the cause of all this. The laughter ceased, and the light vanished as before; yet, still resolved to unravel the mystery, he entered the castle. But he had scarcely crossed the grass-grown threshold, when, as he expressed it, "there arose sich an infernal din, that I thought the whole castle was down a'top o' me." "Away I set," continued he, "as fast as ever I could lay legs to ground, an' never stopt nor sted until I came to the wakehouse, where I remained for the rest o' that night; and when I tould the people there what I had seen, they looked terrible danted, an' made answer, 'Tis well that worse didn't happen you.' This is all the explanation they gave, and, faix, 'tis all I ax'd." The expression of the old man's countenance, as he uttered these words, indicated that the remembrance of that night was still very vivid in his imagination.

Although in their true shape they are but a few inches high, they have the power to assume natural forms, or indeed any form they please; and they often do so both for benevolent and mischievous purposes. In illustration, we were told a story of "The Grey Man of the Valley, or O'Shee's Warning;" it is a counterpart of



the Grey Spirit in "Waverley;" the tradition is in the family of our correspondent, who has heard it often from people who never heard of Sir Walter Scott. There is on the north side of Sliabh-na-Man, in the county Tipperary, between the mountain and the river, a lonely ruin called Clonan House, once the hospitable mansion of the ancient and noble family of the Shees. Their chief, at the period of the revolution, was Edmond Shee, who commanded a regiment of horse for King James at the battle of the Boyne, which fought there with great bravery, though small loss. Just before the battle of Aughrim, Edmond Shee happened to be at Clonan, where he received orders to join his regiment, but as he was mounting his horse, his wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy, entreated him to stay, alleging, like Cæsar's wife, that she had been warned of danger to him and his men by dreams and omens. The fearless Colonel regarded all this as little as Lochiel did the visions of the seer. She then begged of him not to leave her, for the sake of the babe she was carrying. This appeal caused him to hesitate for an instant, but the soldier ultimately triumphed over the father, and he rode away. He soon arrived at the place where his regiment was stationed, with whom he proceeded in gay spirits to the intended scene of action. The day before they reached the field of battle, he was led by a secret impulse to ride in advance of the regiment—he soon left them behind. It was noon—all was still and silent around. A feeling of deep melancholy came

over him; he took out his prayer-book and commenced reading. When he lifted up his eyes from the book, he found himself in the midst of a lonely valley, and beheld a little old man wrapped in a grey mantle walking by his side. The Colonel started at first, for there was something unearthly in the appearance of the stranger; but at length, recovering himself, he addressed him in Irish: "Good morrow, old man." "Good morrow, kindly, Colonel," replied the stranger. "How do you know that I am a Colonel?" demanded Shee with astonishment, for he wore plain clothes. "I know you are," replied the stranger, "and that your regiment is on the road. Your troops are now marching to a battle-field from which none of them will ever return." "What omen do you give me of that?" asked the Colonel. "The omen I give you," replied the stranger, "is this: when the regiment arrives at the next town, a sergeant and corporal will quarrel, and the latter will kill the former." The Colonel's heart began to fail—he looked back to see if his men were coming in view—when he turned his face again the "grey man" had vanished. The omen was fulfilled to the letter. The corporal killed the sergeant; the whole regiment was cut to pieces at the battle of Aghrim, and the Colonel himself was left on the field dangerously wounded, although he ultimately recovered.<sup>133</sup>

Another story of this class was related to us by the principal party concerned. Sheedy Macnamara was a mason, who lived in Clonmel some

years ago; a man of good character, and very intelligent for his station in life. Returning once from Waterford to Clonmel, he imagined towards nightfall that he saw a large party of men before him on the road. He felt alarmed, thinking they were robbers, of whom he had great terror, but to his surprise they began to diminish in number as he approached them, until at length they were reduced to two men and a horse. As it was an open country, and there was consequently no place where the numbers could have concealed themselves, his terror was excessive by the time he came up to the two men, who made way to let him pass, but observed an awful silence, which caused poor Sheedy's hair to "stand on end." When passing, he mustered courage to say "God save ye, gentlemen;" they made no answer, and on looking back he could find no trace of men or horse. He was immediately seized with a fit of shivering, and on getting home took to his bed, from which he never rose.

Of the communications that have taken place between the fairies and denizens of earth, we have heard many stories. One of the most remarkable of them we print. There lived some years ago near Tramore, in the county Waterford, a man called, from his reputed intercourse with the invisible world and the situation of his dwelling, Sheevra Enuic an Aithean, *i. e.* "the Fairy of the Hill of Furze." This individual might be termed the Hibernian Swedenborg, for he asserted that his eyes were opened to see the spir-



itual world, and that he held constant communications with it. Our informant (a man of intelligence and veracity) affirmed that he had often seen him in the fields gathering herbs (by means of which he wrought extraordinary cures), and that, while so engaged, he would suddenly fall to the ground, as if struck down by some invisible power, and at other times he would stagger over and hither in the field, as if pulled about by viewless hands. On being questioned as to the cause of this, he would reply, that it arose from the attempts of the fairies to prevent him from pulling the herbs, of whose virtues they had (as if by some necessity connected with their intercourse) informed him. He was also often known to rise from his bed in the night and go out—no one knew where. On his return in the morning, he would inform his family that he had been summoned by the fairy host to accompany them on certain errands (the nature of which he would never disclose), and that, mounted on enchanted horses, he and his aërial companions would fly over the fields like “the winged breeze,” in execution of their mysterious commission, and clear in the course of the night a space of ground to which no steed of “earthly mould” was adequate, bounding over in their course a very wide stream, to attempt crossing which, in ordinary circumstances, would be madness. On one of these excursions, the seer, having remained away for several days, assigned as the reason for not returning at the usual hour, that at this time his phantom visitants placed him, not on a horse, but

a bullock; which, however, bounded away with equal speed, but on arriving at the wonted stream, the seer felt a momentary apprehension lest the unwieldy animal would not carry him safely over; but, to his astonishment, he cleared it in such admirable style, that the seer, who had expected a ducking, broke the silence (which we should mention had been strictly enjoined and as strictly observed), and exclaimed, "Taoir slan, a bhulaen baun!" *i. e.* "We are safe, oh white bullock!" He had no sooner uttered the words, than the bullock, the horses, and their riders, all vanished into "thin air," and the seer found himself alone by the margin of a stream in the midst of the Cumera Mountains.<sup>134</sup>

This man's case resembles that of the Swedish visionary in another particular, viz., that there is more reason for regarding him as an enthusiast than an impostor, for he was in easy circumstances, possessed an excellent moral character, and was—what was very rare in his day—a diligent reader of the Bible, in which he was well versed, and could quote it fluently in Irish, to prove that an intercourse between the visible and invisible worlds had not ceased, and conversing with his neighbours would use words similar to those of the mystic volume in Faust—

"A spirit world encircles thee,  
The genii are not fled;  
Thine is the eye that will not see,  
And thine the heart that's dead."

The most remarkable quality possessed by the fairies, is that of changing their own offspring

for the offspring of mortal women,—and to this “fact,” a few years ago, every cabin in the south and west of Ireland could have furnished “sure” testimony.

“There’s not as many of them now as there used to be in ancient times,” said an old man, who had been introduced to us because of his knowledge of the ‘good people.’ He was a tall, thin, white-headed person, and would have been the beau-ideal of a patriarch, but for a merry twinkle in his clear blue eye. “My father used to see them now and again,” he continued, “just about midsummer, or maybe in harvest; but my grandfather! bless you—he was hand and glove with them all his life, and his own mother was away with them for five or six years, more or less—I can’t be particular as to a month—and her sister had her eldest boy changed by them, through her own fault; for it’s a foolish thing to go against the likes of them, or to make game of them, or dare them. She, poor thing! wouldn’t put up a horse-shoe on the door-post, or cross a plate of salt, or put a prayer-book under her pillow, or peel the seven rods of hazel in her first pain, or cut a notch in a black cat’s tail, or pour a sup of sweet milk out of the pail when milking, or break a new potato on the hearth-stone,<sup>135</sup> or bite her baby’s nails instead of cutting them, or toss the first lock of hay in haymaking, first in a cross, that is, first north then south, you see—criss-cross, we call it—nor own that flies always light on a body for death, nor offer a cock to St. Martin—not she! But



I'll tell you what she'd do: she'd go wandering of a St. John's Eve in the moonlight, she'd think no more of crossing a fairy ring betwixt twelve and three than of kissing her hand, she'd cross a stream without crossing herself, and carry a cat over it without a taste of dread coming over her. If she saw the very print of the 'good people's' feet on the silver sand on the sea-shore, instead of saying, 'Wave, wave, wash out!' she'd kick the marks into nothing with her ten toes. She was a fearless, careless, devil of a girl; and sure enough, instead of the purty, soft-faced, rosy child, that was the moral of its own people, she had a poor, puny, wish-wash brat put in its place, that was neither fit to live or die; every one said it wasn't a right child at all, at all. Some wanted her to put it out on a hot shovel; others, to make egg-broth before it, that is, to boil egg-shells, and offer it the water they were boiled in for its dinner, which would make it speak at once; others, to keep its head under water for twenty-and-five minutes, when, if it was a right child, it would be drowned; if it was not, why it would be alive in the face of the country.<sup>136</sup> But the sorra a thing she'd do that had any sense in it, only would declare that the child was a right child enough when it would get strength and good advice; and, in spite of all they could say, she rolled the poor scrag of a craythur into her flannel petticoat, and strap-ping it on her back, put her cloak over all, and set off with it to Dublin, to consult some fine doctor she heard tell of, that had a great name;

and when her mother-in-law got her out of the house—maybe she didn't make an alteration in the place: she nailed horse-shoes to all the doors, and a fine one, of great virtue intirely, to the head of the bed-post; then she sent for a fairy-man, and whatever he bid her do, she did; and the upshot of it was, that every one said, if the poor unbelieving craythur brought her fairy boy back with her, he'd never be able to cross the threshold. Well, as sure as fate, after the woman was away as good as six months, home she comes, and the husband runs out to meet her; and 'Stop!' she cries, 'don't set eyes on the babby until we're on our own floor; and let me show you what, through the grace of God, I've saved.' They all looked at each other when she said this; and in two or three minutes she sets him down—as fine a *poulter* of a boy as ever came into the world—round, and red, and rosy, with eyes the moral of the grandmother, and a fist the image of his father's, that could grip a shilela with e'er a man in the Barony. As to the granny, she had like to lose her life with the joy, for she knew it was their own was in it.

“‘And do you mean to tell me,’ she says to its mother, ‘that *that’s* the child you took from this?’

“‘God bless it!’ answered the poor blinded parent, ‘sure that it is, and no other. My own bouchaleen darlin’—the grace of God be about it!—my own, own darlin’! that I carried when the cry of pain, and the whimper, was never away from it night or day—my own! that after dying

down like the flowers in winter, came out afresh, and that the great Dublin doctor wasn't above curing. A fairy boy they called you, did they, a *cushla machree*?'

" 'Whist, whist!' says the granny, very sensibly, 'that's enough about it;' for she knew her own know, that the child was returned crossing the threshold, and didn't care to say anything to vex the mother, who knew no better, only thought she was doing her best—God help her foolishness! " 137

We inquired if he had ever seen the "good people" himself. He said, "No, he never had; they had grown shy, and strange, and mistrustful, and the schools, and wisdom, and things of that kind, displeased them; *they liked to be with Nature.*" But though he had never seen them, he had heard them very often of a night, when he was coming home from a fair or a wedding, and maybe "a little hearty;" their music had many a time set him asleep, and he'd never wake till near morning, as stiff as a crutch; for they've a deal of mischief in them, and take delight in pinching and punching everything they can lay their hands on. They had a great love for the fine old families, as they knew them well; and it wasn't the fine old families altogether, but the fine old family names—the O'Brians, O'Connors, and O's of all kinds; but they had no love for the Macs, as they proved at the place which, in old times, was called the Fairy Mill. Here is his story:—

"Grace O'Brian, of a country girl, was the



greatest beauty in the parish, and had the finest fortune—her father's mill, five acres of prime land, at half-a-crown an acre, *as long as the mill-wheel turned*, besides lashings of sheep and pigs, and cattle of all kinds, in reason; and, to be sure, whatever her or hers took in hand, throve like a house afire! all things prospered, and if any of the men dropped flour, or oatmeal, or cuttings, down upon the floor at night, as sure as you're standing there, it would be gathered up into its own place by the morning; and one of the millers, who had no belief in the 'good people,' took a thought, and, just before he locked the room up for the night, shook down a bag of flour in the far corner, laughing to himself that none of the 'good people,' with all their love for Grace O'Brian, would be able to clear the heap into the flour-bin. Well, when he went to bed that night, he couldn't shut his eyes for the restlessness that was over him; and as he lay on one of the lofts, up he gets, and walks out forenint the mill-door, and it was as clear a moon as ever lit up the heavens, and he stood looking at the frothy dash of the water over the dark mill-wheel, and the shadow of the trees in the stream, and thinking of where all the waters of the earth came from, and where they went to, and many other little simple things that way, when he hears a great buz-whir-ro inside the mill; and instead of knowing, as any man in his senses would, who made the noise, he, thinking it was the rats, walks straight up to the door, and looking through a crack that was in it—maybe he wasn't all as one

as a dead man—if there was one, there was a thousand craythurs not bigger than my thumb, working like mad, filling the flour into everything they could find, and then emptying it in its own place again—men and women, big and little, they worked and worked; and something was over this fellow, so that he hadn't power to move; he'd have given all Ireland, if he had it, to be back again in his own bed; but the never a stir could he stir. So, when they had done and swept the floor, open flies the door, and without a word they seized him and dragged him towards the stream, bound him hand and foot, and pounded, and pinched, and murdered him, till he hadn't a sound bone in his body; and when he woke in the morning, he was all over in a rush of bumps, like overgrown hives, and it was as good as a month before he came quite to himself. Well, the news of how Grace O'Brian's work would all be done by the 'good people,' if she'd let 'em, travelled far and near; and you may be sure, whatever it gained by travelling, it lost nothing. And a fine Mac of a fellow came from the north to court the maid of the mill. Now it's worthy of thought, that from the very first minute this broth of a boy came near the place, Grace couldn't walk a turn in her own flower-garden without hearing sighs and lamentations out of the heart's core of every flower that grew in the place; and as to the Mac, the queerest things were put upon him: if he was making a fine speech, he'd be seized with a sudden fit of stammering; if he was eating, when he'd get the

bit of bacon and a scallop of greens on the top of his fork, there it would stop, and if he was starving alive with the hunger, it would get no farther; if he got up to dance, he'd be seized with a fit of the shake (the ague); and if he was going to sit down, the seat would be whipt away from under him, and he'd come sprawling on the floor. Still, as if a stronger bewitchment was over Grace O'Brian than the 'good people,' had the strength to overcome, nothing would do for her but to marry this great red-headed *Omadaun*; and before she married him, she settled all she had in the world upon him. Now, did any one before or since ever hear the like of that? Well, to make a long story short, they were married—and so beautiful a bride the counthry never looked on before or since: her eyes were like diamonds, and the leaf nearest the heart of a rose in June was never purer than the blush on her cheek. The Mac had certainly put his *comether* over her; and yet, when the words were finished and the marriage ended, the blind dropped from her eyes—the charm was broken, and she refused a kiss from the bridegroom, who then declared it was never herself he wanted, but the house and land. You may be sure she was not without a *strong back*, and the faction of the O'Brians would have murdered him where he stood, in his fine coat, buckskin breeches, high-faced shoes, steel buckles, and plaid waistcoat, but for the Priest; he saved him, and cried 'shame;' and the bride she turned to go away, and her bridemaids they followed her; and she walked out into her little flower-



garden that sloped down to the mill-stream, and she sat down upon the moss bank where her mother used to dance her in the sun; but now it was the moon that was peeping at her from behind a hurdle of soft clouds, and the wheel was turn—turn—turning, dashing the water off into thousands of sparkles; and she thought what a fool she was to bestow away what had been so long in her family; and she rocked herself backwards and forwards in the moonbeams like an uneasy spirit, muttering out ‘Too late, too late!’ and the bridemaids thought it better to let her alone for a while, and they sat down under a far-off thorn tree, and mourned greatly, not only on her account, but their own, for they thought to have had great *divarshun* at the place, and instead of that it was nothing but long faces, and sighs and tears. Well, they sat talking of one thing or another, and how strange it was that the mill-wheel never stopped, and how, if it was stopped for any length of time, the land would be lost; and then they lamented that a girl of such a fine Irish family should put up with a Mac; and just as they came to that point of talking, a lull came over them, and they saw a great sheet, for all the world as if it was made of two or three double of spiders’ webs, come down between where they sat, and where Grace was moving backwards and forwards, and it glittered and shone like a silver cloud, and they heard a rush through the air, and the sweetest of music, and the cloudy screen folded itself into a pillar and moved up into the sky, and they followed it

with their eyes, without ever thinking of poor Gracey; and at last, when they were tired of looking into the sky, and looked down again—she was gone!—and the mill-wheel stopped, and a shiver came over the poor girls; but still they took heart, and said they would find her, but neither they nor any one else ever did; and the powers of man or mortal would never get the wheel to turn from that day to this.”

“And what became of Grace?” we inquired. “Why, then, I wonder at a lady like you to ask the question. What became of her? why, the ‘good people’ took her to be sure, what else, out of a regard for the ould name, and stopped the wheel—why not? and so the Mac might go whistle for his bride and his land, which the landlord of course took back; and if you don’t believe me, why there’s the place to the fore still, and it is called the Fairy Mill to this day.”<sup>138</sup>

The old superstition of witchcraft is, or rather was, common among the peasantry. We remember some years ago talking to an old man on this subject, when we received from him the following “statement:”—

“Well, God brake hard fortune before any woman’s child, but parents have a dale to answer for! Sure I said to the boy’s mother myself, ‘Whatever you do,’ says I, ‘*don’t cut his nails before he’s six months old,*’ says I; ‘for if you do, as sure as the sun shines in the heavens, if he’s a rich man he’ll be a *fiddler*; if he’s a poor one, he’ll be a thief; and now God help us!’ Believe it? why, haven’t I the sight of my eyes

for it, and what *can* go beyont that? Sure I tell ye I was out thracking hares meeself, and I seen a fine puss of a thing hopping, hopping in the moonlight, and whacking her ears about, now up—now down, and winking her great eyes, and—‘Here goes!’ says I; and the thing was so close to me, that she turned round and looked at me, and then bounced back, as well as to say ‘Do yer worst!’ so I had the least grain in life of *blessed powder* left, and I put it in the gun—and bang at her! My jewel, the scritch she gave would frighten a regiment, and a mist like came betwixt me and her, and I seen her no more; but when the mist wint off, I saw blood on the spot where she had been, and I followed its track, and at last it led me—whisht! whisper!” exclaimed our narrator, “right up to Katey Mac Shane’s door; and when I was at the threshold, I heerd a murnin’ within, a great murnin’ and a groanin’, and I opened the door, and there she was herself sittin’ quite contint in the shape of a woman, and the black cat that was sittin’ by her rose up its back and spit at me; but I went on never heedin’, and axed the ould—how she was, and what ailed her.

“‘Nothing,’ sis she.

“‘What’s that on the floor?’ sis I.

“‘Oh,’ she says, ‘I was cutting that billet o’ wood,’ she says, ‘wid the reaping-hook,’ she says, ‘and I’ve wounded myself in the leg,’ she says, ‘and that’s drops of me precious blood,’ she says.

“Now wasn’t *that proof?*”

“Of what?”



“Why, that she was the hare I shot to be sure, and took back her own shape when it *shooted her conveynience*.”

One more story we select from our gatherings; it concerns a party who, having lived with the fairies, gave some account of their “coort.”

In our youth we had once the privilege of being shown a woman who, it was believed, had really lived with the fairies for a number of years. She was then small, old, and decrepit, with remarkably light blue eyes, which, light as they were, had a wild wandering look about them, enough to convey an idea of much mystery to the superstitious, among whom she wandered. Superstition is by no means, even now, confined to the lower class,—the imaginative faculty is ever at work with high and low; and we know several fair ladies—highly born, and highly bred—who would rather not see a winding-sheet in the candle, and would turn pale at the ticking of the death-watch.

“Molly the Wise”—as she was called—never wanted food or reception; but though the food was abundant, the reception was never a “hearty one,” for Molly was more feared than loved. She was rather an object of dread, for they imagined she knew all that passed; it was in vain the poor little old thing denied this,—they were certain of it, and if she persisted in her denial, they persisted in their assertion, declaring it was only her “cuteness” that made her silent. Yet her presence was considered particularly “lucky,” and she was often forced to do what she would have avoided. She was always pleased to attend

weddings and funerals, but she had no particular fancy for being dragged out of her bed to be in at a birth; it was no uncommon occurrence to send for the midwife and "Molly the Wise" at the same time; and many a poor horse has felt the weight of the midwife on the pillion, while the good man, trusting to the strength of "the baste's" back, made no scruple of lifting Molly up before, as you would a child, for Molly would not walk. She hated everything belonging to the sea with a determined hatred, yet every new boat must first go to sea with "Molly the Wise," to insure it against wreck.

Molly did not much like talking of "when she was with the good people;" yet she could be persuaded to do so occasionally, particularly if bribed by a "quarter of tobacco," or "an ounce of tay;" these were sure to draw forth her eloquence. She would crouch close into the capacious corner of a cottage chimney, like an old cat, her back hunched up, her arms clinging round her knees, upon which she rested her chin, and then, without fixing her eyes upon any one or any place, she would wander on in her story, which she told in a faint, low, monotonous sort of wail. Sometimes her eyes would fix for a moment on a particular spot; and if they rested upon any of the young ones who crowded round her, you were certain to see that person grow nervous and uncomfortable and fidgety, until he or she got another seat.

"The way of it," she would say, "you see, was this: it was when we lived by the Slaney—God

bless it,—near the Enniscorthy road, where Fitz-stevens' ould tower is, that was built by King John, and battered down by Oliver Crummell; and my father and brothers would be always out in the little cobble, earning their bread; and there's a spot there, where, long ever ago, the people say a boy was drowned—drowned, oh yah!” “And wasn't he drowned, Molly?” “A yah—how innocent you are!—not he indeed! he was taken by the ‘good people,’ dear—it isn't all of them that have power to take through the wather—only when they make marriages with them other spirits that live among the things at the bottom of the many wathers, and then one helps the other—tit for tat, you see, yah! So I used to be, then, a *colleen das*, not all out fifteen, in the boat with them, sometimes minding one thing and sometimes another, with plenty of heart, that kept my eyes and my feet dancing the length of a summer-day. And so, it was of a Midsummer's night, and we crossing over in the cobble just to be in time for the divarshun of the bonfires; and my father and my uncle, out of respect to the poor boy that was drowned in it, raised their oars as they passed over the place where he was lost, as every other Christian does in coorse; and if I had done what I ought to do (mind this, girls, for it's Molly the Wise that's talking to ye)—if I had done what I ought at the same time, no harm could have come to me; but I didn't, for instead of a prayer, or the sign of the cross, it was lilting a song I was; and my father and uncle paused just while the boat was



gliding over the place, and they said they were looking at me that minute, and thinking how purty the moonlight was settling on my face, and the next I was gone!—Oh then it was themselves that took on, and first they thought I was struggling at this side the boat, and then at that; there was a sort of foam, like silver, and though the blue river was so clear that they could see down-a-down into it, they couldn't see me."

"And where ware you, Molly dear?—tell us that, tell us all about it."

"Is it where I was?—why, then, is it a common informer ye're wanting to make of me? I'll tell you what's fitting without questions. I was away then, in the knowledge of the whole country—every fool knows that—and I'm here now, and fools as ye are, ye understand that much any way, don't ye? because if ye don't, there's no use in my talking to ye at all, at all." So of course her audience immediately understood everything she desired.

"I was away with them for seven years and more, and they kep' me night and day; and what I had most to do was to mind the childer, and dress the queen."

"Oh, Molly, what sort of dress did you put on her?"

"What sort of dress? Why, ye don't suppose it's trusting to one sort of dress she'd be of a day; no, nor ten sometimes, when it's a coort she'd be houlding. One day she'd be dressed all in diamonds in the morning, and in spiders' webs in the evening; and indeed, like the rest of the

quality, when she'd be full dressed, it's half naked she'd be, saving yer presence."

"Molly avick—is it green satin and gold she'd wear?"

"Ay."

"And, Molly, what would she do wid all the goold she has—would she ate it?"

"Ate it! bedad no—she'd put it in her pocket, I suppose. But what foolish questions you do be asking! Oh dear me, girls agra, when will ye get sense? Sure it's like any earthly queen she is in her little ways, and all—only a weeshy thing—and full up of all kinds of love of divarshun; and faix I a'most danced the ten toes off myself, striving to plase herself and the childer! Oh, then, it's them that *was* the childer! Talk of edication! bless ye, they ware *born* larned; and it's never a wink o' sleep they'd get at all in the night-time, nor let any one else have, only dancing on the sands of the sea, or in a ring on the softest of grass, and then take to flying on rushes, which they turn into horses, and whisk through a latch-hole or a key-hole—hundreds of them. Many an hour I spent on a beam at a dance, and many a cheek I pinched, and many a kiss I *spiled*, and many a pail of milk and glass of scalding-hot whiskey punch I turned over, and many a shindy I caused in a fair—Ah, yah! soh, oh!—now he's down, hit him hard, there's no one to take his part." And then she would shout, and clap her hands, and grind her teeth, in a way that left no doubt as to the occasional malignity of her insane nature. At other times she would

describe the fairies as the most benevolent "little craythurs" in the world, and lament bitterly that she ever left them. "She had," she would say, while with them, "white bread, and fresh butter, and cruddy cream, and beautiful flowers, and loads of sweethearts, and everything but the grace of God." And the manner of her getting away was this:—"The spirits" and "the fairies" are always having feuds together, and both have strong factions: sometimes one faction beats, and sometimes another, but the spirits being the "most God-fearing" have the best "luck." And one night she was by herself, the queen having gone upon some "divarshun." And she was very lonesome, and began thinking of her own people and her own country, and how she never had the power to say so much as a Pater or an Ave since she came into the place; and how she had no chance at all of her soul being saved, for whenever she *turned* her thoughts to a prayer she fell off in a sleep. And all this came over her, and as it did she dropped down on her knees to strive and pray; and the very minute she did this, who should come to her but her own uncle, who had been in the boat the night she was taken, and who had been dead four years! and so he gave her a blessed herb, and as she had it in her fingers, back came the queen and all her "coort," like a flash o' lightning. As they did, the queen made a grab at the herb, and her uncle, who was fading away before her eyes, said "Pray;" and the holy power was given her, and she did pray at once, and as she did, where should she find herself, but



back at the door of her father's house! and he wasn't in it, but in his grave—only a week, and no grass on it yet. So she sat on the loose clay of his new-made grave, and told him all; and then she went back to the house, and there was no flax on the wheel, nor turf in the rick, nor potato in the garden. Nothing—only a wild swallow with its young, in a hole in the wall; and her heart was near bursting, but she kept it whole; and she'd have tried to get back to the 'good people,' for the world was hard, and she had no friends; but still, if she went back, she'd have no power to pray, and what would become of her soul?

The Northern and Western districts of Donegal, so rich in all that can delight the antiquary, the naturalist, and the lover of nature in its simplicity and grandeur, afford, as we have intimated, rich materials for a volume. Our own journey, however, lies southward to Donegal Bay, through a remarkably wild country, and magnificent in the extreme, although infinitely less so than the rude coasts which keep out the Atlantic.

From Londonderry we verged westward to the ancient city of Raphoe, returning into the direct route to Donegal, and so visiting the town of Stranorlar, and the border-town of Strabane.

On our way through St. Johnstown, we visited the singular lake, Fort Lough.<sup>139</sup> About two miles from Raphoe—now a mere collection of cabins around the ruins of the Episcopal Palace—there is a high hill, commanding a magnificent

view of the country below, extending with various undulations of surface on all sides, and finally terminating in a circular chain of mountains, 60 or 70 miles in circumference. On the summit of this hill, and in the centre of this view, stands a Druidical temple, somewhat resembling that at Stonehenge in size and structure. It consists of a perfect circle of large stones set perpendicularly, varying from 8 or 9 feet high, and as many broad of 3 or 4. These perpendiculars form a circle of 150 yards; and consist of 67 large rocky fragments, still standing upright, with various irregular intervals between, which were once apparently filled up with similar stones, but now dilapidated. On the east side is an open space of 7 yards, bounded by two large stones, still standing like door-posts, and which probably formed the entrance into the temple; and on the opposite side are two of the largest, tallest, and broadest stones, filling up a space of equal breadth, against which the altar stood. The large area inside presents a very uneven surface, rising into hillocks and sinking into depressions, encumbered with large stones, now in irregular confusion, but once forming portions of the structure. The stones are generally of a lamellated structure, and taken from neighbouring slate quarries with which this part of Donegal abounds.

The place is called Baltony, a name not uncommon in some districts of Ireland. It is supposed to be a corruption of *Baal tinné*, the "fire of Baal," intimating a spot where that deity was particularly worshipped in Ireland, and having

the same etymology in Gaelic as the Baltane tree burned at Midsummer. Among the rigid Presbyterians of the North, such remains of antiquity are lightly regarded, because they are deemed remnants of superstition and idolatry, though some respect has been paid to them by its respected proprietors. The hill on which it stands was under a fair field of flax up to the very walls, but the area inside remained undisturbed by the plough, and this grey, rude, but vast monument of the remotest antiquity forms a strong and interesting contrast, undisturbed in the rich crop of modern agriculture that surrounds it.

Our object in visiting Stranorlar—which lies, however, in the direct road to Donegal town—was to examine certain improvements effected upon a wild tract of mountain land, by which, we had been informed, many hundred acres had been so reclaimed as to furnish comfortable farms for several tenants. It was also our purpose to inspect the schools connected with the estate, of which the now fertile meadows form a part. We were not disappointed. We drove over well-made roads, where a few years ago bridle-paths only existed, by the side of a broad and most rapid river—which unhappily is still suffered to run waste and idle—and after ascending some miles, reached the mountain top, where we had ample evidence of the vast good that may be achieved by skill, judgment, and perseverance. The district is called Glenfin, and the estate to which we more immediately refer, Cloghan.

It is about twenty years since Sir Charles Style



inherited his estates. He found the part that was situated in Donegal in a deplorable condition. Illicit distillation was then at its height, and Glenfin was one continued distillery, overrun with all the demoralization and misery which accompanies the trade. He at once determined to leave his native country, England, and to establish himself upon his Irish property. It contained about 16,000 acres,—of which about 2,000 were arable, and the remaining 14,000 mountain waste. He gave new leases to his tenants—made war upon the distillers, and in a short time completely eradicated them. He built the house, and formed a domain on a portion of the wildest bog; had a bridge built across the river Finn, and several roads made through the property; and after fourteen or fifteen years' residence and active exertion, the state of his health compelled him to leave Ireland; but instead of abandoning his tenants to their own resources and misery, as the absentee proprietors too frequently do, he selected a substitute, to whom he gave *unlimited* powers to act for him, with ample means for continuing his improvements. He divided the rents of the estate into two equal portions, leaving one half to bear the charges of management, charities, taxes, &c. This arrangement left to the agent, to be applied to the improvement of the property, about £300 a year, after deducting all the fixed charges.

Captain John Pitt Kennedy settled, as his agent in Glenfin, in the autumn of 1837. The leases given by Sir Charles Style were to expire

in November, 1838. During the continuance of these leases the tenants had divided and subdivided the small portions of arable land into *Rundale*,<sup>140</sup> a state of things which paralyses all improvement. It consists not in merely subdividing the farm into a given number of small detached farms, but every quality of land is subdivided, so that a holding of four or five acres was frequently to be found scattered into fifteen or twenty different lots, at considerable distances from each other, and interlaced with the similar lots of other occupiers, precluding all possibility of enclosing the holdings. He found the tenants congregated in villages which, from the incessant and unavoidable trespass of the cattle on each other's lands, were the seats of incessant warfare,—many of the villages and townlands being without any means of ingress or egress by road.

His first step was to take up the possession of all the farms, and to redivide the estate into compact holdings, giving to the original tenants as nearly as possible an equivalent, in their new farms, for the arable land they previously held. Observing that when such a claim came below the quantity by which a family could support itself, instead of receiving a similar small lot of arable, the claimant was placed on a waste-land farm of improvable land, and dimensions suited to his capability—averaging twenty statute acres; and he besides received some compensation from those amongst whom his former small arable lots may have been divided. The effect of this measure

was at once to multiply, by about five, the average extent of every man's field of exertion, which previously had been so limited as not to afford employment for one-third of their time; and that in a country where there was but little opportunity of obtaining day labour.

We print an illustration of Rundale tenantry, in which semi-barbarous state large portions of the country still exist; and the same land, supposed to be occupied by the same number of tenants, in compact farms, with the additional luxury of a general road. (See Plate No. 14.)

The number of new mountain farms thus tenanted has been 160. Their occupiers are to hold rent-free for the first three, four, five, six, or seven years, according to the quality of the land, and are afterwards to pay a small and gradually increasing rent, commencing at one shilling per statute acre, till it reaches about ten shillings an acre on the average. The oldest settlements are now (1841) of four years' standing; their progress we witnessed.<sup>141</sup> The agent is well satisfied when they improve at the rate of an acre per farm each year, and many have exceeded this rate, notwithstanding the three last unfavourable seasons. This year promises to make up all losses. The richest crops are now growing on these new mountain farms.

The first operation of both the old and new land farmers consisted in enclosing their holdings, and in building cottages in the centre of each. To the building Captain Kennedy contributes a stipulated rate of assistance on the part



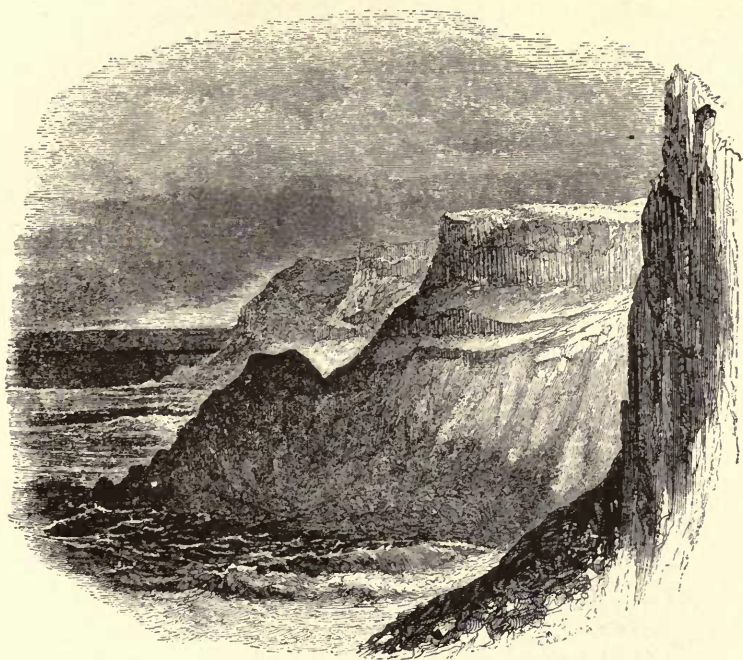


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

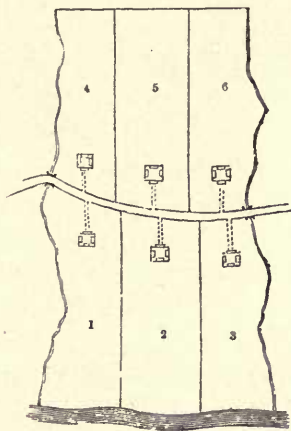


PLATE NUMBER FOURTEEN





of the proprietor. We should premise, that previously to fixing the limits of farms on the new division of the lands, he laid out general lines of road through the estate, and then laid off the farms with reference to these communications, the construction of which has been gradually going on from the commencement, at the entire cost of the proprietor, and at the rate of about five miles yearly. The cost of these roads varies from about twenty to sixty pounds per statute mile, according to the nature of the districts through which they pass; the average cost is about twenty-five pounds per mile. The extent made, up to this moment, amounts to about twenty miles; and the employment they afford, as well as every other outlay for labour that admits of it, is strictly reserved for the summer idle season of the year, when the stores of the poorer class become exhausted, and they are most in want of assistance. It is not sufficient, under the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, merely to effect objects useful in themselves. In order to obtain the maximum result, they must be effected in the right way, and at the right time. This consideration involves an analysis of the habits of the poor. They are, we may say, exclusively agriculturists. They imagine that their duties, as such, are limited to the spring sowing and the harvesting of their crops. The judicious preparation of his land for receiving the ordinary operations of tillage, do not enter into the calculation of the small Irish farmer. And during the winter season, which ought to



be passed in draining and deepening his soil, irrigating his land, collecting manure, &c., he lays himself up in absolute idleness. His liliputian farm thus produces but a liliputian crop, not equal to one-third of its natural capability.<sup>142</sup> His provisions become exhausted about May. Unable to get day labour to support his family through the summer, which is likewise a season when he thinks his farm has no claim upon him, he borrows at usurious interest for their support, and for the following year brings an additional burden upon his shoulders, already too heavily laden for his strength. Having thus commenced his downfall, he adds on debt over debt, by the same process, each successive year, until he is obliged to sell his interest in the land, and turn out a pauper. Those proprietors who would use their influence or their means to improve their tenants should consider well those circumstances. They should reserve the whole of their expenditure on all general labours that will admit of it for the "loan quarter," as it is aptly termed, and thereby prevent the poor man getting into debt. All Government and County works should be regulated upon the same principle. And again, the winter idle season, which, if properly looked to, may be termed the *remedial* period of the year, should likewise receive the attention it deserves, by taking every means to call forth the energies of the farmer, so that, in each successive year, he may bring an additional portion of his land into a more prolific state than it was previously. The method proposed by Captain Kennedy to avert

the evils of the "loan quarter," is to reserve all possible expenditure in labour for that season. The plan he has found most effectual in bringing out the poor farmer to make the indispensable improvements required on his farm, during the winter remedial season, is by the instrumentality of a loan fund; from which no one can receive a grant, unless he shall have qualified by completing a given quantity of draining, trenching, or other requisite work on his farm—to have been previously laid out, and its completion certified for, by the agricultural teacher of the district. The loans, for this reason, are for the most part made in the winter. The application of a loan when granted is likewise looked to. It must be for some reproductive object—as lime, improved farm implements, the purchase of a cow, &c., but not for food or clothing.

No fines are levied in this fund. No rate of interest is taken beyond what the ordinary law allows. During five years that it has been in operation, the "decrees" have not exceeded seven in number, and no loss has yet been sustained. When the defaulters exceed a certain proportion of the borrowers, the issues cease until the number is reduced within that limit, and the names of the defaulters are made public. The system is working well. The people are gradually supplying themselves, by the aid thus afforded, with carts, improved farm implements, additional live stock, lime, &c.; and they are gradually losing their dormouse qualities, and facing the winter's blast for the permanent improvement of their

land. During the last winter, about a hundred tenants were to be seen constructing, on their farms, thorough-drains, which they had never before thought of; but without which, from the nature of the soil and humidity of the climate, harvesting a crop was by no means a necessary consequence of sowing the seed. It is not unreasonable to anticipate that a very advantageous change must follow a continued system, thus adding to the productive time of the farmer about five months in each year, which were hitherto, we may say, lost to him; yet the change does not stop here. The intensity of his exertion whilst employed, is gradually increased by the system of classified remuneration given to labourers at the public works; the man who performs the most labour receiving a commensurate reward, and already the fruits of this classified remuneration have been most prolific. Add, also, the effect of the agricultural teacher periodically visiting each man's farm, and advising with him on all his projects, besides the repeated practical lessons he is receiving as often as he passes the model farm in connection with the agricultural school.<sup>143</sup>

Thus we have at once three elements of improvement at work in every man throughout the estate: first, a vast increase of his *productive* time; secondly, a vast increase of his productive energies during that time; and thirdly, a vast increase of his skill and judgment in directing those energies.

We have very frequently received gratifica-



tion by visiting the comfortable villages and cottages where the inhabitants are auspiciously located, and under kind and judicious management; such are rapidly on the increase, and, year after year, we have been happy to observe the active progress of improvement. Yet we had been unprepared, amid the mountain fastnesses of Donegal, to see the number of prosperous and pleasant dwellings that are to be met with throughout Glenfin.

Looking down from one of the hills, over folding valleys and leaping torrents, it was impossible, knowing the nature of the country and the nature of the people, not to feel deeply anxious to ascertain how such admirable roads, intersecting the bogs and traversing the high lands, had been so quickly constructed; and how, in the midst of bog, such well-built homes and productive gardens had metamorphosed the "cottier" into the small farmer—respecting the laws, and respected by his superiors. The wild beauty of the scene was enhanced by the moral beauty of improvement—cottages perfected, and in progress, dotted the landscape; the cry of the wild plover was mingled with the wild song of industrious labour. In one dwelling, which we entered by chance, we found a woman, habited in the dress of the district, busily employed at her wheel, which, though she turned with her bare foot, was in a neat room, lighted by a window that *opened and shut*, decently furnished—more than decently furnished, for a "jack-towel" actually hung on a roller behind the door,

and the newly-made stairs leading to the loft were covered in the centre by a narrow strip of coarse carpeting. The young woman shook hands with us both—a ceremony never omitted by these mountain peasants, when a stranger or an acquaintance enters their house.<sup>144</sup>

We passed more than once over those roads, formed across what was once considered an irreclaimable bog, to a height from which we could command an extensive view of Glenfin and its interesting vicinity. How delightful was the reflection, that but for what had been done for the civilization of the country, and the improvement of the land, the people who now are, and in a few years will be a still more, valuable tenantry,<sup>145</sup> would have either increased the starving population, or been emigrants to a foreign country!

Now they are prosperous, industrious, and happy. Where the foxes of the earth made holes, their cottages are built; land, over which the screaming eagle flapped its wings, echoes with the hum of cheerful voices. Children, ignorant of all book-knowledge, and wandering like Indians over the hills and valleys, are gathered in the profitable union of a happy school, and taught the independence produced by steady and well-directed labour. Land reclaimed without an outlay, which frequently Irish landlords cannot afford; members of a population of almost paupers converted into cultivators, improving the value of the proprietors' land, and their own condition at the same time; while the agricultural

school, established with such fair success, promises that a race of better farmers shall spring up to guide the earth in bringing forth its fruits in due season.

Soon after leaving Stranorlar—from which Glenfin is distant some ten or twelve miles—we entered upon a district still wilder than any we had yet visited; and drove through the famous Pass of Barnes-gap, through which the road runs to the town of Donegal. On the whole, perhaps, it is the most magnificent defile in Ireland; less gracefully picturesque than that of Kylemore, in Cunnemara; and less terrific in its shapeless forms than that of Dunloe, at Killarney; but more sublime than either. It is above four miles in length, passing between mountains of prodigious height, which soar above the comparatively narrow way, and seem actually linked with the clouds that continually rest above them. The road is level the whole distance—nature having, as it were, formed it between these huge mountains, in order to surmount a barrier that would be, otherwise, completely unpassable. All along the course, from its commencement to its termination, rushes a remarkably rapid river, foaming over enormous masses of rock, which every now and then divert its passage, forcing it into a channel that, after taking a circuitous route, again progresses onwards by the side of the traveller. The mountains pour down innumerable contributions, which seem to the far-off spectator only thin and narrow streams, but, approached nearer, become broad and deep rivers,



forming cataracts at almost every yard. Our visit to this singularly stupendous Pass was made at a lucky period; the day previous, there had been a heavy fall of rain—and while we rode through it, we were surrounded by a floating mist, which cleared off occasionally, in order, as it were, that we might see the great natural marvel to advantage. The reader will imagine, then, that every tiny rivulet had been converted into a rapid river, while the river had been swelled into an absolute torrent. When the gap had been nearly passed, we found ourselves on the brow of a high hill, from which we looked down upon a rich and fertile valley, in the centre of which was Lough Eske—one of the smallest, but one of the most pleasing and beautiful of the lakes of the county. Through this luxurious vale we drove into the town of Donegal, and examined the ruins of its ancient castle. The castle of Donegal is not, however, of very remote antiquity.<sup>146</sup> The town is neat and clean; and appears to carry on no inconsiderable trade with the interior. Our own route lay through the southern extremity of the county to Ballyshannon; but we diverged a few miles in order to examine the picturesque and venerable ruin of Killbarron—an ancient fortalice of the O'Clerys, chiefs of the district. We were compelled to leave unvisited the whole of the southern coast; for an object of still greater interest lay before us—the far-famed Lough Derg, situated a few miles to the north of Lough Erne, and bordering upon Tyrone County. The adjacent



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Donegal Castle  
Photographed from a Painting by T. Creswick



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Donegal Castle

*Photogravure from a Painting by T. Creswick*



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country is rich in traditional and legendary lore; it abounds in ruins of castles, and of structures centuries more ancient. The nearest town is Pettigoe, a short distance from which are the remains of the old fortalice of Termon Magrath. It commands a beautiful and extensive view of the Lower Lough Erne.<sup>147</sup> We have already entered somewhat fully into the peculiarities of the Irish superstitions as connected with religion; and it is unnecessary to refer to a subject revolting in the strongest sense of the term. The evil—of which Lough Derg has been for many centuries the hot-bed—is growing less and less every year; in some parts its grosser features have indeed altogether vanished; and as sobriety becomes established and education is increased, it will no doubt be regarded by the peasantry, as it has long been by all enlightened members of the Roman Catholic church, as degrading to their faith, and disgraceful to the national character. “St. Patrick’s Purgatory” has been famous from a very early period. The lake upon which it is situated is about six miles in length and four in breadth; it is surrounded on all sides by bleak and barren hills. The “Holy Islands” it contains are little more than bare rocks; the one to which the pilgrims resort—“Station Island”—is about half a mile from the shore, and rises very little above the surface of the lake; a ferry-boat carries them across, and, of course, a considerable income is derived from this source. If we were rightly informed, the profits are par-



ticipated in by the owner of the soil—a Protestant lady! We trust, however, that this is merely a rumour—or rather a calumny. Upon several islands are the ruins of ecclesiastical structures; but on Station Island, several rude buildings—“hideous slated houses and cabins”—have been fitted up for the “accommodation” of the pilgrims. These consist of “a slated house for the priest, two chapels, and a long range of cabins.” The extent of the island does not exceed half an acre; yet into this narrow space many hundreds have congregated, crowded together almost to suffocation. When it was visited by Mr. Inglis—in whose work the reader will find it accurately described, with very minute details concerning the “observances”—“there was not a vacancy of a square yard over the whole surface of the island;” and he surmises that “there could not have been fewer than 2,000 persons upon a spot not 300 yards long, and not half that breadth.” The station commences on the 1st of June, and continues till the 15th of August; and from the same authority we learn, that the “whole number of pilgrims visiting the Lough would amount, during the season, to above 19,000,” the great majority being women; and many of them will have travelled a distance of two hundred miles to arrive at the scene of their “devotions;” this, too, at a period of the year when labour is particularly needful and profitable.

There are few intelligent persons of any creed, who will not rejoice that “St. Patrick’s Purga-

tory" has "fallen from its high estate," and that the gross superstitions associated with it are becoming every year, more and more, a mere record of gone-by degradations.

We leave Donegal County with regret—regret that our confined space prevents our rendering justice to its natural wonders and beauties. It is rich in both, and a time is no doubt approaching, when both will receive the aid of industry, science, and art; when its bare mountains and barren wastes will yield worthy succour at the call of the planter and the husbandman; when the produce of its marble quarries—it contains many—will be contrasted, and that without disadvantage, in the public market, with the marbles of Italy; when its rivers and coasts will contribute their full amount of wealth to the great storehouse of mankind; and when nature will be no longer permitted to conceal her vast resources from the search of the social and political economist.

Of the town of Ballyshannon and its magnificent salmon-leap we have already spoken. It is neat, clean, and comfortable; and has an air of business. Its situation on the northern border of Lough Erne, and within a few miles of the sea, renders it advantageous for commerce. The Erne is here crossed—into Fermanagh—by a bridge of fourteen arches. The adjacent scenery is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; and its famous fishery supplies great attraction to the angler—who is, however, subjected to unwise restrictions which considerably detract from

his enjoyments, and prove highly detrimental to the interests of the town. About four miles from Ballyshannon is the pretty village of Bundoran, near the mouth of the harbour. It is much frequented by sea-bathers, and is exceedingly healthy; the wide ocean immediately facing it, and a line of mountains enclosing it from harsher winds.

On the other side of the town of Ballyshannon, and not far out of the way from Donegal, the tourist will do well to visit a natural wonder, "the Pullins," situated in the demesne of Brown-hall. It is formed by the course of a mountain torrent, which runs for nearly a mile through a most singularly picturesque ravine, presenting to view, in succession, a series of cascades, caves, wild cliffs, huge shattered rocks, amidst a profusion of the richest and most varied ferns, and every description of mountain plants. The whole course of the river is shaded by a mass of deep wood, which greatly enhances the effect of the scenery. A solid bed of limestone seems to have been cleft, from thirty to forty feet in depth; and in this narrow fissure, turning often at a very acute angle, the river foams along, frequently entirely disappearing in caves, where its course passes under and through the rock for a considerable space. In one of these caves, the regularly-formed arched roof, above fifty feet span, and above one hundred yards long, presents one of the wildest representations imaginable of the lawless distiller's haunt, or the outlaw's refuge. A dropping well of the purest



water is found in a basin of the rock within, and a succession of winding caves, forming numerous outlets, afford opportunities of escape or concealment on all sides. Often the course of the river is obliterated by masses of rock piled over each other in the most fantastic manner, and the existence of the stream is only known by a hoarse murmur deep below the place on which the spectator stands. After a course again, of half a mile through a flat meadow, the river reassumes its wild character, but with increased magnificence of scenery. The river suddenly descends about sixty feet in a deep and dark chasm, the rock actually meeting overhead, whilst a precipitous wall of rock bounds either side; it falls at once nearly twenty feet in an unbroken stream with a roar, which makes the solid wall around absolutely quake. It emerges under a narrow natural bridge of rock of the most perfect Gothic mould, and turning suddenly, a vista of a quarter of a mile appears opening upon the sea in the distance, and on either side a perpendicular wall of rock, clothed with the richest ivy, extends in a perfectly straight line to the village of Ballintra, the river occupying the entire space between these curious walls. A description can but faintly convey the extraordinary character of these lovely scenes, nor can the artist represent their singular beauties.<sup>148</sup>



## NOTES

<sup>1</sup> Fynes Moryson, who seems to consider the mere Irish as mere savages, and takes every opportunity so to describe them, bears occasionally reluctant testimony to their civilised habits as well as indomitable courage. In reference to the cutting down of the rebels' corn in the Queen's County, he says, "It seemed incredible that by so barbarous inhabitants the ground should be so manured, the fields so orderly fenced, the townes so frequently intersected, and the highwayes and paths so well beaten as the lord-deputy here found them." The horrible straits to which the unhappy Irish were reduced during this rebellion are too revolting for publication. Fynes Moryson, an eye-witness, concludes a more frightful picture by stating, that "no spectacle was more frequent in the ditches of townes, and especially in wasted counties, than to see multitudes of these poor people dead, with their mouths all coloured greene, by eating nettles, docks, and all things they could rend up above ground."

<sup>2</sup> This mansion is described by Pynnar in his *Survey of Ulster* in 1618-19, in the following words:—

"Sir Toby Caulfield hath one thousand acres called Ballydonnell (*recte* Ballydonnelly), whereunto is added, beside what was certified by Sir Josias Bodley, a fair house or castle, the front whereof is eighty feet in length and twenty-eight feet in breadth from outside to outside, two cross ends fifty feet in length and twenty-eight feet in breadth: the walls are five feet thick at the bottom, and four at the top, very good cellars under ground, and all the windows are of hewn stone. Between the two cross ends there goeth a wall, which is eighteen feet high, and maketh a small court within the building. This work at this time is but thirteen feet high, and a number of men at work for the sudden finishing of it. There is also a strong bridge over the river, which is of lime and stone, with strong buttresses for the supporting of it. And to this is joined a good water-mill for corn, all built of lime and stone. This is at this time the fairest building I have seen. Near unto this bawne there is built a town, in which there is fifteen English families, who are able to make twenty men with arms."



<sup>3</sup> O'Neil had taken prisoner the Lord Charlemont. His death is thus recorded in Lodge:—

“And after keeping his lordship, with his mother, sisters, brothers, and the rest of his family, fifteen weeks prisoners in Charlemont, sent them about five miles' distance to Killenane, the house of Laurence Netterville; and the next day, sending away Major Patrick Dory, the Lord Caulfield earnestly desired Sir Phelim that the major might stay with him, because he could speak the Irish language; but Sir Phelim answered that the major was a traitor, and should not stay with his lordship, but that he should have better company before night; and the same day, in the major's presence, committed the charge of his lordship to Captain Neale, Modder O'Neile, and Captain Neale Mac Kenna of the Trough, in the county of Monaghan, with directions to convey him to Cloughowter Castle. That night he was taken to Kinard, Sir Phelim's own castle, when going into the castle, between the said two captains, the latter spoke to Edmond Boy O'Hugh, foster-brother to Sir Phelim, saying, *Where is your heart now?* Whereupon the said Edmond shot his lordship in the back, whereof he then died; and that same night there were also fifteen or sixteen of Sir Phelim's servants and tenants, all English and Scots, murdered at Kinard; among whom was a base son of Sir Phelim's also murdered, because his mother was a British woman.”

<sup>4</sup> The Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn, who have extensive estates in the neighbourhood, have taken great interest in the establishment of the Messrs. Herdman, and especially in the advancement of the schools. They visit the mill frequently, and are at all times ready to second any of their projects for improving the moral and social condition of the peasantry.

<sup>5</sup> It is uncertain at what period Antrim was erected into a county. It was arranged into baronies by the Lord Deputy, Sir John Perrot, A.D. 1584; although the arrangement continued to be merely nominal for a long time afterwards. Prior to these divisions, the different districts appear to have been, 1st, North Clondeboy; 2d, Bryan Currough's country; 3d, the Glynnēs; 4th, the Rout or Reuta, called also Mac Sorley Boy's country. Bryan Currough's country was originally a part of North Clondeboy, won from it by the Scots of the sept of Clandonnell (Macdonnell); North Clondeboy was so called to distinguish it from South Clondeboy, a district of Down county; and the Glynnēs derived their names “from the form of the grounds,”—the intersection of its surface by many rocky dells. In the ancient divisions of Ireland, the county towards the south and south-west was denominated

Dalaradia; the west and north-western part, Dalrieda; and the whole "Endruim."

<sup>6</sup> The action took place on the 24th of April, 1778, off Carrickfergus Bay. Paul Jones commanded the *Ranger*, an American vessel. The famous buccaneer had been amusing himself for some days previously upon the coast; and, on the 23d, landed a party near Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, with the intention of taking Lord Selkirk prisoner; but finding his lordship from home, he "walked for some time on the beach," while his men visited the castle and took from thence the plate, which was delivered to them by Lady Selkirk. On his subsequent arrival at Brest, this plate was sold for the benefit of the crew, but was "bought in" by Jones, who returned it safely to Lord Selkirk, paying even for the carriage of it to Scotland. The *Drake*, an English sloop-of-war, was in harbour at Carrickfergus; and on the 24th, she bore down upon the *Ranger*, when an engagement ensued about mid-channel. "Captain Burden, who commanded the *Drake*, was killed early in the action; Lieutenant Dobbs was mortally wounded; and the vessel being much cut up in her rigging, the men, who were mostly young hands, got into confusion, and she was forced to strike to the *Ranger*, after an action of one hour and fifteen minutes. The *Drake* had two men killed, and twenty-five wounded; the *Ranger* three killed, and five wounded. The comparative force of the vessels, with respect to guns, was nearly equal. The *Drake* carried twenty guns, four-pounders; the *Ranger* eighteen six-pounders, besides swivels. On board the *Ranger* were 155 able seamen, some of whom were Irishmen—one a native of Carrickfergus; the *Drake* had fewer hands, most of whom were ordinary seamen."

<sup>7</sup> The ancient name of Lisburn was Linsley Garvin (probably from the founder), and till 1641, when the town was burned by the Irish, it was called Lisnegarvy. Since that time it has been named Lisburn. From its geographical position, Lisburn was naturally regarded as an important station by the English of the Pale, and by the native Irish. It was on the leading road southwards, and here was the bridge by which the Lagan was passed. Hence during "the '41 wars," as well as the previous and succeeding "risings," Lisburn was the scene of considerable excitement. Its inhabitants are in general social and well educated; and the class of shop-keepers and other business people, will, at least, bear comparison, for intelligence, with the same class in any other provincial town of the kingdom. Its chief points of attraction are the Castle Gardens, in which are the remains of the castle, and two gigantic elm-trees called the "two sisters;" the

damask factory of the Messrs. Coulson; and the extensive thread manufactory of Mr. Barber, in the neighbourhood. The iron-works, so frequently alluded to in Captain Lawson's account of the rebellion, 1641, do not now exist. It is doubtful if even their site is known, though, from the quantity of fuel and other property destroyed, they must have been conducted on a large scale.

The manufacture of damask table-linen was established at Lisburn, by the late William Coulson, the father of the present proprietors, about seventy years ago. It advanced to its present state of improvement under the particular patronage of George the Fourth. Two of the firm of the Messrs. Coulson, the late Walter Coulson, and one of the present proprietors, William Coulson, devoted much time and persevering application to the devising of designs, which obtained deserved approbation.

Many of the looms of this establishment are not inferior in capacity of single work, or in number of designs, to those of Germany; in some parts of which country the manufacture has been in progress for centuries. The damask linen of Germany may have been considered as unrivalled, and certainly was so under its old draw-loom system. The Jacquard frames are, however, in many cases, more particularly common table linen, becoming prevalent; but they ought not, perhaps, to supersede altogether the system of cordage for the most comprehensive designs and heraldic bearings. The Jacquard frames are now in course of adoption at the Lisburn manufactory for some of its patterns; and thus either species of machinery can be applied there according as it may appear best suited to the work in contemplation.

There is one peculiarity in the usage of this establishment which deserves attention—that no yarn but hand-spun yarn is used in its superior fabrics. This increases the trouble of the manufacture, but is said to be conducive to its durability, the continuity of the fibres rendering the texture strong, and the cloth of firmer body. In the composition of designs the late Walter Coulson was peculiarly successful; and, indeed, his whole management of this establishment was as energetic and admirable, as his private life was pure and beneficent. Such is the general sentiment of the neighbourhood concerning his memory, which it seems scarcely out of place to mention in any notice of the art with reference to Lisburn.

The manufacturing of linen had received a strong impulse long before at Lisburn, from the settlement of certain Huguenots there, who had quitted France in consequence of the repeal of the Edict



of Nantes in 1685. But this art was in existence in that town before their arrival.

A few miles from Lisburn, on the road to Moira, stands the comfortable farmhouse of Trummery. The ruins of the abbey close by it, and its vicinity to the celebrated "Pass of Kilwarlin," often attract tourists and sketchers; but to a poetic mind it possesses more interesting associations, as it was the residence of a member of Edmund Spenser's family. Considerable doubt hangs over the destinies of this family; but it is clearly ascertained that in 1623 (25 years after the death of the poet), Captain Henry Spenser was governor of the fort called Innislochlin, at the pass. He was not a direct descendant of the author of the "Faery Queene," for the names of his sons and grandsons do not correspond with his. He was probably a nephew: the name is still preserved in "Spencer's Bridge" over the Lagan.

<sup>8</sup> The Ulster Railway originated at a meeting of gentlemen, held in Belfast by public notice, in the latter end of 1835, the object being to open up a communication from Belfast to the west of Ireland. The line passes through or near the towns of Lisburn, Moira, Lurgan, Portadown, and Richhill, to Armagh. There is also water communication from Portadown by the Ulster Canal (which joins Lough Neagh, and Lough Erne) to Enniskillen and Sligo, in the west. Besides opening the communication with the west of Ireland, and affording the means of speedy transit for the produce of the western districts, to the rapidly increasing shipping port of Belfast, from whence there is almost daily steam communication with Glasgow and Greenock, Carlisle, Liverpool, London, and Dublin,—this railway passes through an important linen manufacturing district in the counties of Antrim and Armagh, and bordering on the county of Down.

The cost of the line, including act of parliament, purchase of ground, terminuses, dépôts at the different stations—carriages, first, second, and third classes—engines, and trucks for goods, was about £12,000 per mile for a single line. The railway has succeeded, so far as it has gone, fully as much as was expected, and it is considered will increase in prosperity. It would be a great advantage to Ulster were the railway continued, *viâ* Armagh to Monaghan, and there is no doubt that in a few years it would pay the persons who engaged in the undertaking.

<sup>9</sup> In 1708, the castle was also destroyed by fire, by the carelessness of a servant; and three daughters of Arthur, third earl of Donegal, perished in the flames. Till lately some vestiges of the castle were to be seen, but now all trace of it has vanished, and

its site is chiefly occupied by a fish and vegetable market. It is thus described by an English gentleman who visited Ireland in 1635:—"At Belfast, my Lord Chichester hath a daintie stately palace, which is indeed the glory and beauty of that town, where he is mostly resident."

<sup>10</sup> It is a remarkable proof of the slight importance that Belfast had attained previously to 1586, that in Holinshed's Chronicle, printed in that year, there is no mention whatever made of it in the enumeration of the chief towns and havens of the counties of Down and Antrim, among which are mentioned more than one which at this day are but mere fishing villages. The influx of English and Scotch Protestants immediately after, on the "Plantation of Ulster," must have raised Belfast rapidly into importance, and accordingly we find, that in 1635 a much more dignified account of it is given. A few years after, when the opposition to the measures of Charles I. broke out in Scotland, the effects were felt in the North of Ireland; and subsequently, in 1641, at the time of "the great rebellion," both the castle and town of Belfast appear to have been of great importance. They sustained no injury on this occasion, however, as the insurgents were effectually stopped at Lisburn, which was then justly characterised as "the key to the north." In the following year, an army of 10,000 Scots landed at Carrickfergus for the purpose of co-operating with the local forces, in completely extinguishing the flames of rebellion; but from motives of personal aggrandizement, they were slow and unsatisfactory in their movements, till the contentions between the king and the parliament introduced disunion here. Monroe, the Scottish commander, who took part with the parliamentarians, surprised and took the castle by guile, not by force, and without striking a single blow. At this time, Belfast appears to have been a fortified town; the fortifications consisting of huge earthen mounds, the last portion of which was removed in 1785, to make way for the building of the White Linen Hall.

<sup>11</sup> The customs in 1688 were estimated at £20,000; for the year ending the 10th October, 1832, they amounted to £210,177. 16s. 6d. In 1835, the exports were valued at £4,341,794; the imports, to £3,695,437. In 1810, they had scarcely reached half these amounts. The number of vessels belonging to the port of Belfast in 1682 was but 67, the tonnage of which was rated at 3,307 tons. The largest of these was the Antelope, of 200 tons, which traded to Virginia. In 1827, the registered tonnage was 21,557. On the 31st of December, 1832, the number of vessels registered at the port of Belfast, as engaged with others from various parts, both

British and foreign, in its trade, was 219, the tonnage of which amounted to 23,681 tons. Of these, 60 vessels, measuring 13,554 tons (averaging 225 tons to each ship), were employed in foreign commerce, and the remaining 159 (averaging 60 tons each) in the coasting and cross-channel trade. In 1835, the registered tonnage was 32,545; being only less than that of Dublin by between 6,000 and 7,000 tons; and exceeding that of Cork by upwards of 11,000 tons. In 1834 there was entered inwards, British tonnage, 30,733; foreign, 2,395; and in the same year cleared outwards coastwise, 174,894; for foreign ports, 31,665.

The courtesy of John Cramsie, Esq., a merchant of Belfast, and proprietor of the "Belfast Mercantile Register," has enabled us to bring these returns down to the present time. The trade of this port gradually, but very steadily, keeps on the increase, and has done so the last half century. Taking the average of the past three years, the value of our exports annually is close upon six million pounds, and of our imports about four millions and a half. Our exports consist of linen cloth in all its various fabrics, from the fine cambrics of 10*s.* to 15*s.* per yard, down to coarse sacking or bagging of 2½*d.* to 4*d.* per yard, sent to all parts of the world; of linen yarns, sent principally to France; of linen thread; of provisions, such as butter, cured beef, pork, bacon, hams, rendered lard, and eggs; of live stock—oxen, cows, calves, pigs, horses, and poultry; of oats, oatmeal, and flour; of starch, soap, flax, feathers, limestone, moulder's sand, whiskey; potatoes, bleaching powder, bricks, bones, and bone manure, with a great variety of minor productions.

Our imports consist of such articles of foreign and colonial productions as are in usual consumption; besides which may be named flax-seed for sowing, the average of which is 10,000 hogs-heads annually; large quantities of foreign clover-seed, flax, hemp, tallow, barilla, pot-ashes, timber.

And from Great Britain we import alkalies, window-glass, coals, salt, slates, herrings (about 20,000 barrels annually), cider, linen yarn, furniture, besides large quantities of all the ordinary British manufactures. By a revised list made out from our Custom-house records, on the 1st of January, 1842, of ships owned at the port of Belfast, it appears that the number of vessels (exclusive of very small ones) is 348, registering 48,123 tons, new measurement. Of these there are 102 vessels, registering 32,728 tons (averaging 320 tons each vessel), employed in foreign trade, and the remaining 246 (averaging 63 tons each) employed in our coasting and British trade.



On comparison with last year's list, we find that the number of coasting vessels now registered is about the same. Why the usual increase did not take place in this class, may be accounted for by the coal trade paying so very poorly; however, in the large class of vessels employed in the foreign trade, there is an increase, on the previous year, of fourteen ships, and the increase of tonnage is 4,060 tons, being much the same as the increase of 1840 over 1839; and this increase is over and above the number which have been lost, and sold to other ports, within the last twelve months. So far, we find, there is a regular and progressive increase of investure of capital in this kind of property. It is true that the ship-owners have been paid but indifferently these two years past; but, previously, they were well remunerated; and this species of property must again, as commerce improves, give good return to its enterprising owners.

We may draw the attention of the many respectable owners of our large vessels to the opening of new lines of trading from this port, which still present themselves—namely, by direct intercourse with the East Indies, and with our rapidly increasing colonies in Australia and the Eastern seas. And we must not omit mentioning a weighty part of our exports—namely, 5,283 emigrants, who embarked in vessels direct to the following respective countries, within the year 1841, viz:—

For Canada,.....	3,831
New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island,..	830
West Indies,.....	14
United States,.....	608
<hr/>	
Total,.....	5,283

And about the same number left the port of Belfast to embark at Liverpool and Greenock.

Connected with ship-owning is ship-building, and it is highly gratifying to find that the establishments in this line are in full operation of building new vessels. Most eligible sites for ship-building yards will be gained by the embankment on the south side of the river, now making by the present harbour improvements.

<sup>12</sup> Among the other advantages of Belfast, we may not omit to notice the hotels, of which there are several that may vie, in all respects, with the best in Great Britain. We resided at the "Donegal Arms," situated in the principal street—High Street. Its exterior is very elegant, having indeed the character of a

grand edifice. It is impossible to praise too highly the whole of the well-ordered *menage*; a courteous and "inquiring" landlord, exceedingly attentive servants, good posting; everything, in short, connected with the establishment is creditable to the excellent and flourishing town. We cannot say as much for the hotels of the north generally.

<sup>13</sup> The chieftain, Bryan Mac Art, who resided for some time at Castle Reagh, or the Royal Castle, has perpetuated his name in the suburban village of Ballymacarret (Bally-Mac-Art), which he is supposed to have built. His stronghold was on the top of Ben Madigan (Cave Hill), still known as Mac Art's Fort. The town-land of Ligoneil, in the parish of Belfast, means O'Neil's place of loosing his hounds; and Skeigoneil, O'Neil's thorn (or fortification), so called from the annoyance which it gave to his enemies. Con O'Neil, so long known in connection with Reagh Castle, is still recognised in Conn's Brook. Many other illustrations of old times and old people might be added in a similar way.

A singular peculiarity connected with Cave Hill was pointed out to us; seen from nearly every part of the southern suburbs, its outline resembles, in a very remarkable manner, the profile of Napoleon.

<sup>14</sup> Dr. Edgar has written about eighty works, of various sizes, on Temperance, nearly all of which have been frequently republished in different parts of the United Kingdom and of America; and they are in circulation in all parts of the world; and besides keeping his great subject continually before the public eye in various periodicals, he edited the 'Belfast Temperance Advocate,' and, for a length of time, the periodical of the 'British and Foreign Temperance Society.' Wherever invited, whether in England, Ireland, or Scotland, he went to advocate the cause; and in London, Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, Bradford, Leeds, York, and very many other places, he has repeatedly addressed immense multitudes from the platform and the pulpit; and twelve years of the best of his life have been sedulously and gratuitously devoted to the cause.

<sup>15</sup> We extract a few passages from the original prospectus of the Society:—

"The periodical changes of servants which take place in this town, are universally acknowledged to be a great evil—seriously to operate against the interest and comfort of families, and to have a most injurious effect upon the conduct of servants themselves.

"By wandering continually from place to place, young women

encounter temptations of every description; and many a promising character has thus been ruined, and ultimately sunk to the lowest state of degradation, who might, in her station, have become a valuable member of society, if she had, in the first instance, retained a respectable situation.

"To be served faithfully is a point of the utmost importance to all housekeepers; yet there are comparatively few who find it possible to keep their servants long enough to consider them worthy of confidence; even those who appear to be the most deserving, often, without scruple, leave the best mistresses, sometimes for a trifling increase of wages, and sometimes only for the sake of change.

"In order in some measure to counteract these evils, it is proposed to establish an institution for the encouragement and reward of good conduct in female servants, to be entitled, 'THE BELFAST SERVANTS' FRIEND SOCIETY.'"

<sup>10</sup> Belfast has been long and very intimately connected with the history of educational improvement. Here flourished, some seventy or eighty years ago, a schoolmaster, named David Manson, to whom the world owes more than it is aware. His seminary was both a boarding and a day school. His boarders were the sons of the principal nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood; and his day scholars, the children of the principal inhabitants of the town—both boys and girls. This mixture, repulsive to modern notions, was at that time quite common in Scotland and Ireland. Mr. Manson had, indeed, a sister who shared in his labours, and occupied a separate school-room; but her province was to conduct the junior classes without distinction of sex; and the young ladies and young gentlemen mixed together in both school-rooms, and sat in the same classes. One of Mr. Manson's little girls was the celebrated Elizabeth Hamilton, a native of Scotland, but then resident in Belfast. Her old master is affectionately and honourably mentioned in her "Cottagers of Glenburnie," and some of her other works, and in her *Life*, by Miss Bengier. He appears to have been a man of great talent and great benevolence, with just as much eccentricity as gave him the courage to do bold and new things, without diminishing the respect of his pupils, his friends, or the public. The precise methods on which he conducted his school we have not ascertained; but it is clear that he made the children fond of lessons, and that he used corporal punishment seldom; and as an excitement to study, never. One curious and characteristic piece of school discipline we may record:—To repress quarrelling and fighting, he had a large wooden figure in the



school-room which he called "The Conqueror." Whenever two boys were known to box, he compelled them to face this figure, and attack it with their fists, till they were heartily tired. It will be readily believed, that any moderately-sized organ of combativeness would soon exhaust itself on the "passive resistance" of such an antagonist. With a few such odd and whimsical things, Manson combined many plans which were beautiful and natural, and strikingly in accordance with the philosophical views soon after given to the world by Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable work on "Practical Education." His delightful and grateful pupil, Miss Hamilton, when she grew to womanhood, traced this accordance; she saw, too, that her master's practice pointed to several phenomena of the human mind, which Miss Edgeworth had not taken up, or had touched but slightly. Living in Edinburgh, in the society of which Dugald Stewart was the ornament, she had the best opportunities of studying mental science; and walking in Miss Edgeworth's footsteps, she gave a more regular form to the philosophy of education, and enriched it with much new matter.

Dr. Crombie was the pastor and friend of Manson; and we have reason to believe, that his idea of founding a public seminary on a large scale, was suggested by the necessity of filling up the blank that was created when that gentleman, sinking under years and infirmities, gave up his school. How much good has sprung from that idea, we shall presently make our readers aware.

The pre-eminence of Belfast in educational improvement continues, as we have intimated, to the present day; the philosophy of education having been taken up where Elizabeth Hamilton left it, with the view of reducing it to a regular and complete science, by the Rev. R. J. Bryce, LL.D., the present principal of "the Academy." As yet he has not published any system; but in answer to a call made upon him at a public meeting in Belfast, he recently undertook to do so.

<sup>17</sup> This contained five schools—1. The Classical School. 2. The Mathematical and Mercantile School (for arithmetic, geography, and mathematics). 3. The Writing School (for penmanship and short-hand alone). 4. The English School (in which were taught reading, spelling, grammar, elocution, and the elements of composition). 5. The French School. The masters of these schools, though subordinate to the Principal, were not his *employés*; they stood to him nearly in the same relation which the Fellows of a College bear to its Head, or the officers of a regiment to its Colonel. Justice to the respectable, and in some instances distinguished men who have filled these masterhips, requires this to be stated;

for in the present day every man who sets up a private school calls it an "Academy," dubs himself its "Principal," and calls his ushers "Masters." But, in the language of Dr. Crombie and his fellow-labourers, "Academy" means an assemblage of distinct schools; the Head of each of these schools is called its "Master;" he is paid independently by his own pupils, and employs ushers or assistants under him as occasion may require. His situation gives him a comfortable income, and a respectable position in society.

<sup>18</sup> The school department of the "Academy" at present contains the five schools mentioned in note on page 279, with the addition of a drawing-class. It also offers opportunities of acquiring the Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, and German languages. The office of Principal continues to be filled by Dr. Bryce.

Its college department may be considered as dormant, except that there is occasionally a logic class, which is conducted on the plan of that in the University of Glasgow.

This seminary possesses a small library and a very valuable museum, the latter collected, within the last few years, by the exertions of James Bryce, Esq., who fills the mathematical master-ship. It is particularly rich in minerals and petrifications. An interesting account of the origin of this collection, and of the manner in which Mr. Bryce has introduced natural science as a regular branch of elementary education, may be found in Dr. Drummond's "Letters to a Young Naturalist," and in an appendix to Maria Hack's "Geological Sketches and Glimpses of an Ancient Earth."

The affairs of the Academy are managed by the Board of "the Principal and Masters," and by a committee of the subscribers, jointly.

The buildings are old and inconvenient, but a subscription is in progress for renewing them, after a very beautiful design, by a Belfast architect, Mr. Jackson.

The school department of the "Royal Academical Institution" is, in plan and in extent, almost exactly the same as that of the "Academy." It has, however, no individual Head, and the Masters preside in rotation.

The college department contains the following professorships:—

I. Professors appointed by and responsible to the Institution:—

1. Natural Philosophy. 2. Moral Philosophy. 3. Logic and Belles-Lettres. 4. Mathematics. 5. Oriental languages. 6. Greek and Latin. 7. Anatomy and Physiology. 8. Chemistry. 9. Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children. 10. Materia

Medica and Pharmacy. 11. Surgery. 12. Medical Botany. 13. Theory and Practice of Physic.

II. Professors appointed by the Presbyterian Church, and accommodated with class-rooms, but not responsible to the Managers of the Institution:—

1. Divinity. 2. Biblical Criticism. 3. Ecclesiastical History.

Of the Professors appointed by the Institution, the first seven have salaries of £150 each per annum, out of the Parliamentary Grant; the other six, £50 each. Of the Presbyterian Theological Professorships, that of Ecclesiastical History has a salary of £150 per annum from Government attached to it. Before the union of the two synods, each had its own Professor of Divinity, with a separate endowment from Government. Since the union, the two Professors are still kept up, and the two endowments (£100 per annum each) continue to be received. The Professor of Biblical Criticism has no endowment from the public purse; but the synod gives him a salary of £100 per annum. Besides these salaries, all the Professors in both lists receive fees from the students.

“The Royal Academical Institution” possesses an excellent library, and a small but interesting museum. It, too, has introduced Natural History as a branch of elementary education.

The general concerns of the Royal Institution are conducted by a “Board of Managers;” a “Board of Visitors” having the superintendence of the Professors and Masters, and the power of dismissing them in cases of misconduct. The election of Professors and Masters is vested in the joint Boards.

<sup>19</sup> “There is not, perhaps, any public institution in Ireland more interesting in its origin, or honourable to its members and patrons, than the Belfast Natural History Society. It commenced among a few respectable young gentlemen of that town, nearly all of whom were engaged in commercial business, and who devoted those leisure hours to literary and scientific pursuits, which young men of their age and class too generally employ in folly or debauchery. They subscribed a small sum to pay for a room to meet in, and at their meetings curious objects of natural history were exhibited, and original essays were read and commented on. By degrees their numbers increased: young men who attended as visitors, merely from feelings of curiosity, became captivated with the delights of knowledge, and zealously applied their minds to its acquisition, and in a short time their numbers amounted to no less than sixty members. Their proceedings ultimately attracted, as they deserved, the admiration and applause of the older and wealthier citizens of this great commercial town and its



vicinity; and a subscription was entered on to procure the youthful society a public edifice for their meetings, and a depository for their valuable museum. The sum of twelve hundred pounds and upwards was speedily collected, since augmented to fifteen hundred; and on the 4th of May, 1830, the first stone of the edifice was laid by the Marquis of Donegal."—This passage is extracted from "*The Dublin Penny Journal*," 1833. The entire outlay of the erection, and fitting up of the museum and meeting-room, amounted to two thousand three hundred pounds; the whole of which was raised by voluntary contributions, so that no debt was incurred.

<sup>20</sup> It is a remarkable fact, that the first two elected Fellows of the University of Dublin were Scottish Presbyterians.

<sup>21</sup> The plantation of Ulster was not effected till the reign of James I., who exerted himself vigorously to establish his English subjects in the secure possession of a considerable portion of the island. His object was not to aggrandise any party, so much as to exhibit an example of peaceful and industrious subjects governed by English laws. Sir John Davis states that "he made greater advances towards the reformation of the kingdom in nine years, than had been made in the four hundred and forty that had elapsed since the conquest was first attempted." (King James's Works, p. 259, edit. 1613; quoted by Hume, chap. xlv.) Various plans were proposed to him for carrying out his views; but the plan submitted by Sir Arthur Chichester, a soldier of great experience in the Irish wars, was preferred to all the others. According to it, the allotments of land to private individuals were to be of three kinds, in sections of 1000, 1500, and 2000 acres. To make ample allowance for glens, bogs, and other unprofitable spots, then considered irreclaimable, a species of measurement was adopted, known to this day as "Irish Plantation Measure." The sections of largest extent were generally possessed by persons of considerable substance; each one was required to support an adequate number of English or Scotch tenantry armed, and to build a good substantial house, the materials of which were stated. This class of proprietors was neither expected nor required to reside on their respective allotments until the expiration of five years. Proprietors of the middle class were obliged to erect a less substantial house, and to support a proportional number of armed cultivators. They were required to fix their residences there within three years; while proprietors of the third class were obliged to reside on their allotments permanently and immediately. (Carte's History of the Duke of Ormond, vol. i.) Sir Arthur Chichester,

the author of the plantation scheme, was a native of Devonshire, "sonne of Sr IOHN CHICHESTER, of Raleiche, Kt." Accordingly, extensive immigrations from the shires of Monmouth and Devon took place at different times. These settlers were generally located in the southern districts of Antrim. The company in London, to which Sir John Davis (p. 280) refers, effected their settlements chiefly in Derry, which was thence called Londonderry. The settlers in the inland counties consisted partly of adventurers, who pushed their way still further into the disturbed districts, and partly of other "planters," Scotch and English, allured by the hope of permanent and valuable settlements. Leland says, the king's instructions directed that the settlers should occupy the mountains, and for two reasons:—1st, not to irritate the Irish by dispossessing them of their houses and lands on the plains; and 2ndly, that the planters might be located in a more advantageous position in case of a war. He adds, that the cupidity of the settlers, disregarding this wise arrangement, reversed the king's orders, occupied the fertile plains, driving the Irish from their farms and habitations to the mountains; thus running directly in the face of the two evils against which James wished to guard. To the exasperation produced by the rapacity of the planters, Leland ascribes the rebellion of 1641; and to the military disadvantage of living in open plains, he ascribes the disastrous results of the rising. It is natural to suppose, that the more cautious and prudent were sometimes able to secure good bargains, and to make gradual accessions to their property, from various causes. Some, with the proverbial unsteadiness of soldiers, preferred turning their allotments into cash, and seeking their fortunes elsewhere; others, intimidated no doubt by the enmity which is long hereditary between the victors and vanquished, preferred the security of their native homes. Hence many large and valuable estates in Ulster, at this day, are so scattered and partitioned as to show the very gradual means by which they have been acquired.

<sup>22</sup> The following curious specimen of the way in which this was managed will interest the reader. It is taken, after Dr. Reid, from the Life of Robert Blair, one of the most distinguished Presbyterian ministers of that age, who had been a strenuous opponent of Episcopacy in Scotland, and had been invited over by Lord Claneboy, but had a strong aversion to settle in Ireland, on account of the prevalence there of the same form of church government. We give the story in his own words:—"The Viscount Claneboy, my noble patron, did, on my request, inform the bishop how opposite I was to Episcopacy and their Liturgy,

and had the influence to procure my admission on easy and honourable terms. Yet, lest his lordship had not been plain enough, I declared my opinion fully to the bishop at our first meeting, and found him yielding beyond my expectation. The bishop said to me, 'I hear good of you, and will impose no conditions on you; I am old, and can teach you ceremonies, and you can teach me substance; only I must ordain you, else neither I nor you can answer the law nor brook the land.' I answered him, that his sole ordination did utterly contradict my principles; but he replied, both wittily and submissively, 'Whatever you account of Episcopacy, yet I know you account a Presbytery to have divine warrant; will you not receive ordination from Mr. Cunningham and the adjacent brethren, and let me come in among them in no other relation than a Presbyter?' This I could not refuse, and so the matter was performed."

<sup>23</sup> The members of the Presbytery of Belfast were among the first to testify their abhorrence of the act of the Regicides. They published a solemn declaration of their opinions, and were answered in no gentle terms by no less a controversialist than John Milton. The Presbytery, who called themselves "watchmen in Sion," protested against the king's murder, and exhorted all persons to beware of the English Parliamentarians, "lest they believe lies, and experience an eternal condemnation." The great poet condescended to scurrility in reply. He calls his opponents "egregious liars and impostors," "unhallowed priestlings," who design to stir up the people to rebellion "from their unchristian synagogue at Belfast, in a barbarous nook of Ireland;" he characterises their assertions as "impudent falsehoods," charges them as "blockish Presbyters of Clondeboy," with ignorance of history, sacred and profane; and sums up all by repudiating them as "highland thieves and redshanks."

<sup>24</sup> This plan originated with Fleetwood, son-in-law of Cromwell, who thus argues for the permission to perfect and continue it:—"If wee may have libertie to collect the tythes and bring them into one tresurye, as now wee doe, we shall be able to maintane a gospel-ministry in Ireland; and by this meanes they having dependance on the state for their maintenance, we shall be able to restraine some troublesome spirits, which may be too apt to give disturbances to the publique peace, of which there have bine sad experience in the north; and 'tis doubted that most of them continue their old bitter spirits."

<sup>25</sup> The cultivation of flax and the manufacture of linen have been, indeed, pursued in Ireland since the remotest period of



authentic history. Some acts of Henry VIII. refer to the linen yarn of Ireland. In 1599, the secretary of Lord Mountjoy writes, "that Ireland yields much flax, which the inhabitants work into yarn, and export in great quantity." We have many records of the importation of linen and linen yarn from Ireland to England during the eighteenth century. In the infancy of the cotton manufacture, Irish linen yarn was used as warp for large quantities of goods, wefted with cotton, which were manufactured in Manchester during this period.

<sup>26</sup> Previous to the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, we have no authentic document to prove that anything but the coarser fabrics of linen were produced by Irish weavers. At that time, however, some intelligent manufacturers from the north of France emigrated to Ireland, and brought with them the knowledge of the manufacture of fine linen, damask, and cambric. These persons received grants of money from the Irish Parliament to compensate them for the loss of time they incurred in teaching the people the manner of growing and preparing flax for the manufacture of fine linens. These instructions embrace the whole routine of the manufacture, from the sowing of the flax-seed, to the separation of the coarser from the finer portions of the flax by the process of hackling, and thus fitting it for the operation of the spinning-wheel, which converted the flax into the thread (technically, linen yarn) from which the linen was afterwards manufactured. They likewise gave instructions as to the best method of boiling, bleaching, and preparing the linen for market. After the period when the linen trade of Ireland had been improved by the instructions of those French refugees, the manufacture of linen continued to advance. The implements employed in the various processes of the manufacture were, however, of the most primitive construction, and it was not until the middle of the eighteenth century that much advancement was made either in the mechanical or chemical departments.

<sup>27</sup> Our lady readers, we hope, feel a sufficient interest in Irish productions to be glad to know that the manufacture of fine cambric has been brought to great perfection in the north of Ireland. We procured, through the attentions of Mr. Roddy, in Belfast, a pocket-handkerchief that may vie with the productions of France—the *riviere* round the edge was perfect, and the texture an extraordinary improvement upon any we had previously seen from native looms. We also inspected, personally, not only the manufacturers' houses, but the rooms of females who earn their bread by muslin embroidery. Many of the manu-

facturers have their patterns drawn in Scotland, and use Scotch muslin; still the amount of money spread through the north by "sprigging" is amazing, when we bear in mind that it is dispersed in sums, in general, of from eighteenpence to three shillings and sixpence, or, in a few instances, five shillings per week. The industry which progresses steadily in the dwellings of the poor, is, to us, much more interesting than that which proceeds in the crowded rooms of large establishments; it was peculiarly pleasing to witness the crowd we had, in several instances, to press through before we could enter the houses of Mr. John Holden and others, who employ many hundred females in "white-work." Some very old women waited with the "veining," or "tambouring," or "sewing," of their daughters and grand-daughters; others, Scotch-looking girls, whose fair complexions and soft white hands told that their employment was in "daintie work," staid for payment (and had not long to wait, for the northerns understand the value of time); and others, "wee lassies," brought their "spriggins," on cheap and inferior muslin—proving that big and little seek and find employment. The ladies who wear the "Rachel" collar, or more modern "mazzarine cape," little imagine the various hands it passes through before it is fit to be displayed on their fair shoulders: it comes to Mr. Holden's clean and well-regulated warehouse, for instance, a mass of muslin, the hue of brown holland; then it is marked off; then put into a sort of printing-machine, and it comes forth with its future pattern stamped upon it; it then passes into the hands of the "sewer," who "does" whatever "sewing" is necessary; it is then turned over to the "veiner," and then to the skilful "opener;" one person seldom excels in the various stitches; those we have named work chiefly for "home consumption," while the "tambourers" ply their needles for the foreign markets, as tamboured muslin has fallen into disrepute with the ladies of England. Mr. Holden employs from sixteen to twenty weavers, so that his muslin is literally "home-made;" he had, last August, twelve hundred sewers, two hundred tambourers, two hundred veiners, and from twelve to eighteen openers, constantly occupied; besides employing seven or eight agents in different parts of the country, each of whom, in their turn, employ from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty workers. We hope that such establishments will increase. Instead of a large family of girls being a millstone about the day-labourer's neck, they support themselves; and the same fire-light, candle-light, and dwelling necessary for two or three, serve for a numerous and in-

dustrious progeny. One of the girls of the same family veins, another sews, another tambours. It is true they are *not* paid as we think they deserve to be: although, generally speaking, even the employer does not receive as much as in England would be considered remuneration for his outlay, his risk, his time, and trouble; still if the poor have but little with this system, without it they would have nothing. "It is not much, to be sure," said a poor woman, who had just been paid for some work,— "It is not much, but without it we might die for want of food." A lady of considerable intelligence of mind and quaintness of manner once said to us, "I am so thoroughly convinced of the blessings that must arise from the employment of women in this way, that I have even my flannel petticoats embroidered."

<sup>28</sup> O'Flaherty used to illustrate his theory by a story. Our readers will, we hope, think it worth preserving; it has, at least, the recommendation of truth. "I'll tell you," he said, in his mingled dialect of Scotch and Irish, "a thing now that happened in my ain fine country; they call it by the name of Donegal. There war two brothers livin' on the mountain; an' though none knew how they lived, none cared to ask 'em; by cause of the character they had for—no one knew what, but it was nae good—I'll not say but it's aye hard to want a bit of meat—and see such a thing as a wild animal, a hare or rabbit, or bits of birds—and they sportin' through the air or on the earth—and to say they must not be touched or snared—but it's not honest lifting a poor man's pig or sheep—and that's what *they* did; though no one in them days dared say as much. Well, one of these lads was married to a fine comely lass, but whose face was deeply marked with the smallpox; she was as noble a figure as ever sprang over a mountain or forded a stream; and her eyes were as blue as the star-flower of the flax; but her face, as I have said, was marked with smallpox; and I wish you to remember *that*, because it proves what I have said, that everything in the world could be saved by bogging. Her husband treated her cruelly with his hands, and she was not behindhand with her tongue, but gave it him right and left; laying the weight of it on him—and what is heavier than a woman's tongue?—when once, all of a sudden, he turned on her like a wild Indian as he was, and knocked her down; and one that was by told me he'd never forget her staggering to her feet again; and turning on him, saying in a deep, bitter voice, 'that there was such a thing as law in the



land, and she'd find her way to a magistrate before the next sunset.' The same lad remarked the look the one brother gave the other, as the poor lass, bleeding and twisting with pain, though not a tear dimmed her eyes, crept to her bed.

"Whether she ever rose from it again will never be known now. She disappeared from the mountain, and the glen saw her no more; her husband said she went into Scotland to her people; and there was a brave stir about it for awhile. They were both sent to jail on suspicion of making away with her; but nothing could be made of it; and they both died as if they had been peaceable well-conducted men all the days of their lives. One was killed to pieces in a faction fight, and another died in his bed from the clip of a stone he got in the head through his old practices. Well, all was forgotten about the poor lass; and many said, if the one (the husband) who died in his bed, had done the murder, he would have owned to it in his last hours; it was forgotten, as I said, like the smoke of flax that leaves no mark upon the winds. One day the old place was full, and a neighbour wanted room for some flax, and he went to dig so as to let the water pass from one place to another, and I went with him. We worked on pretty brisk for awhile, and then something prevented our going on, and the impediment was a piece of bogwood thicker by twice than my body. We got it out at last; and if we did we saw something softish lying in a hole below it, where it had lain over like a bridge, and the man probed his way, and then raised up—a woman's body! And when I saw it, all I could do was to pray to God! I thought I should have died; I knew the face well; turned upwards as it was with a gash across the throat wide enough to let out a thousand lives, the pockmarks were as deep as ever—deep! and the long black hair streamed away from her head; and though she had lain there turned of five-and-twenty years, her skin was as white as paper! and you could have woven a web out of her hair; there lay the poor lass—sent out of the world by sinners, worse, worse than herself. All who did not remember, cried out for the murderers, thinking the deed was but just done; but me and a few more knew better; and we also knew that though they had passed from the world without being punished by man, the Lord kept count of their iniquity. The priest never said a mass for the souls of either, but more than him prayed long and deep when the poor murdered woman was laid in holy ground.

"It isn't a pleasant story to tell," the flax-dresser would usually observe in conclusion; "but when people run down bog-water, and

say it blots or discolours, it is but natural I should remember the body with its limbs as white as cambric, that came up from the den of the black bog-waters."

If this anecdote did not occupy more space than we can well spare to it, we might relate many of the stories told us by our ancient friend the flax-dresser; his arrival at "our old home" was a temptation to the kitchen that we could never resist.

<sup>29</sup> With all the improvements that have been introduced in the machinery for spinning flax, it has as yet been found impossible to produce a thread finer than 400 leas (120,000 yards) to the pound; whereas the hand spinning-wheel has produced some so fine as 8,400 leas: and the manufacture of cambric is at present suffering from a want of yarn sufficiently fine to make the best descriptions of this article. The following extract from "Stuart's History of Armagh" will show the perfection which has been attained in the spinning of flax by the hand spinning-wheel:—"At Dundonnald, in the county of Down, in February, 1799, a woman, out of one pound and a half of flax, which cost about two shillings, produced yarn of so fine a texture, as to sell for £5. 2s. 4½d. A Miss M'Quillan, in Comber, county of Down, spun 768 leas out of one pound of flax, producing 12 leas every fortnight. She split the fibre with a needle to give this degree of fineness. Twelve leas were lately spun in Belfast, weighing three drachms and a half, about 876 leas to the pound. Twelve leas have since been spun, equal to 1,560 leas to the pound; but in December, 1815, William Dawson, Esq., of Woodbank, near Gilford, had in his possession 12 leas of yarn, spun by Catherine Woods of Dunmore, near Ballynahinch, aged about 15 years, which weighed exactly ten grains, giving above 8,400 leas, or 2,520,000 yards, to the avoirdupois pound of flax: 17 lbs. 6 oz. 3½ drs. of this yarn would contain a thread 24,912 English miles in length, equal to the circumference of the earth."

<sup>30</sup> It is calculated that about 25,000 tons of flax per annum are grown in Ireland. The average value is about £50 per ton. Consequently, the total value will be £1,250,000. From 100,000 to 120,000 acres are required to produce this quantity.

<sup>31</sup> From a letter written in 1841 by the secretary of the Belfast Flax Society—a society of the most valuable and important character—we extract the following passages. It is dated from Antwerp:—

"As to the qualities of flax in the field which have come under our observation, they appeared to my party, in their several districts, nothing better than what they had themselves seen raised

in Ireland; but as to the management of it, they readily admit that the system of this country is greatly superior to theirs; for in every process the greatest pains and attention were shown, and doubtless must contribute much to cause the superiority of the flax produced from the plant.

\* \* \* \* \*

“As soon as the capsules containing the seed become dry, so as to break readily when pressed between the finger and thumb, they are taken off by drawing the flax through a rippling machine, which is a kind of comb with blunt iron teeth that separate the capsules from the stalk. Two men sitting opposite each other on a long form, in the centre of which this comb is screwed down, can get through a great deal in a day. The flax, deprived of the seed, is now tied in small bundles, and, in some places, immediately put into the water to steep; but about Courtray, where every process is carried on in the greatest perfection, and where flax-steeping is a distinct trade, the flax is placed upright in rows as soon as pulled—the root end spread out, and the tops resting against each other, in the form of the letter A, or the rafters of a house.

\* \* \* \* \*

“A pit is dug, or a piece of water selected, of such a depth that the flax may stand nearly upright in it without touching the bottom. This requires a depth of four feet or more. If the pit cannot be made so deep, the flax is placed in a slanting position in the water, the root end lowermost, and the upper end a little under the surface of the water.

“It is kept in this position by mats, or straws spread over, and boards or poles, weighted with stones, placed on the top: turf and stones would, of course, answer as well.

“While steeping, the flax is frequently examined, when it is calculated that it is almost steeped enough; for, if it be left even a few hours too long in the water, the quality will be deteriorated: on the other hand, if not sufficiently steeped, the fibre or ‘shaws’ will not readily detach, and the flax will be broken in the scutching. The usual and simple mode of testing its state is by taking a stalk of the flax from time to time, (say every three hours, about the time it is expected to be ready for drawing out,) and breaking it in the middle; and when the flax parts freely from the husk, either way, the whole length of the plant, it is fit to be taken out. It is then set on end, the parcels close together, for a day or two, in order to drain; and if the weather be unfavourable, it is kept still longer. The



bundles are then untied, and spread in regular rows on short grass—the straighter the better, as they must be frequently turned, while drying and bleaching, which is quickest and best done by pushing a pole under as many as its length will admit of, and turning it over, reversing the position of the heads to where the tails were, beginning first with the lowest row. The flax then lies out for fifteen or twenty days, or even longer. It is then stacked or housed, for scutching at leisure during the winter.

“I must express my opinion, that no machinery can be constructed to supersede scutching by hand; the stroke, in that process, can be so exactly adapted to the strength of the flax, and given *only* where wanted. It is owing to this that the flax turned out here is so even throughout. An iron comb is also used to dress it. The fibre is broken off by different methods, all simple; and a couple of labourers take alternate turns at bruising and hackling.

“What profitable employment might not our poor and redundant population have at all seasons, were the cultivation and preparation of flax carried on on the same scale in Ireland as they are here!”

<sup>32</sup> Although machinery had been employed for spinning flax for many years in Ireland, under the patronage of the Linen Board, it is only from 1830 we can date its present great development. At that time Messrs. T. and A. Mulholland commenced a large factory for the manufacture of linen-yarn by improved machinery, and the increase has since been so great, that now 25,000 persons are deriving direct employment from the various mills, to whom not less than £250,000 per annum are paid for wages.

<sup>33</sup> The cotton manufacture was also, at one period, flourishing in Belfast. It has lately, however, deteriorated. The history of its introduction into Ireland is curious; it is given in the “Dublin Penny Journal,” on the authority of a correspondent. “In the year 1771, Mr. Robert Joy, who had a principal part in designing the establishment in Belfast, where the support of the young and aged is provided for, and who was the revered father of the Volunteers in Ulster, conceived, when on a tour through North Britain, the scheme of introducing into this then desponding kingdom, the more intricate branches of the cotton manufacture. He was mainly prompted to this by a desire to render service to the lower orders of the working poor, particularly linen-weavers and spinners, whose livelihood was often rendered precarious, depending almost solely on a single manu-

facture—that of linen. Having suggested that the spinning of cotton-yarn might, as an introductory step, be a fit and profitable employment for the children of the Belfast Poor-house, a spinning-machine was made in Belfast, at the expense of Mr. Joy and a Mr. McCabe, assisted in the practical part by Nicholas Grimshaw, cotton and linen printer from England, who had some time before settled in this country. Shortly afterwards an experienced spinner was brought over by Mr. Joy from Scotland, to instruct the children in the house. Also, under the same direction, a carding-machine was erected, to go by water, which was afterwards removed to the Poor-house, and wrought by hand. After Messrs. Joy and McCabe had in vain solicited the co-operation of others in prosecuting a scheme fraught with such national advantage, they proposed a transfer of their machinery, at first cost, to the managers of the Charitable Institution, promising as continued attention as if the emoluments were to be their own. On the refusal of the committee to run the risk of a new undertaking, the original proprietors formed themselves into a company with others. They dispatched a skilful mechanic to England, who obtained a minute knowledge of the most improved British machinery. On his return they erected a new carding-machine, of superior structure, and a spinning-jenny of seventy-two spindles, which was then reckoned a very large size. In a memorial to the Dublin Society, praying for aid, they informed the Board, that far from confining their hopes of gain to themselves, they had encouraged the public to avail themselves of their discoveries—they had exposed their machinery to open view—permitted numbers, even from distant parts, to be gratuitously taught in their apartments—and promoted the manufacture of cottons, dimities, and Marseilles quilting, equally by example and instruction. The magnitude of those improvements, at the same time, is now to be estimated by comparison. Eight or ten cuts per day were formerly the scanty produce of the most laborious spinner on the common wheel; while, in the same time, not more than a single pound could be carded by hand. On *their* jenny of seventy-two spindles, seventy-two Irish hanks were spun weekly—an increase of fourteen to one; and by their carding-machine, twenty pounds of rovings were daily thrown off—an increase of twenty to one. Their exertions were in time followed by Messrs. Nathaniel Wilson and Nicholas Grimshaw. To the talents, property, and adventurous spirit of the former of these two gentlemen, and to the practical knowledge, talent, and industry of the latter, this country stands highly indebted. The first

mill for spinning twist by water in Ireland was built by them in 1784, from which date the Irish cotton manufacture was considered firmly established. In the year 1800 (only twenty-three years from the origin of the enterprise by Mr. Joy) it appeared in evidence before Parliament, that the cotton manufactures which had been thus introduced, gave employment to 13,500 working people; and, including all manner of persons occupied in various ways, to 27,000, within a circuit of only ten miles, comprehending within its bounds the towns of Belfast and Lisburn."

We are enabled to bring down this account of the cotton factories to the present day. About the year 1829, it is calculated that at least 50,000 persons were employed in the various branches of the cotton manufacture in the north of Ireland. At that time a considerable quantity of cotton-yarn was spun in the neighbourhood of Belfast; but in addition, large quantities were sent from England and Scotland, to be woven into cloth, as the low rate of labour in Ireland offered a great inducement to the English and Scotch manufacturers to employ the Irish weavers. If we calculate that each of these persons obtained £12 per annum for his labour, it would amount to £600,000 of an annual gain to Ulster by this manufacture.

Since that period the spinning of cotton has nearly ceased in the neighbourhood of Belfast; but large quantities of cotton yarn are still imported, and at least 30,000 persons derive a subsistence from spinning, weaving, and embroidering.

<sup>34</sup> The manufactory was established by Mr. Andrews in 1826. It at present contains fifty looms, and affords employment to sixty-five persons. In 1831 Mr. Andrews received an extensive order for table-linens for his late Majesty William IV., the execution of which occupied several years. He has also had recently the honour of being appointed Damask Manufacturer to her Majesty the Queen. At the Royal Dublin Society's Exhibition of Irish Manufactures in 1835, Mr. Andrews was awarded the gold medal for specimens of table-linens manufactured at Ardoyne. There is a national school in connexion with the manufactory, attended by about eighty children. The workmen support a library, and have recently established among themselves a Society for Mutual Improvement. The wages vary from 12s. to 25s. per week, the greater number earning £1 and upwards.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the arrangements of this establishment: a finer, more healthy-looking, or more intelligent set of men, it would be very difficult to find together in any factory in the kingdom. They were evidently not the mere machines



which mechanics are generally represented to be; but workmen who brought to their labour reflection and thought—the result of a sound and good education, which so few of the humbler classes of “the north” are without—vying in mental cultivation with any district of Scotland.

<sup>35</sup> Tradition attributes the origin of the famous cognisance of the O’Neils—the red hand—to the following circumstance:—In an ancient expedition for the conquest of Ireland, the leader of it declared that whoever of his followers first touched the shore should possess the territory. One of them, the founder of the race who supplied Ulster with kings for centuries, coveting the reward, and seeing that another boat was likely to reach the land before him, seized an axe, and with it cut off his left hand, which he flung on shore, and so was the first to “touch” it. Hence a sinister hand, gules, became the armorial ensign of the province. The present peer is unmarried, and we understand is “the last of his line.” Of the O’Neils there are, of course, many collateral branches, some occupying high places, others only “hewers of stone and drawers of water;” but *the* O’Neil has but one representative, and he is not likely to leave a successor. A head carved in stone is pointed out upon one of the walls of the ruined castle, concerning which there is a tradition that when it falls the race will be extinct. It is already loosened and tottering. Any attempt at a history of the family is out of the question; a mere outline of it would occupy a volume: but in treating of the North, it is impossible to avoid the frequent introduction of the name:—

“Oh! quench’d are our beacon lights—  
 Thou of the hundred fights!  
 Thou on whose burning tongue  
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung!  
 Both mute; but long as valour shineth,  
 Or mercy’s soul at war repineth,  
 So long shall Erin’s pride  
 Tell how they lived and died.”

<sup>36</sup> We borrow an eloquent passage from an interesting paper, by Robert Patterson, Esq.:—

“It fills one with melancholy ideas of departed grandeur. Where the stately pile has gradually crumbled beneath the touch of time—where the foxglove, the moss, the lichen, the thistle, the long luxuriant grass, and the ever-verdant ivy,

Group their wild hulls with every strain  
The weather-beaten walls retain,

the moralist may find a pleasing object of contemplation—the painter a glowing subject for his pencil: but here, where the ruin is not sufficiently old for this—where time has not wrought the fall—where the white walls, stained occasionally by the dark smoke-wreaths, alone meet the eye—one cannot but deplore the untimely ruin of the noble and venerable palace. Some slips of ivy have been planted about it; but as yet the cultivated spots around render only more striking the ruined mass in the centre.”

<sup>37</sup> The literal meaning of the word is, “a female fairy,” or spirit; and she was supposed to come always for the purpose of forewarning death, which she did by melancholy wailings. Most of the old families in Ireland were believed to have one of these spirits attending on them. The Banshee sometimes appears in the form of a young and beautiful woman arrayed in white; but more frequently as a frightful hag, and often as a mere “*vox et præterea nihil*,” as invisible and elusive as Echo. Night was the season generally chosen by the Banshee for her visits, as an ancient bard describes her thus:—

“The Banshee mournful wails;  
In the midst of the silent lonely night,  
Plaintive she sings the song of death.”

But she was sometimes supposed to be heard at noon, “when mid-day is silent around;” and then the voices of several of them were often heard together, coming on the ear like—

“Aëry tongues, that syllable men’s names  
On sand, and shore, and desert wilderness.”

On these occasions they were not always considered an omen of evil, for we find Ossian (in a poem in Irish) enumerating among the sounds that Finn delighted to hear, the “slow-calling sounds” of these aerial voices. She is called *Banshi*, fairy woman; more properly *woman of peace*, to distinguish her from the fairy of the other sex, the *fearshi* or *shifra*, the fairy man of peace. The Banshee is not like the sylph, or such creations—a being of a different order from man. She is the spirit of some mortal woman, whose destinies become linked by some accident with those of the family she follows. Thus the Banshee of the princely family of the O’Briens of Thomond is said to be a woman who

had been seduced by some one of the chiefs of that race, and whose indiscretion brought upon her misfortune and death. But like the *Δαιμονες* of the ancients, some of them were believed to have been always disembodied.

Maobh (the Mab of Shakspeare), pronounced Maov, is the queen of the Irish sidhe or fairies. Maoveen (the little Mab) is the name of the O'Neil Banshee.

Vallancy translates Banshee as "the angel of death, or separation;" Lady Morgan, less correctly but more poetically, renders it "the white lady of sorrow;" and calls her the *madre di dolore* of Irish faith.

Carden reports that the same appearances are associated with the ancient families of Italy, and some of the princely houses of Germany.

The word *beaṛ-ṛṛṣ* corresponds very much to the *Pari Banou* of the Arabian Nights: its ideal meaning is "a nymph of the air."

<sup>38</sup> Of the advent of the Banshee, in the morning, we have heard of only one instance, which we shall relate:—On the morning of the 25th of September, 1818, Mrs. R., a native of Thomastown, in the county of Tipperary, residing in Clonmel, arose somewhat earlier than usual, and went down stairs into an office situate inside the hall. She had not been there long when she distinctly heard, outside in the hall, a low and plaintive wail, and as plainly distinguished the step, motion, and shadow of a woman. The wail was repeated three times, and then all was silent. Mrs. R. now went out into the hall; but although there was sufficient light, she could see no one. This alarmed her, as all her family and servants were buried in sleep, and all the doors were fast. She unlocked the hall-door, and looked out into the street; but all was still and deserted—not a mouse stirring. She clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh, I know that one of my relations is dead." She remained some time at the door wrapped in mournful thought, when her attention was attracted by the approach of a servant of Mrs. W., a *near relative of hers*. "Oh, what brings you here at this early hour?" exclaimed Mrs. R., running to meet her. "Bad news enough, ma'am," replied the servant; "my mistress died a few minutes ago." We find the appearance of the Banshee at morning alluded to in an ancient Irish poem: the following is a translation of the passage:—"Hast thou heard the Benshee at morn, passing by the silent lake, or walking the field by the orchard? Alas! that I do not rather behold white garlands in the hall of thy fathers!"



<sup>39</sup> The "new people" are, of course, free from the attendance of the Banshee. At Dingle, in the county of Kerry, a number of persons being on some occasion assembled, either for revel or business, their proceedings were suddenly interrupted by "the cry." Among them were some merchants, who began to fear each for himself. Some witty bard, however, who either was present, or was informed of the circumstance, wrote the following lines, which may still be heard in the mouths of some of the peasantry in Munster:—

An sa Daingoin nuar neartaídh an bronghol,  
Do glac eagla ceannuidhthe an cnosaiceig,  
Na thaov fein nir vaogal doibhsin,  
Ní caoinid mna shi an sortsan.

In Dingle when the cry of sorrow rose,  
Fear smote the merchants of the company;  
No cause had they to tremble for themselves,  
For such no Banshi lifts the mournful wail.

One of the O'Sullivans, a day-labourer, known in the neighbourhood as "the prince," was ill. A gentleman—from whom he heard the anecdote—meeting a peasant, asked if the poor man was dead, and received this answer: "No, sir, he is not dead; but he soon will be. We heard the voice last night, and the neighbours came in this morning."

The old schoolmaster at Bantry, to whom we have elsewhere referred, told us this, of one of the Mac Carthys. "My father's family," said he, "were ill of 'the sickness,'"—so the fever is commonly called,— "his neighbour, a poor widow, one Mac Carthy, had her son sick also; my father went to her and begged her not to screech when the life left the boy, for fear of frightening my mother. She promised that with God's help she wouldn't. Well, at midnight we heard a scream—a loud, and sorrowful, and awful scream: we all heard it; and my father went out to complain to the widow that she had broken her word. He found her at home: she said her son was dead, but she hadn't crossed the door-way, keeping the grief in her heart. So he went homewards, and again he heard the voice; and he followed it for above a mile: and at last it left him at the north end of a stream."

<sup>40</sup> A very *recent* account of a Banshee was communicated to us by a lady, on whose veracity we place every reliance, though, of

course, we carefully conceal names and places. Her account is, that as she sat with her mother, a few days previously to her death, they both distinctly heard, towards evening, a low mournful wail at the window, resembling the moaning of the wind; whereupon the mother said to her daughter, "Do you hear that?" "Oh, mamma," replied the daughter, "it is only the wind." "Ah, no," exclaimed the mother, "it is the sure messenger that always comes for our family." Her death took place a few days after; and, amidst the deep silence which prevailed as she was dying, the same wail was heard. All her family were at the time around her, with the exception of one who was in the parlour with a gentleman. The latter, on hearing the sound, which appeared to him like a song in the kitchen, rushed into it and said to the servants, angrily, "Is it possible you are singing and your mistress dying?" They answered, "It would be far from us to sing and our beloved mistress dying; but don't you hear the Banshee come for her?" The gentleman, believing this to be an excuse, seized a candle and ran up the walk of a small garden adjoining the house. On reaching the top of the walk, he could see nothing, but still heard the same beautiful and unearthly music. He continued to listen until it ceased, which was (as he afterwards found) just as the old lady drew her last breath. He returned to the servants and said, "Well, what I never credited I have heard and believe now." The gentleman afterwards repeated this story at several parties.

Another story was related to us very circumstantially:—Waterford, before the Union, was the chief emporium of the Newfoundland trade, and many an anxious wife and mother looked forward to the fall of the year for the return of their husbands and sons. Two families of the name of Power were distantly related in blood and closely in affinity, the only son of the one having married the only daughter of the other, so that the entire hope of both rested on the issue of this marriage. Young Power was brought up to the Newfoundland trade, and went out as master of a brig called the *Betsey* of Waterford, of which he was also part owner. In two former voyages he was very prosperous, and, after going to market, returned to his joyful family, as the common phrase went, rolling in riches; and the expected results of the present trip were looked to as sufficient to give him an opportunity of settling at home in some lucrative business, pursuing which he might enjoy the pleasures of domestic comfort, without the painful separations and racking fears that severe changes of weather bring contin-

ually to the minds of the sailor's family. A short time before the arrival of the first Newfoundland trader the anxious wife was disturbed several successive nights by strange noises in her bedroom; and once or twice she was crossed in the passage to her room by a light shadowy figure of indistinct perceptibility, and many of the neighbours said they had heard dismal wailings round the house, though they were never heard by any of the inmates; and it was generally whispered that something very heavy hung over the family. One night while in that state when the heaviness of sleep is creeping over the senses, but leaves them still capable of perception, she was startled by the figure of a man leaning over her in the bed. She started up; the figure receded and passed out at the door which she had locked previously to her going to rest. She started out of bed, and, with a courage she could no way account for, followed the intruder to the door, which she found locked as she had left it. Her father and mother slept in the adjoining room, and she resolved to arouse them; but on opening the door she saw a female figure with long dishevelled hair, and wrapped in a shroud or winding-sheet, sitting at the back window, who uttered three long and dismal cries of lamentation, and disappeared. Her horror was indescribable; she had power sufficient to enter the room of her parents, and fainted away. Being far advanced in pregnancy, she was taken in premature labour, and herself and infant fell victims to her fright. She survived long enough to be sensible of the loss of her husband, the Betsey having foundered off the coast of Dungarvan, where he, with two more of the crew, perished.

The following anecdote was given us by a peasant woman, of the class called *decent*. She solemnly assured us of its truth. When a little girl, her father and mother had gone out to a wake, and left her, along with her younger sisters and brothers, in care of the house. They were all, four or five in number, gathered round the fire. Suddenly, they heard a melancholy cry, as of a woman approaching the house. They ran to the door, supposing it might be the daughter of the deceased person, who was coming to borrow something for the wake; but, to their great dismay, saw no one, though they still heard the cry, passing as it were by them, and down along on their right. Upon their father's return they told him what had occurred. "Don't mind, girls," said he; "perhaps the person whom that cry lamented is not one of us, or it may be that he is far away." In a fortnight after they received intelligence from London that an uncle of theirs, a physi-



cian, had died there on the very night they had heard the Banshee cry. They were Mac Carthys by the father's side, and O'Sullivan by the mother's.

It is also one of the superstitions that the spirits of the deceased are often permitted to come on earth in numbers, and lament, along with the living, those friends whose ashes are about to be gathered to their order. Hence, on such occasions as wakes, the cry of voices is said to be often heard abroad in lamentation.

Another idea is, that the spirits in the middle state preparatory for heaven are placed on this earth, suffering different degrees and kinds of punishment, according to the character of their guilt—some freezing in rivers, others shivering on bleak hills, &c. This superstition is alluded to in one of the grandest of the Irish Melodies:—

“Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the light you give  
From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live;  
    Why leave you thus your graves,  
    In far-off fields and waves,  
Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,  
    To haunt this spot where all  
    Those eyes that wept your fall,  
And the hearts that bewail'd you, like your own, lie dead?

“It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan;  
It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone:  
    But oh! thus, even in death,  
    So sweet is still the breath  
Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wander'd o'er,  
    That ere condemn'd we go  
    To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,  
We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more!”

<sup>41</sup> The keen of this unhappy woman is still preserved by the peasantry; we received the following literal translation of it from the gentleman who furnished us with the anecdote.

My love, my love, and my treasure,  
Many a day have you and I spent  
Beneath the shade of yonder tree,  
Thy fair head on my lap.  
Sweetly didst thou kiss me;  
And it was not a kiss without love

That thou didst press upon my lips:  
But, woe is me! women believe not men,  
There is so much deceit and falsehood.

My love, my love, and my treasure,  
Did I but know then  
Half what I do know now,  
I would plough with thee the hills,  
I would swim with thee the seas,  
Though my kindred might upbraid me,  
But what were that to me,  
If he who loved me were mine?

Beloved of my bosom,<sup>42</sup>  
Thy heart found no repose,  
When my story was told thee  
That I was the bride of another—  
Yet, Heaven knows, the only Son knows,  
That I would prefer thee  
To all the gold of Erin—  
To young oxen on the hills,  
And to him with all his herds.  
And the only Son knows  
That I will never lay beside him  
My right side nor my left.

<sup>42</sup> Lough Neagh is the largest lake in Great Britain, and is exceeded in size by few in Europe. It is formed by the confluence of the Blackwater, the Upper Bann, and five other rivers. The only outlet is the Lower Bann. It is about twenty miles in length, from north-east to south-west; about twelve miles in breadth, from east to west; eighty miles in circumference, and comprises about 154 square miles; its greatest depth in the middle is forty-five feet. According to the Ordnance Survey, it is forty-eight feet above the level of the sea at low water; and contains 98,255½ statute acres, of which 50,025 are in Antrim; 27,355½ in Tyrone; 15,556½ in Armagh; 5,160 in Londonderry; and 138 in Down. From its height above the level of the sea, and other circumstances, serious plans have been proposed for draining the lake—or rather a considerable portion of it; hitherto, however, without effect. It has often been matter of surprise to visitors, that so fine a sheet of water has so little of the picturesque about it; but this is accounted for by the total absence of mountains. The Slievegallion chain in Tyrone, and the Belfast mountains in Antrim, are both at a considerable

distance from its shores; and it contains only two or three small islands, which are merely the extremities of elevated ridges. It has not the slightest appearance of having ever been the crater of a volcano, as some have supposed. The Lough Neagh pebbles are well known, and are still numerous, though gathered in large quantities. Most of them are calcedony, cornelian, opal, or quartz.

<sup>43</sup> Mr. Bunting classes the air referred to among the most ancient of the Irish melodies, "although now linked with English words." The air is exceedingly touching and beautiful. We heard the words sung more than once during our stay upon the shores of Lough Neagh:—

"It's pretty to be in Ballinderry,  
It's pretty to be in Aghalee,  
It's prettier to be in bonny Ram Island,  
Sitting under an ivy tree.  
Och hone, Och hone, Och hone!"

<sup>44</sup> We may content ourselves with quoting the most ancient. The following passage we extract from Caxton's "History of England, Wales, and Scotland, and Ireland, fynyshe and empynted at Westminstre by me, Wynkene de Worde, the yere of oure Lorde A. mcccc and four score and xvii.:"—"There is a Lake in Ulster and moche fysshe therein, whiche is xxx myles in lengthe and xv in brede. The Riuer Ban runneth out of the Lake into the North Ocean, and men say that this Lake began in this manner—there were men in this contre that were of evyle lyvinge. . . . and there was a wele in ye lande in grete reuerence of olde tyme and always couered, and yf it were left uncouered ye wele wolde ryse and drowne all the lande, and so id haped yd a woman wente to ye wele for to fetche water, and hyed her fasd to her childe yd wepd in ye cradele, and left ye wele uncouered—then ye wele sprynged so fastly yd drowned ye woman and her childe and made all ye contre a lake and fysshe ponde. For to prove this, it is a grete argument that when the weder is clere fysshers of ye water see in ye grounde under ye water rounde toweres and hyghe shapen steeples and churches of yd land." . . .

<sup>45</sup> Dubourdieu, in his Survey of Antrim, thus refers to the subject:—"Of petrifications the most numerous class is composed of portions of trees, sometimes of the stems, but oftener of the roots, which to the eye appear in their natural state, but upon being examined they are found to consist, some entirely of stone, and others only partially so: these substances are of different magnitudes,



some as heavy as many hundreds in weight, and others much smaller; in many instances holly appears to have been the basis of this transformation; but the greater part of those which have come under my observation have more the appearance of oak, and at first sight bear a strong resemblance to the remains of that wood so frequently dug out of turf-bogs. This petrifying quality of Lough Neagh, or of the soil around and under it, has been long known, but the difficulty of accounting for it has long been the cause of doubting its existence entirely, supposing that nature had formed these stony substances so strongly resembling wood, as they now are, and that no change had been undergone; but when we come to consider how the petrifying process may have been accomplished, and that wood is capable of undergoing it, and then examine the specimens, little doubt can be entertained of its reality." Since the survey of Dubourdieu was written (1812) science has arrived at very opposite conclusions. We insert Dubourdieu's view as a contrast to the one that follows.

<sup>46</sup> In one of the Lectures on Natural Philosophy, delivered in Dublin in 1757, by Richard Barton, B.D., it is stated that "a petrifaction was found one mile from the mouth of the Crumlin River; it was 700 lbs. weight; it is entirely stone, without any wood within it; it was found under a bank six feet high, almost buried in gravel raised three feet above the surface of the river. When the water was low, it appeared like the stump of an old tree; it had neither roots nor branches."

<sup>47</sup> The following is an abstract of part of an able paper, by Dr. Scouler of Dublin, on the lignites and silicified woods of Lough Neagh, published in the Dublin Geological Journal, vol. i., part 3:—"The fossil woods are found in various places along the northern, eastern, and southern margins of the lake. They occur in two varieties of position. In the first, they are associated with beds of clay, and lignite or wood coal, often used for fuel when peat is scarce. In the second, they appear nearer the surface in accumulations of clay and gravel. In the former position their forms are angular; they are of a dark colour and very like the lignite—and layers of wood do actually exist amid the silicious substance: they are generally coated with minute, but perfect, crystals of quartz, and with calcedony. From these facts it is unlikely they were ever transported or exposed to attrition; they were most likely petrified in the situation they now occupy. In the second position, among the alluvium of the surface, the forms are rounded and worn, of a looser texture, from the loss of the woody matter, and of a white colour; hence the notion that they are petrified holly.

The specimens white externally are black when broken, and a black specimen is whitened by burning.

"The fossil wood, got in the interior to the distance of three and four miles, is in these alluvial accumulations; its origin we must plainly refer to the clay and lignite beds which are on the shores of the lake, and which extend also beneath its waters, at a considerable depth.

"There is no evidence that the waters of Lough Neagh do now possess, or have ever possessed, within the historic period, the power of converting wood into stone—that is, of dissolving silex, so that when the wood is removed its place shall be supplied by particles of silex deposited from the solution. All evidence is to the contrary. Pieces of wood put into the water for experiments have not been in the least petrified; and a canoe, of extremely ancient construction, such as could only have been made in the infancy of civilisation, was raised, some years since, from beneath the waters, perfectly unaltered. Besides, the fossil wood is found only in particular localities. Its origin must, therefore, be referred to some remote era of geological time. Dr. Lindley considers the wood to be either the common fir, *Pinus Abies*, or the Weymouth pine, *P. Strobus*."

<sup>48</sup> Francis Nevil, Esq., in a letter to the Bishop of Clogher, dated Belturbet, February 12, 1712-13, thus comments upon this subject:—"That there is some healing quality in the water of this Lough is certain, but whether diffused through all parts thereof is not known nor pretended. There is a certain bay in it called the *Fishing-bay*, which is about half a mile broad: it is bounded by the school-lands of *Dungannon*, hath a fine sandy bottom, not a pebble in it, so that one may walk with safety and ease from the depth of his ancle to his chin, upon an easy declivity, at least one hundred yards before a man shall come to that depth. I have been in it several times, when multitudes have been there, and at other times, and I have always observed that as I have walked the bottom has changed from cold to warm and from warm to cold, and this in different spots through the bay. Several have made the same observation. The first occasion of taking notice of this bay for cure happened to be not longer ago than the reign of King Charles II., and was thus:—There was one Mr. Cunningham, that lived within a few miles of the place, who had an only son grown to man's estate. This young man had the evil to that degree that it run upon him in eight or ten places: he had been touched by the king, and all means imaginable used for his recovery; but all did no good, and his body was so wasted that he could not walk. When all hopes

of his recovery were past, he was carried to the Lough, where he was washed and bathed; and in eight days' time, bathing each day, all the sores were dried up, and he became cured, and grew very healthy, married, had children, and lived nine or ten years after. This account I had from Captain Morris and his brother, who were eye-witnesses, and at whose house the young man lay while he continued to bathe there. After so remarkable a cure, many came there who had running sores upon them, and were cured after a little time. The natives thought it could not do well but upon some particular time appropriated for that service, and now great crowds come there on *Midsummer-Eve*, of all sorts of sick; and sick cattle are brought there likewise, and driven into the water for their cure, and people do believe they receive benefit. I know it dries up running sores, and cures the rheumatism, but not with once bathing, as people now use it; and the drinking the water, I am told, will stop the flux. I look upon it to be one of the pleasantest bathing-places I ever saw." In the old statistical and civil Survey of Down, it is said, "the sanative powers of the lake must have been known at a much earlier period than has been here assigned, though it might, in a long tract of time, have fallen into disuse, and be neglected and forgotten. The very name of the lake seems to hint at this quality—*NEASG* and *NEAS*, in Irish signifying an ulcer or sore."

<sup>49</sup> Some idea may be formed of the mode adopted for "curbing the Irish" by the following. Leland, in his History of Ireland, quotes an Irish manuscript, which states that, "Anno 1574, a solemn peace and concord was made between the Earl of Essex and Felim O'Neill. However, at a feast, wherein the earl entertained that chieftain, and at the end of their good cheer, O'Neill and his wife were seized; their friends who attended were put to the sword before their faces; Felim, together with his wife and brother, were conveyed to Dublin, where they were *cut up in quarters*." Curry, in his Review of the Civil Wars in Ireland, has the following notice on this subject, which he says is copied from an Irish manuscript in Trinity College, Dublin; perhaps the same to which Leland refers:—"Walter, Earl of Essex, on the conclusion of a peace, invited Bryan O'Nial, of Clondeboy, with a great number of his relations, to an entertainment, where they lived together in great harmony, making good cheer for three days and nights; when, on a sudden, O'Nial was surprised with an arrest, together with his brother and wife, by the earl's order. His friends were put to the sword before his face, nor were the women and children spared: he was himself, with his brother and wife, sent



to Dublin, where they were cut in quarters." Although such accounts are to be received with caution, they are not opposed to authorised and undoubted statements of butcheries equally opposed to justice, policy, and mercy. The "English enemies" were, of course, subjected to the wild vengeance of the mere Irish, and their Scotch allies. In 1597 Sir John Chichester fell into an ambuscade near the town, was taken prisoner by James Sorley Mac Donnell, and beheaded "on a stone near the Glyn." According to Lodge, "In the following reign, Mac Donnell having obtained his pardon, and being in Carrickfergus, went to see the family monument of the Chichesters, in St. Nicholas' church; and seeing the effigy of Sir John Chichester, asked, "how the de'il he cam to get his head again? for he was sure he had *anes* ta'en it frae him."

<sup>50</sup> The history of Thurot is curious and interesting. Some particulars of it are given in the "Gentleman's Magazine," the "Annual Register," in the Journal of John Wesley (who visited Carrickfergus soon after "the Invasion"), and by Mr. M'Skimin, in his published account of the town. Thurot was a Frenchman by birth, having been born at Boulogne; but his paternal grandfather was an Irishman, named Farrell, an officer in the army of James II. His father, born also at Boulogne, took the name of Thurot—the name of his mother's family. Having become acquainted with "one Farrell," an Irish smuggler, he was induced to send his son—afterwards "the Commodore"—to Ireland, to "inquire about his relatives," who were supposed to be living near Limerick. The boy quarrelled with the captain on the voyage, left him at the Isle of Man, and "hired himself to a merchant at Anglesea"—in one of whose vessels he "went out" as a smuggler. This "profession" he pursued for some years with varied success; but appears to have been, for about a year, in the service of the Antrim family; and also, for about two years, in that of a Lord B—. He returned, however, to his old trade; but was at length arrested at Boulogne, and sent for trial to Paris. Here, through the interference of M. Tallard, the son of his godmother, he not only obtained his liberty, but the command of a sloop of war; and as his services were likely to prove of value, in consequence of his intimate knowledge of the coast of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he was selected, in 1759, to command a squadron designed for the invasion of the latter country. He arrived off Carrickfergus on the 21st of February, 1760, with the Belleisle 44 guns, La Blonde 32, and the Terpsichore 24, and immediately landed between 700 and 800 men to attack the town; the castle was ill garrisoned; both, however, made some defence, and ultimately

surrendered. Mr. M'Skimin relates, on the authority of an "old inhabitant," a striking anecdote connected with the siege:—"As the enemy advanced up High Street, the following circumstance took place, which we record, as perhaps an unequalled instance of heroism and humanity: the parties being engaged and the English retreating, Thomas Seeds, a child, son of John Seeds, sheriff, ran playfully between them; which being observed by the French officer who commanded the advanced division, he took up the child, ran with it to the nearest door, which happened to be its father's, and immediately returning, resumed his hostilities." The generous officer was, unfortunately, killed. On forcing one of the gates of the castle, he was the first who entered; at which time he was observed to kiss a miniature picture that he took from his bosom. He fell between the two gates. He is said to have been of a noble family, by name D'Esterre; and is described to have been a remarkably fine-looking man.

<sup>51</sup> One of the most remarkable is to the memory of Sir Arthur Chichester. It is a huge and stately work, composed of marble and alabaster—elaborately carved, and loaded with ornament. Near the base are large tablets of black marble, with the following inscription:—

#### SACRED TO GOD AND ETERNAL MEMORIE.

SR ARTHUR CHICHESTER KNIGHT BARON OF BELFAST, LO.  
HIGH TREASVRER OF IRELAND GOVERNOR OF THIS TOWNE &  
OF THE COVNTIES ADJOINING, DESCENDED OF THE AVNCIENT  
& NOBLE Hovse OF THE CHICHESTROS IN THE CVNTIE  
OF DEVON, SONNE OF SIR JOHN CHICHESTER OF RALEICHE KT.  
& OF HIS WIFE GARTRVD COVRTNEY GRAND CHILD OF SR EDWD.  
CHICHESTOR & OF HIS WIFE ELIZABETH DAUGHTER OF JOHN  
BOVRGCHEIR EARL OF BATH. AFTER THE FLIGHT  
OF THE EARLS OF TIRON & TERCONNEL  
& OTHER ARCH TRAYTORS THEIR ACCOMPLICE  
HAVING SUPPRESSED O DOUGHERTIE AND OTHER NORTHERN REBELS  
& SETTLED THE PLANTACON OF THIS PROVINCE & WELL &  
HAPPILY GOVERNED THIS KINGDOME IN FLOVERISHING ESTATE  
VNDER JAMES OVR KING THE SPACE OF 11 YEARE  
& MORE, WHILST HE WAS LD DEPETIE & GOVERNOR  
THEIROF, RETYRED HIMSELF INTO HIS PRIVATE GOVERNMENT  
& BEING MINDEVL OF HIS MORTALITIE REPRESENTED VNTO  
HIM BY THE VNTIMELY DEATH OF ARTHVR HIS SONNE THE  
ONLY HOPE OF HIS Hovse, WHO LIVED NOT FVLL 2 MONTHS

AFTER HIS BIRTH, AS ALLSOE OF HIS NOBLE AND VALIANT BROTHER  
 SR JOHN CHICHESTER KNIGHT, LATE SERJEANT MAIOR OF THE  
 ARMYE IN THIS KINGDOME & THE PRACEDENT GOVERNOVE  
 OF THIS TOWNE, HATH CAUSED THIS CHAPPELL TO BE REPAIRED  
 & THIS VALT & MONVMENT TO BE MADE AND ERECTED AS  
 WELL IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEM WHOSE STATVES ARE EXPRESSED  
 & THEIR BODYES INTERRED, &C.

<sup>52</sup> One of the most singular customs of the inhabitants endured to a comparatively recent period; so lately as 1574, the town records contain this remarkable "order and agreement:"—"October, 1574, ordered and agreeed by the hole Court, that all manner of skolds, which shal be openly detected of skolding or evill wordes in manner of skolding, and for the same shal be condemned before Mr. Maior and his brethren, shal be drawne at the sterne of a boate in the water from the ende of the Peare rounde about the Queenes majesties Castell in manner of ducking; and after, when a cage shal be made, the party so condemned for a skold shal be therein punished at the discretion of the Maior.' It appears that a cage was got soon after, and delinquents punished in the manner noticed; and that regular lists were kept of all scolds, and their names laid before the grand juries. The cage, or ducking-stool, stood on the quay; in a deed granted to John Davys, July 6th, 1671, is the following notice of it:—"One small plot of land or house-stead, situated upon the Key, on the north-east, adjoining to the *Ducking-stool*, on said Key, now standing.'

<sup>53</sup> There is also an inland road to Larne through "the commons" of Carrickfergus, passing Lough Mourne, over the mountains, through the sequestered little village of Glenoe, beautifully situated in a deep valley, richly planted, and containing a graceful waterfall. This road, although two miles shorter than the coach road, is seldom used, part of it being very rugged and steep, and the descent into Glenoe being all but impracticable for ordinary conveyances. The land in this direction, and to the extent of a few miles towards the north-west, being mountainous, and, for the most part, of an inferior quality (although in some intermediate little districts where there is a bottom of limestone the quality is good), it is occupied by a poorer and less comfortable class of farmers than are found in the surrounding country. "Glenoe" is in the parish of "Ralloo," the property of Viscount Dungannon. A new church is building beside the waterfall, endowed by Lord Dungannon, and erected by the "Church Accommodation Society" of Down and Connor, a society called into existence within the last



five years by the energy of the bishop and clergy of these united dioceses; by whose subscriptions, and donations of the noblemen and gentry of the counties Down and Antrim, a large sum (we believe nearly £30,000) is expended in the erection of suitable churches, where they are much called for throughout these two counties; ten or twelve have been already erected. After passing Glenoe, the appearance of the county improves towards Larne—distant four miles. The sea, the coast of Scotland, and harbour of Larne, with Olderfleet Castle at the point of the Curraan, is seen from the highest parts of the road as it proceeds and enters Larne, passing the small village of Inver. The view is of surpassing magnificence and beauty—Larne Lough, Island Magee, Glynn, the headlands along the coast, the Maiden Lights, the coast of Ayrshire, Ailsa Craig, &c., are all taken in at a glance.

A curious legend is attached to Lough Mourne. In old times it was a large and populous town; but not, it would seem, "given to hospitality." An aged pilgrim arrived there late one night, and demanded food and shelter; both were, strange to say, refused him; upon which he quitted the place, shook the dust from off his feet, and warned the inhabitants that their town would, at day-break, be sunk beneath the waters. He then ascended a neighbouring hill to await the fulfilment of his prophecy. As the sun rose, the valley sank; and very soon the waves of a Lough rolled above the houses and towers.

<sup>54</sup> Dr. Swift received this preferment from Lord Capel; and resigned it (according to Lord Orrery) because "it was not sufficiently considerable, and was at so great a distance from the metropolis, that it absolutely deprived him of that kind of conversation and society in which he delighted. He had been used to very different scenes in England, and had naturally an aversion to solitude and retirement. He was glad, therefore, to resign his prebend in favour of a friend, and return to Sheen." Sir Walter Scott relates, that while Swift was deliberating whether to retain his living or return to England, he met a poor curate with a large family, and, without communicating his design, obtained for him a grant of the living. "When he gave the presentation to the poor clergyman, he kept his eye steadily fixed on the old man's face, which, at first, only expressed pleasure at finding himself preferred to a living; but when he found that it was that of his benefactor, who had resigned in his favour, his joy assumed so touching an expression of surprise and gratitude, that Swift, himself deeply affected, declared he had never experienced so much pleasure as at that moment. The poor clergyman, at Swift's departure, pressed

upon him his black mare, which he did not choose to hurt him by refusing; and thus mounted, for the first time, on a horse of his own, with fourscore pounds in his purse, Swift again embarked for England, and resumed his situation at Moor-park, as Sir William Temple's confidential secretary."

<sup>55</sup> An inscription inserted in the wall narrates at great length the date of the "eminent minister, Mr. Edward Brice," commencing to preach the gospel in that parish, 1613; his death, 1636; that he had two sons; that his son, Robert, acquired considerable property, and that "Randall," son of Robert, died Member of Parliament for Lisburn, in 1697. On a second tombstone are recorded the deaths of their successors, down to the present century. Mr. Edward Bruce, of Scoutbush, near Carrickfergus, whose property is at Kilroot, is a lineal descendant. The name was changed a few years ago from Brice to Bruce, which is supposed to have been the original name of the *Brice* family.

<sup>56</sup> The tenantry are all of one class, no gentry holding any one of the land or residing in the place; there is no glebe or house for the clergyman, or fixed or suitable dwelling for the Presbyterian ministers; although the houses of the tenantry are, in general, commodious and good. A large proportion of the people are "seafaring in coal, lime, and grain, with the coasts of Scotland and England. Among the customs pre-eminent in Island Magee, is that of assistance given to any farmer on his first occupancy of a farm, in labour, by ploughing his entire farm in one day—harrowing and sowing it; and also in cases of emergency or distress, such assistance is cheerfully yielded by the neighbourhood turning out in great force. To the clergy of all denominations aid is also given uniformly under the same circumstances; so much so, that in some districts it is an annually-recurring observance. In Island Magee there is also a system of co-operation in agricultural labour well worthy of notice, namely, that of "neighbouring" as it is called, which is carried to a much greater extent there than in any other place. From the largest to the smallest farmer, this habit is, more or less, observed, and to such an extent, that at harvest or at other seasons of brisk labour, very few hired daily-paid labourers are employed in the place. The servants (hired by the half year) of one farmer, together with the family, work on the farm of another person, on the occasions of ploughing, setting potatoes, and at harvest, in conjunction with the master, family, and servants of the other farm, who in return co-operate with horse labour, and in every labour. And thus matters are briskly pressed forward over the peninsula. But it would appear that the small holders who

have not horses are the most benefited by this custom. It may be inconvenient to them to pay for ploughing their farms; they therefore have them ploughed by a neighbour, to whom in return they yield labour, most frequently at the time of harvest, in this proportion, viz., for a day's ploughing with two horses they give eight days' work of man or woman. This principle of "neighbouring" has been found from long observance most beneficial, and has a great tendency to maintain good and kind feeling in a country community. The inhabitants of the Island Magee are greatly attached to it, and rarely leave it to fix in any other part of the country. The price at which they buy land from one another (that is to say, the transfer of a few acres under the landlord's lease, let at a reasonable value by him) is enormous, *frequently* exceeding £20 per acre, and seldom under it; in other words, if a farmer wants money, he sells his interest in five acres (for which he pays £1. 10s. per acre) to a neighbour for £120; and this excessive sum is invariably paid, frequently by a large farmer who wishes to increase his farm, and occasionally by a tradesman who requires ground for the convenience of his family.

<sup>57</sup> In Brown's Bay, which is beautifully situated in the northern extremity, there is a large "Rocking Stone" on the sea-side. This bay is named after women called "Brown," reported to have been witches who frequented the bay at night to celebrate their orgies. So late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, four women from Island Magee were tried for witchcraft and sentenced for punishment (as being guilty) to confinement and exposure in the pillory. The house is still standing and inhabited in which these women are said to have exercised their "craft."

As this trial was the latest held in Ireland for "witchcraft," the reader will be interested in perusing a somewhat circumstantial account of it, which we condense from the pages of Mac Skimin's "History of Carrickfergus." The trial took place at Carrickfergus, on the 31st of March, 1711. Eight old women were charged with the alleged crime of tormenting a young woman, named Mary Dunbar, aged 18 years, at the house of James Hattridge, Island Magee, and at other places. The circumstances sworn to at the trial were these:—The afflicted person being, in the month of February, 1711, in the house of James Hattridge, Island Magee (which had been for some time believed to be haunted by evil spirits), found an apron on the parlour floor, that had been missing some time, tied with *five strange knots*, which she loosened. On the following day she was suddenly seized with a violent pain in her thigh, and afterwards fell into fits and ravings; and on recovering,



said she was tormented by several women, whose dress and personal appearance she minutely described. Shortly after, she was again seized with the like fits; and on recovering, she accused five other women of tormenting her, describing them also. The accused persons being brought from different parts of the country, she appeared to suffer extreme fear and additional torture, as they approached the house. It was also deposed, that strange noises, as of whistling, scratching, &c., were heard in the house, and that a sulphurous smell was observed in the rooms; that stones, turf, and the like, were thrown about the house, and the coverlets, &c., frequently taken off the beds, and made up in the shape of a corpse; and that a bolster once walked out of a room into the kitchen, with a night-gown about it! It likewise appeared in evidence, that in some of her fits, three strong men were scarcely able to hold her in the bed; that at times she threw up feathers, cotton yarn, pins, and buttons; and that on one occasion she slid off the bed, and was laid on the floor, as if supported and drawn by an invisible power. The afflicted person was unable to give any evidence on the trial, being during that time dumb; but had no violent fit during its continuance. In defence of the accused, it appeared that they were mostly sober, industrious people, who attended public worship, could repeat the Lord's Prayer, and had been known to pray both in public and private; and that some of them had lately received the communion. Judge Upton charged the jury, and observed on the regular attendance of the accused on public worship; remarking, that he thought it improbable that real witches could so far retain the form of religion as to frequent the religious worship of God, both publicly and privately, which had been proved in favour of the accused. He concluded by giving his opinion, 'that the jury could not bring them in guilty, upon the sole testimony of the afflicted person's visionary images.' He was followed by Justice Macartney, who differed from him in opinion, 'and thought the jury might, from the evidence, bring them in guilty;' which they accordingly did. The "people" appear to have been as shrewd and merciful as the judges; for it is recorded, that during the punishment of the pillory to which the unfortunate "witches" were subjected *four* times, in addition to twelve months' imprisonment, they were so "pelted" that one of them "had an eye beaten out."

<sup>58</sup> We gather the following from Mc Skimin's "History of Carrickfergus;" by whom it has been gleaned, principally from Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland:—In May, 1315, Lord Edward Bruce, having obtained the consent of the Scotch parliament, embarked

six thousand men at Ayr, and accompanied by the De Lacys, and many nobles of the Scotch nation, landed at Olderfleet, for the purpose of conquering Ireland from the English. Numbers of the Irish chiefs flocked to his standard; and having in a battle totally routed the Earl of Ulster, and slain and taken prisoners various of the Anglo-Norman nobles, he laid siege to Carrickfergus. During the progress of the siege, he had well-nigh been discomfited by the courage and desperation of the garrison. Thomas, lord Mandeville, who commanded, made a sally upon the Scotch army who were apprehending no danger, their only guard being sixty men under Neill Fleming, a man of great courage and address. He perceiving that the Scotch army would be surprised and probably routed, despatched a messenger to inform Bruce of his danger, and then with his sixty men threw himself in the way of the advancing English, crying out, "Now of a truth they will see how we can die for our lord!" His first onset checked the progress of the enemy, but receiving a mortal wound, he and his little party were cut to pieces. Mandeville, dividing his troops, endeavoured to surround the Scotch army; but was met in person by Bruce, who with his guards was hurrying forward. In front of Bruce's party was one Gilbert Harper, a man famed in the Scotch army for valour and strength, and he knowing Mandeville by the richness of his armour, rushed on him, and felled him to the ground with his battle-axe, and then Bruce despatched him with a knife. The loss of the English commander so disheartened the soldiers, that they fled back towards the castle; but those who remained in the garrison, seeing the Scots close behind, drew up the draw-bridge, leaving their comrades to the mercy of their enemies. Soon after the garrison agreed to surrender within a limited time, and on the appointed day, thirty Scots advanced to take possession of the place. But instead of surrendering, the garrison seized them as prisoners, declaring they would defend the place to the last extremity! And to a deplorable extremity they were at last reduced, for before they did surrender, it is said that the want of provisions made them devour the thirty Scotchmen whom they had treacherously taken prisoners! Bruce having secured Carrickfergus, advanced to Dublin, and came so near as Castleknock, within four miles of the city. But finding the citizens prepared for his reception, he entered the county of Kildare, and advanced near Limerick, laying waste the country by fire and sword. But having again to retreat northwards, he was attacked near Dundalk by Sir John Birmingham, was slain, and his army totally routed. King Robert Bruce afterwards arrived with a large army; but on

learning the fate of his brother, he returned to Scotland, and thus this unfortunate expedition, which had been originally undertaken, not for the good of Ireland, but to gratify the pride and rebellious spirit of an Anglo-Norman chieftain, left the country in a state of greater desolation than any former period of history records.

<sup>59</sup> We were somewhat startled to find the small coasting vessels laden with the lime, burnt; but learned that this has been rarely productive of danger, the voyage being short, and due care being taken to protect it from the water. The Larne coast is remarkable for fine herrings; and it surprised us to perceive fishermen "angling" for them with artificial flies—the fly being a very rude imitation of nature—nothing more, indeed, than one of the feathers of a sea-gull tied to a large and coarse hook.

<sup>60</sup> From the Second Report of the "Commissioners for the Extension and Improvement of Public Works in Ireland," we condense the following account of these "difficulties," and the manner in which they have been surmounted. The Report contains eight plans illustrative of several portions of the road, explanatory of its character, and of the modes by which these obstacles have been overcome.

This road "had two peculiar difficulties with which to contend; one, the necessity of conducting the road under a considerable extent of rock, some hundreds of feet in height, and with its base washed by the open sea; and the other, its passage along portions of very steep hills of moving clay banks. \* \* \*

"About 30,000 cubic yards of rock have been hurled down on the shore, and the road, 10 feet above the highest tides, has been floored partly upon the loose and partly upon the solid rock. This formation has been almost entirely produced by blasting." \* \* \*

"This part of the line has been subjected to some very violent storms, and has satisfactorily resisted the beating of heavy seas. The great difficulty was to effect the passage by bold and lofty slippery clay banks. Very large masses of detached rock, which were found strewn over the face of the bank, have been thrown down with the most studied arrangement, and in sufficient quantity to make good a flooring for the road from eighteen to twenty-one feet in width, and fifteen feet above high-water mark. This great mass of heavy material not only affords space for the road, but forms a complete resisting barrier to the progress of the foot of the banks into the sea. Since this has been effected, the tendency of this clayey substance has been to move



gradually over the road. To counteract this inconvenience, or, at least, to reduce it to a state admitting of a remedy easily applied by a little regular attention, it is proposed to construct a retaining wall, from the summit of which any gradual accumulations may be from time to time removed." To attain sufficient strength this method has been adopted:—"Very solid piers, deeply bedded into the bank, are formed of heavy rough blocks, at 30 feet distance asunder, to be connected by substantial walls, having a vertical curvilinear batter combined to an arched horizontal curve, to which the piers form the abutments; the whole founded on the immovable footing before described. The entire distance being also concave, affords a combination of resistance against the pressure that it is hoped will be sufficient for its support."

The Report adds, "Wherever a new road is constructed, flourishing farms at once spring up, and the carts of the countrymen (as has been forcibly expressed by one of our engineers) press on the heels of the roadmakers as the work advances. In Ireland, where agriculture affords the principal means of natural wealth, the opening of new districts by the construction of roads upon well-considered plans, gives to an accumulative source of productive industry an immense power and at little cost."

<sup>61</sup> "The slopes on the old road are one in four and one in five; it rises 675 feet above the sea."—Commissioners' Report.

<sup>62</sup> The Maidens, or *Hulins*, is a group of rocks, situated six miles N.E. by E. from Larne lighthouse. It consists of two large rocks and three small ones; the former are about twenty-five feet above high water, and have each a lighthouse, showing a fixed white light from eighty to ninety feet above the sea. The three small rocks lie a mile and a half to the northward of the lighthouses, and being but just uncovered at low water, are very dangerous, and have been the occasion of many wrecks. They are named the Russell, Allan, and Highland. The two large rocks, as well as the towers of the lighthouses, used to be kept white-washed, which rendered them so difficult to discern in hazy weather, that, at the suggestion of an officer who has been surveying the Irish Sea, that practice has been discontinued, and the towers are striped red and white.

The eastern Maiden has a dangerous reef, stretching three quarters of a mile to the S.S.W., and the centre rock of the northern group (the Allan) has also a reef lying to the S.S.E. from it. With these exceptions the Maidens are bald, and vessels may pass between them; but the tides run very strong about

and between them, and sailing-vessels are in danger of being carried upon them.

Before the lighthouses were built there were frequent wrecks upon these islands, and many other wrecks which have been cast on shore on various parts of the coast, and of which no account could be procured, are supposed to have been driven upon this dangerous group. In 1826 the *Alert* struck upon the *Russell*, and knocked her bottom out, so that the ballast and cargo fell through, and the weight of the mast brought the vessel upon her beam ends, in which state she was towed into *Larne*; and, upon examination, one of her unfortunate crew was found in his berth but just dead, with a spike-nail firmly grasped in his hand, with which he had been endeavouring to liberate himself from his place of confinement by trying to scrape a hole through the deck.

The water on the eastern side of the *Maidens* is very deep, especially near the northern group, where there is fifty fathoms a ship's length from the rock, and upwards of one hundred fathoms at a mile distance.

The eastern *Maiden* must be kept to the westward of S.W. by S. to clear the *Highland* rock, and the western *Maiden* must be kept to the eastward of south to clear the *Russell* rock.

The *Maiden* lighthouses were erected in 1828 by the Ballast Office of Dublin. The eastern light is ninety-four feet in height above the sea, and the western one eighty-four feet; they lie N.W. by W. and S.E. by E. of each other, and are 1920 feet apart.

<sup>63</sup> From the neighbourhood of the *Castle*, it was positively appalling to look up to what seemed the path of a mountain shepherd—the old road—and to learn that, for centuries, there was no other way along the coast; remembering, at the same time, that this barrier existed in the days when “coaches-and-six” were considered indispensable to an establishment. We inquired of an old man how such machines ever got over the mountains? “This was the way of it,” he replied. “First and foremost, we *tuck* the horses off, and then the beasts got on well enough when they’d nothing heavier then themselves to drag; then the quality got out and walked, and a power of men turned up from the glens and drew the carriage. Oh bedad! we managed it bravely.” From this old road, as will be supposed, the best view of *Glenarm* is to be obtained. The romantic and picturesque little village and castle are embosomed in a wooden valley, backed by a high hill covered with heath, and terminated

by a white limestone promontory, which stretches far into the sea; in mid distance is seen the little village of Stradkillie, and beyond the rugged outline of Garron point; on the left, a well-wooded and beautiful glen; whilst on the right extends the open sea, with Cantyre in the distance, and the little river sparkling in the sunlight below. About two miles up the Great Park the glen is very wild and picturesque; the bed of the river is rocky, as also its sides, which are covered with natural wood; there are several fine falls of water, the most remarkable are the Salmon Leap and the Bull's Eye. The venison of Glenarm Park is considered the finest in Ireland.

<sup>64</sup> Of the race of the Mc Donnels we shall have to speak, when visiting the old ruin of Dunluce, the most picturesque ruin in Ireland, and perhaps in Great Britain. The family have been famous for several centuries; settling originally from Scotland, and living always in a state of warfare with their neighbours—both English and Irish. The present possessor of the estates—by marriage with the late Countess of Antrim—is a gentleman of whom it would be difficult to speak in terms too high. We refer far less to our own experience of his courtesy and hospitality, than to the esteem and respect in which he is held universally. A constant resident among his tenantry, his sole study has seemed to be to advance their interests and improve their condition; and to show to all who may be, either directly or indirectly, influenced by his example, how much even of wisdom there is in being “a good landlord.” To write more upon such a subject might be to give pain to the accomplished and estimable gentleman; to have said less would have been a neglect of duty.

<sup>65</sup> “From Cairnrough to Drumnasole, and thence to Garron point, nothing can exceed the romantic beauty and variety of the scenery. On the one side of an elevated hill, in the midst of a beautiful and extensive plantation, the mansion-house of Alexander Turnley, Esq., attracts the notice of the traveller; a short distance from this, a neat, and rather fanciful school-house, erected by that gentleman, makes its appearance; and a little way farther on, are the ruins of a small ancient chapel; while on the opposite side of the road is seen the lodge of Knapan, romantically situated amid a grove of trees; and again, but a short distance from this, and in the immediate vicinity of Garron point, on an acute, prominent headland, elevated nearly three hundred feet above the sea-shore, on which it stands, is the rock of Dunmaul, on the summit of which are



the remains of an ancient fort, having various entrenchments. This may be easily gained from the land side, and from it there is a grand and extensive prospect. Oral history states, that 'in olden time' all the rents of Ireland were paid at this place, and that the last Danish invaders embarked here."

"We asked old Nannie if she had been visited by Father Mathew, and she did not seem at all pleased at the question. He might go where he was wanted, which wasn't just there—the quality always took a drop of her spirits as they passed. Why not?—and, in troth, it wasn't safe to be without it.

We inquired what safety would be endangered by its absence. "Setting," she answered, "a case of shipwreck—for all the water looks so safe now, it's stormy enough betimes. I mind the time when the scream of drowning life was louder than the wind, or the beating of the sea either. And then I've gone out with my drop of comfort, and poured it betwixt lips that you'd think would never speak a word of love again, and it has brought them back to the world we're all so loath to leave, though we don't care to say so—or suppose," she added, with a distorted smile, "that a gentleman felt a weakness about his heart, it would be a poor case if ould Nanny had nothing to put the strength in him again—or if a storm overtuck the traveller in Red Bay, wouldn't it be a disgrace if he couldn't find comfort as well as shelter in its coves?"

"You've sheltered more than was good for ye, in yer time," chimed in the smith, who having shod the mountain horse, now lounged in the southern fashion against the door-post—"you've sheltered more than was good for ye."

"We've all done more than was good for us," she replied; "and maybe you've forged *cold* iron that was intended for *warm* work—but that's all gone like last year's snow—and so best, so best."

There was a laugh at Nanny's rejoinder from more than one of the cave's depths, and upon looking through the darkness, we saw a woman and children crouched down upon loose straw in a distant corner, and something that looked like a man's head and face in another.

"Ye needn't be so hard, Nan," replied the smith after a pause for consideration; "I only meant that you've sheltered some out of charity that couldn't repay you."

"The biggest payment I ever got," she said, "was from one that hadn't a halfpenny to give me. A poor sailor's wife and her babby were washed ashore, on a beam or something, and

a blow from a stone knocked the life out of the mother for a while, and yet she still clasped her child. I rolled the babby up in a blanket, and fed it, and it fell asleep; the mother was a long while coming to herself, but when she did come, the screech she gave out for her child would have pierced through stone hearts, and nothing would persuade her it wasn't drowned, until I laid it soft, and rosy, and sleeping, by her side. Then the poor thing blessed me, again and again; she'd fall asleep blessing, and wake blessing; and I think the sound of them blessings have never left the echoes of Red Bay, from that day to this—they were grate payment intirely."

We were sorry we had likened old Nannie to a toad; but consoled ourselves with thinking that she wore the "precious jewel" in her heart instead of her head.

<sup>67</sup> The Glens in this neighbourhood are rich in all that can delight the eye, and satisfy the mind; they are as full of wild poetry as their ocean shells of the music of the waters. In Cushendall the basaltic ranges are most inviting to the geologist; the marks of Danish "intrusion" are frequently to be observed; and while the peasants bring their yarn or drive their cattle to the fairs in the pretty town which bears the name of the glen, they chant or recite fragments of Ossian's poetry. The inn is a pleasant resting-place for the weary traveller, for the place, like all mountain districts, is full of legends; not a hundred yards from the inn is a green patch of turf, washed almost by the sea, and beneath it repose the remains of a gigantic Danish pirate who was slain, some say by the hand of Ossian himself—while others declare he was cut to pieces by a band of harvesters, who despatched the mighty man with their reaping-hooks.

The ruined chapel of Lade is exquisitely situated, and the people tell you it was once a nunnery, founded by a Danish princess, "or some great Christian." But the legend attached to the Danish rath, called Court McMartin, is the most amusing of all; for McMartin, or Martin Mac Owen, was no less a person than Lord of the Seven Glens, whose castle topped the Rath.

Martin was originally nothing greater than a fisher-boy, who once, when returning from casting his net in the river Dall, saw a large ship, whose poop was of gold, and sails of purple silk, at anchor in the bay, and upon the deck sat the captain reading a book of strange characters, for he was a magician. "Come up here, my boy," says the astrologer; "just stand upon that piece of stone, and come your ways"—and Martin stood on the stone, and immediately it separated from the main rock, and

before it reached the ship it had turned into a silver boat. "Mind me, Martin," said the mighty captain, "before I quite this, I'm fated to marry a lady of Cushendall; so, back with you at once, for it must be within three hours, and do not fear for yourself or her; for I have wealth enough to reward you both, and make men of you," he says, "that will flog the world for riches;"—and the boat put back with Martin—the silver boat, made out of the silver of a rock. "Martin" continued the guide of Cushendall, "had a very pretty wife of his own, and she was mighty sweet intirely to look at, except that every now and then the devil would keep creeping—creeping out of the corner of her twinkling black eyes; those that had nothing to say to her thought this only made her the more engaging; but this was not her husband's thought; and so he planned if he could persuade her to marry and go off with the necromancer, she would be well provided for, and so would he. And his heart smote him once or twice for turning over the poor wee lassie to a stranger; for with all her devilry she had a fond heart and a winning way with her; but he settled it with his conscience, as many a man did before him, that 'Sure it was seeking to better her he was. She'd be a fine lady, and nothing to hinder her, better than being the wife of Martin, the fisherman of Cushendall.' Well, partly by threats and partly by promises, he succeeded in persuading the pretty vixen to accompany him to the ship; but as he was proceeding to mount the side, the great sea-king prevented him. 'Martin,' says he 'we've shrews enough in our own country without taking another; but my lucky hour is past, and I must go, so here is what you more desire than deserve,' and he flung a bag of gold into his boat, which, when he turned to look at, after landing, he found returned to its original state on the rock; not so, however, the gold, with which he built his stately palace, and purchased the seven glens."

The site of Court Martin is now occupied by a school, built by Mr. Turnly.

The picturesque conical hill of Lurg Eidan, with its flat green summit, where the everlasting "Fin McCool" and Ossian with their clan-na-buiske were lodged within a fortress, affords subjects for a volume of stories. Knock-na-chich, or Gallows-hill, has also its fair share of legends; there are also some attached to the pretty waterfall at Estochar-bridge, but they differ in no respect from the "usual style." Nothing can be more sweet and diversified than the views seen from the road which passes from Cushendall into the vale of Glendun, and over



the mountain to Ballycastle: the interest of Cushendun, that sleeps so securely at the brink of its little bay, is chiefly with its caves, which, to the geologist, are invaluable; the river Dun passes into the sea at this spot.

<sup>es</sup> "Here repose the ashes of Randal, first Marquis of Antrim, who took so active a part, and, at times, made so extraordinary a figure, in the troubles of Charles I. and at the period of the Commonwealth. On the Restoration, in 1660, he went to England to pay his respects at court; but the king refused to see him, and he was sent to the Tower, where he remained until March, 1661, when he was liberated on bail, and sent to Ireland, to undergo such punishment as the governor might think fit. After a long inquiry into the charges made against him he was dismissed by the Lords Justices, with leave to go to England; when Lord Massareene, to whom his estates had been granted, continuing to persecute him, he was compelled to produce, in the English House of Commons, the letter of Charles I., which gave him orders for taking up arms. This letter completely silenced his enemies, and he was restored to his estates, with the exception of the advowson of the different parishes. He died at his seat of Ballymagarry, the 2d of February, 1682-3, and was interred on the 14th of the following March. On his leaden coffin are three inscriptions, one in the Irish language, which, being translated, is as follows:—

'At all times some calamity  
Befals the Irish once every seventh year;  
But now that the Marquis is departed,  
It will happen every year.'

The following is a free translation of the inscription in the Latin tongue:—

'Randalle, invincible in (devotion to) country, Charles, and God,  
Thyself a golden warrior, thou residest within the lead:  
Whose fidelity, in the adverse fortune of war,  
Rebels nor gibbet could not bend.'

A legend relates, that "after the dissolution of religious houses, the Abbey was inhabited by a woman of extraordinary piety, called Sheelah Dubh ni Vilore, or Black Julia M'Quillan, but better known by the name of 'the Black Nun of Bona Margy.' She is said to have spent her time in the constant exercise of

the most austere devotions, and to have possessed a wonderful knowledge of future events. Many of her predictions are believed to have been verified, and even yet some of them are alleged to be in course of fulfilment." She had, it appears, a sister, who, having been guilty of some frailty, became an out-cast from the sanctuary, and, although a penitent, the "Black Nun" was deaf to her prayer for mercy. It chanced, however, that the unhappy woman sought shelter here during a stormy night of winter; when Sheelah, rather than abide under the same roof with her, proceeded to offer her accustomed devotions in the open air. At length, looking towards the Abbey, she was startled by perceiving a brilliant light issue from one of the cells, where she knew that neither taper nor fire could have been burning. She proceeded to her sister's bed just in time to receive her last sigh of repentance; the light had vanished, but the recluse received it as a sign from heaven, that the offender had been pardoned; and learned thenceforward to be more merciful in judging, and more christianlike in forgiving.

<sup>69</sup> The only coal-field in the northern counties, indeed the only one in Ulster besides the Dungannon field, is that which occupies the north-eastern angle of Antrim. It extends east and west about four miles, from the town of Ballycastle to the south-eastern corner of Murlough Bay, and has its greatest breadth from the sea-coast inland about two miles. The form is nearly triangular, and the area is from four to six square miles, or from 2,500 to 3,000 acres. But a small part of any coal-field is occupied by the coal itself. By far the greatest portion of the strata consists of repeated alternations of beds of sandstone, slate, clay, bituminous slate, technically called shale, and occasionally ironstone and limestone. These, with coal itself, constitute what are called the coal strata, the coal measures, or the coal formation. The Antrim coal district presents the usual variety and succession of rocks—the ironstone, which is second in importance to the coal, is alone wanting. These various beds are extremely well exhibited in the sea cliffs, in a natural section, often so much as 300 feet in vertical height. In the interior part of the coal-field the beds are much obscured by accumulations of sand and gravel; and on a great part of the coast the upper portion of the cliffs is composed of columnar greenstone, which frequently extends to a considerable distance inland. Our knowledge of the strata is thus derived almost entirely from the coast sections. Besides, being spread out upon

the surface in overlaying masses, this greenstone is also interstratified with the coal measures, in thick horizontal beds, and cuts through the entire series in great vertical walls, called "whin dikes." Greenstone is a rock of the whinstone or basaltic family, and differs from basalt merely in being more coarsely crystalline. It is composed of the same minerals, hornblende and felspar; and, as well as basalt and the other members of the family, is universally admitted to be of igneous origin. The phenomena attendant on the association of this greenstone with the coal strata here, render the Ballycastle coal-field, perhaps, the most remarkable in the three kingdoms. On these, however, it would be out of place to enter here; they belong exclusively to the geologist.

The promontory of Fairhead, which towers in majestic grandeur over all the elevations of this coast, rising directly from the sea to the height of 636 feet, is composed of the coal strata, to the altitude of nearly 300 feet; and of columnar greenstone through the remainder. The pillars are of most gigantic dimensions, many of them being from twenty to thirty feet square, and more than 300 feet high. Beside these, the columns of the Causeway cliffs and Fingal's Cave dwindle into insignificance—indeed, we know not that the world contains any which can bear a comparison with them. These enormous masses rest immediately on the slaty sandstones and shales of the coal formation, which being thus subject to a great downward pressure, while their exposed edges undergo disintegration from atmospheric causes, they often yield laterally, and precipitate vast numbers of the pillars upon the surface of the highly inclined plane at the base of the cliff, or into the sea itself. In this way the coal strata have become obscured by the fallen masses which strew the whole base of Fairhead for at least a mile in length. Hence, no workings have ever been opened upon this part. They are confined to Murlough Bay on the east, and Ballycastle collieries on the west. The latter consist of eight separate workings, which receive distinctive names, as Gobmine, Pollard, &c., and are naturally divided from one another by whin dikes, which dislocate the strata and often disturb and break the coal so much as to render it not worth working, converting it, at the same time, to the distance of many feet, into a non-inflaming or carbonaceous coal, by the driving off of its bitumen.

From what has been already stated respecting the structure of this coal-field, it is obvious that the most ready access will



be had to the beds of coal in the sea cliffs. Such, accordingly, is the mode of working which has been always adopted. Levels were driven horizontally into the face of the cliffs, and the seam followed so long as the water could be carried off by the mouth of the adit. The most valuable bed of coal in the Ballycastle collieries, called the main seam, is four feet thick. It is a bituminous or inflaming coal, and lies in the upper part of the series. Another good vein lies much lower, and is one foot six inches thick. Besides these, there are three impure beds, mixed with shale, one above the main coal, and two between it and the eighteen inch coal, which is the lowest in the series. The area through which these veins have been worked does not exceed one hundred Irish acres, (less than a twentieth part of the entire field,) in consequence of the seams being cut off by whin dikes and lost, when they are followed into the interior; or of the accumulation of water, which, from the mode of working, there is often no fall to carry off. Borings have indeed been made in the central and southern parts of the coal-field, but no bed of coal worth following has been found; which is the more to be regretted, as the quantity still remaining within the area hitherto worked must be trifling. There is, however, reason to believe that the borings referred to did not extend to sufficient depth, and that the unworked part of the field has never been properly examined.

The strata in Murlough Bay do not correspond with those on the western side of the promontory. There are six beds of coal, of which the two lower are carbonaceous or non-inflaming, containing no bitumen, and very similar to the blind-coal of Kilmarnock, or the Kilkenny anthracite. The four upper beds, on the other hand, are highly bituminous, and each about two feet six inches thick. The upper bed of blind-coal is about the same thickness; and it is upon this bed and the two lower bituminous beds, that the principal workings have been carried on. They have been abandoned for many years, in consequence of the want of a harbour or pier at which ships could lie in safety. If this obstacle were removed, and facilities afforded for ships to take in their loadings, these three beds of coal, and perhaps also the two others, could be advantageously worked.

The discovery of very ancient workings at the Ballycastle collieries in 1770, and the occurrence of cinders of this coal in the lime of Bruce's Castle in Rathlin, have been brought forward by Dr. Hamilton, in his Letters on the Coast of Antrim, as evidence that this coal-field was worked at an earlier period

than any other in the three kingdoms. That such really was the case seems highly probable; the facts and reasonings will be found at length in the second and fourth letters of that highly interesting work. So early as 1724, six of the eight Ballycastle collieries were extensively worked. About that time an English company undertook the works, and carried them on for a considerable time. The company was succeeded by Mr. Boyd of Ballycastle, who worked the mines effectively for many years, and received grants of money from the Irish parliament, amounting in all to £23,000, for improving the harbour and building a quay. These works were afterwards rendered useless by the irruption of the sea. After Mr. Boyd's death, which happened about 1780, his son did not continue to work the mines. They were, however, recommenced in 1822, and worked with vigour till within these few years. They are at present leased by an English gentleman from the proprietor of the Ballycastle estate, but they are not worked with any effect. If vertical shafts and pumping engines were employed, much coal might yet be profitably raised. The present price is 10s. per ton at the mouth of the pit, and 13s. 6d. if delivered at a moderate distance. It resembles the Scotch coal in quality, being a quick-burning, and not a clean coal.

<sup>70</sup> None of the numerous precipices on the coast can vie with it in elevation, extent, or grandeur. It is composed of a range of enormous basaltic pillars, according to a measurement made in the summer of 1810 (by Professor Playfair) 283 feet high, and resting on a base, which makes the whole altitude 636 feet. One of the columns is a quadrangular prism, measuring 33 feet by 36 on the sides, and above 200 feet perpendicular. The precipice, towering majestic over an awful waste of broken columns, presents to the spectator the most stupendous colonnade ever erected by nature, and in comparison of which the proudest monuments of human architecture are but the efforts of pigmy imbecility to the omnipotence of god. *Dr. Drummond*.—"This splendid promontory, whose highest point is 535 feet above the ocean's level, is composed of a body of columnar green-stone, of such colossal dimensions, that its rude articulations are not at first very obvious; but upon surveying attentively one of the gigantic columns, the joints and separations are distinctly marked. The whole structure of the promontory consists of two parts; the one at the sea-side is an inclined plane, strewn with enormous masses of the same stone, in the wildest and most terrific chaos; above this rises the mural precipice of columnar green-stone,

250 feet in height. The scene of ruin at the base of these Titanian pillars is probably not exceeded by any in Europe. Here the sea heaves in a solemn, majestic swell, the peculiar attribute of the Atlantic waters, and in every retreat discloses the apparently endless continuation of convulsive ruin, covered by the waters beneath the promontory. Upon this region of desolation, on the shore, enormous *débris*, either assuming the character of rude columnization, or in a perfectly shapeless mass, whose weight is calculated at from four to five thousand tons, are thrown together in all the savage sublimity of which we can conceive the wildest scenes in nature capable."—*Curry's Guide*.

<sup>71</sup> In attempting to land, however, we ran considerable risk, and although we accomplished our purpose, it was certainly at the peril of our lives—a danger of which we remained ignorant until it was past. The sea appeared so calm in this little creek, that we imagined to "go on shore" was a very easy matter; the opinions of the boatmen were divided, and we adopted a course which we cannot recommend to others. It seems that along this coast, every sixth or seventh wave is called a "dead wave;" its predecessors and successors proceed quietly enough, but when the dead wave comes on, it does so as silently and as stealthily, until it touches the shore, when it dashes into a huge mass of foam. Our boatmen had landed one of us upon a shelving rock, which in a few seconds afterwards was covered by five or six feet of water; the retreating wave carried the boat out with frightful rapidity, and bore it within an inch of one of the sunken rocks; if we had touched it, we must inevitably have gone down. The boatmen were pale with terror; fortunately, perhaps, we were ignorant, until some time afterwards, of the mercy that had been vouchsafed to us. We escaped with only a thorough wetting, for which a remedy was speedily provided by the hospitable clergyman who resides at "the Salt-pans," and who, having been a witness of our danger, had, for a few moments, considered our fate as certain.

<sup>72</sup> James Drummond Marshall, Esq., M.D., Secretary to the Natural History Society of Belfast.

<sup>73</sup> The nearest point of Rathlin lies about 3 miles from the promontory on the mainland of Fairhead, but from Ballycastle it is nearly  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The usual point of disembarkation in Rathlin is Church Bay, which lies at the distance of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Ballycastle; this, therefore, may be considered the mean distance of the island from the mainland. The *form* of the island has been compared, like Italy, to that of a boot; the toe



pointing to the coal-works of Ballycastle—the heel, where Bruce's Castle is situated, to Cantire—and the top to the great Western Ocean. Towards the middle, which lies opposite Ballycastle, it is bent in an angle, and thus is formed Church Bay, almost the only good harbour in Rathlin. The *length* of the island, from the Bull, or western point, to Bruce's Castle on the extreme east, is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  English miles. From Rue Point, the most southerly, to Altacarry, at the north-east extremity, the distance is upwards of 4 miles. The greatest *breadth* of the Island, at any part, is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile, and the narrowest half a mile. The *highest* point of Rathlin is 447 feet above the level of the sea; it is in North Kenramer, at the north-western extremity of the island. So precipitous are the cliffs, that from the vicinity of Bruce's Castle, round the whole northern shore, by the Bull Point to the church in Church Bay, the lowest point is 180 feet above the level of the sea, and the mean height may be said to be 300 feet.

<sup>74</sup> Mr. Hamilton derives the name from "Carrig-a-ramhad"—the rock in the road, because "it intercepts the passage of the salmon along the coast;" Dr. Drummond, from "Carrig-a-drockthead"—the rock of the bridge. "The headland, which projects a considerable way into the sea, and on the extremity of which there is a small cottage, built for a fishing station, is divided by a tremendous rent or chasm, supposed to have been caused by some extraordinary convulsion of nature. The chasm is sixty feet wide, the rock on either side rising about eighty feet above the level of the water. Across this mighty rent a bridge of ropes has been thrown, for the convenience of the fishermen who reside on the island during the summer months." "The construction of the bridge is very simple:—Two strong ropes or cables are stretched from one chasm to another, in a parallel line, and made fast to rings fixed permanently in the rock, across these, planks, twelve inches wide, are laid and secured; a slight rope, elevated convenient to the hand, runs parallel with the footway; and thus a bridge is formed, over which men, women, and boys, many of them carrying heavy burdens, are seen walking or running, apparently with as little concern as they would evince in advancing the same distance on *terra firma*. It is awful in the extreme to witness, from a boat on the water, persons passing and repassing at this giddy height—and a feeling of anxiety, closely allied to pain, is invariably experienced by those who contemplate the apparently imminent danger to which poor people are exposed, while thus lightly treading the dangerous and nar-

row footway which conducts them across the gulf that yawns beneath their feet." "The chief use of this insulated rock appears to be that of interrupting the salmon, who annually coast along the shore in search of rivers in which to deposit their spawn. Their passage is generally made close to the shore, so that Carrick-a-rede is very opportunely situated for projecting the interrupting nets."

<sup>75</sup> The iron-works of Mr. John Gwynne interested us greatly; and a visit to them will amply recompense the tourist, who may be gratified to see industry effectually and beneficially occupied in the midst of so many natural wonders. They are conducted on a comparatively small scale, but with exceeding neatness, order, and regularity; and the articles produced may vie in quality with the best that are manufactured in any part of England. These consist chiefly of household tools, and tools for the husbandman—spades, shovels, reaping-hooks, hoes, and garden tools of every description, and of very perfect workmanship. The advantage of such an establishment in such a district is immense, furnishing the neighbourhood with matters most needed, of the finest quality, and at a cheap rate, and at the same time giving employment to many who exhibit to others the benefits to be derived from useful employment. We hope the enterprising conductor of the establishment receives the cordial support of the gentry of his vicinity, so that other manufacturers may be tempted to introduce concerns equally serviceable to the higher and the lower classes. Mr. Gwynne's trade is chiefly with Scotland, England, and America; for it takes time to persuade people upon the spot that a better material is close at hand than can be obtained at greater cost from a distance. We were equally surprised and mortified to find selling, almost next door to this important factory, reaping-hooks manufactured in Sheffield—the prejudice against "home-produce" not having been yet removed from the minds of the peasantry. The retail dealer assured us of his own entire conviction that the articles manufactured by Mr. Gwynne were not only cheaper, but better; and could plead no other excuse than "old habit" for continuing to keep an inferior commodity, to the prejudice of his customers, and his spirited and enterprising neighbour. The excellent and estimable owner of the town should see to this, and discourage a system equally irrational and unjust. The introduction of two or three such establishments as that of Mr. Gwynne would greatly raise the character and increase the prosperity of the town of Bushmills.

<sup>76</sup> Sir Francis Macnaghten, Bart., is the father of Sir William Macnaghten, whose recent fate at Cabool has excited universal sympathy. The father of Sir Francis *served at the siege of Londonderry*: this fact will startle our readers, who call to mind that the siege of Derry took place in 1688, exactly 154 years ago. It will be accounted for, however, by stating that Mr. Macnaghten was little more than a child at the period, although actually placed at the head of his tenantry, and recognised by them as their chief. He did not marry until he was 83 years old; his lady bore him two sons—one of whom is the present venerable Baronet—whom he lived to see of age; dying when his years had numbered somewhat more than one hundred.

<sup>77</sup> The guides at the Giants' Causeway are quite as numerous and almost as ragged as those at Killarney and Glendalough; but their *character* is altogether different. The Kerry and Wicklow guides delight in legends of fays and fairies, in snatches of songs, bits of ballads, and in "impossibilities" of all kinds; there is nothing too wild and wonderful for them—nothing too airy or fantastic; their wit and their rags flutter together; they greet you with a jest, and bid you farewell with a tear. Not so the northern guides: they are, from Neil Mac Mullen—the protector of the Causeway, being so appointed by the noble family of Antrim—down to the smallest cragsman—to the tiny boy who hops like a young sea-bird from rock to rock, people of knowledge—geologists, learned in the names of stones, and conversant with stratas and basalts; stiff and steady; observant and particular—they love to be particular—they are remarkable for the exactness and minutiae of their details; they talk with a profound air of hexagons and octagons, and when they excite an exclamation of wonder, they never sympathise with it, but treat it, as a matter of course, that you should be the astonished, and they the astonishers. Although very superstitious, their superstitions are of a marine kind, and of a gigantic and terrible nature; they would scorn to believe in the gentler spirits of hill and valley, but they glory in sea-kings, great appearances rising from the earth or sea, and capable of using pillars for rock-stones, and with the breath of their nostrils filling the pipes of Fin Macoul's organ, so that Fairhead itself is moved by the mighty music. The Causeway guides are of earth—earthy; of the stone—stony; they have the mystified look of philosophers, and the youngest and most ragged has a certain affectation of learning that is very amusing. They are, however, attentive and obliging. Neil Mac Mullen, be it known to



all future tourists, considers himself the chief, as he is appointed care-taker of all the wonders of this wonderful spot, by the noble family to whom it belongs, and he is very careful and intelligent. Daniel Mac William has excited Miss Henry's kind sympathy, because he has a large family; we found him also very attentive, and stored with old giant tales of the Causeway. Then young James King volunteered as guide, because his father had been a guide; and so the right is his, by the laws of primogeniture. Almost all the guides are Mac Mullens—a race as numerous as the Smiths in London; but Alexander Mac Mullen Mac Cock claims to belong to the Macnaghten family, and therefore seems inclined to dispute precedence with Neil Mac Mullen. He looks upon the visitors at Sir Francis Macnaghten's hospitable residence, Bushmills-house, as *his own* peculiar property, and exercises his talent as an improvisatore with peculiar gusto for their amusement. There are so many Mac Mullens, that it becomes necessary to distinguish them by some peculiar designation, as "short Mac Mullen," "long Mac Mullen," "red Mac Mullen." This Alexander Mac Mullen was surnamed Mac Cock, because his father had the peculiar talent of crowing so exactly like a cock, that every chancleer in the neighbourhood thought it necessary to reply to his challenge. The troop of guides congregated around Miss Henry's inn look a formidable body; and we were but little startled by the story of a quiet English commercial traveller, who, being sent over to Belfast, thought he would indulge himself with a peep at the Causeway: but his desire to see the beauty of the country was mingled with a very unpleasing dread of the peasantry; and it was with considerable misgiving that he set forth alone, in his dennet, to feed his curiosity,—in considerable doubt as to his personal safety. It so happened, that on the morning of his arrival at the town of Bushmills, the Causeway guides had been assembled to see a party off, which they are fond of doing; when the sight of a new tourist, who was journeying to the Causeway, immediately induced them to abandon their first intention; and they tendered their services in so determined, yet vociferous, a manner, as to strengthen fears which had never been set at rest. Overcome by a panic he could not control, he demanded where he could find a magistrate, and galloped up the avenue to Bushmills-house, followed by the whole body of the Causeway guides, who, unable to understand the traveller's terror, fancied he was possessed of an evil spirit. Pale as a ghost, he implored the worthy magistrate's protection from "a band of robbers;" and it

was some time before he could be convinced that the crowd were honest and harmless guides, only eager to show "his honour, God help him!" the very wonders he came so far to see. Alexander Mac Mullen Mac Cock headed a body of the most respectable, and at length the trembling traveller was convinced that he might trust himself alone with Irish peasants. This story, we assure our readers, is no exaggeration. But the guides at the Causeway do not injure the effect of the scene as they do in more rural and sylvan districts. At the Causeway, no matter how loud or numerous, their voices are frequently drowned by the roar of the waters; and they look so diminutive when contrasted with the huge and mighty columns of the Causeway, as to seem pigmies, rather than human beings; it is wonderful how they spring from rock to rock, and maintain their footing so firmly that accidents are of rare occurrence. We only heard of three. One morning a guide who was early afoot discovered the body of a woman at the base of one of the precipices. She was young, and decently dressed, and no one knew who she was. She was carried to a cottage and "waked." A small subscription was made by the poor people for the purpose, and then she was buried, "as if she had been one of themselves." A certificate of marriage, yet so unfortunately torn that the names were illegible, was found in her pocket; and her finger was circled by a wedding ring. There was something very touching in meeting such a death, unknown and unlamented. In the South, the more susceptible peasantry would have said many poetical things on such an incident; but at the Causeway they related it simply and calmly, yet with real feeling.

Alick Mac Cock—as he is invariably called—told us of a woman whom he pointed out in a group on the strand, who fell 112 feet perpendicular descent, and then rolled about 50 feet afterwards; adding, that before this accident she had only one child, but she has had several since. The Antrim guide carelessly observed, there was nothing in that; but he always thought the fate of "wee Jamie" the saddest, for he was a "fine laddie;" and "wee Jamie's" fate was sad, if indeed it be wisdom to sorrow for those who are cut off from the cares of life before they canker the heart. "Wee Jamie," and a little girl—a neighbour's child—had clambered some rocks together. There was a deep chasm; the boy sprang lightly over, the girl faltered; he encouraged her—held out his hand, and laughed at her fears. Somewhat assured, she advanced; he balanced himself over to grasp her hand—she drew back:

but the lad had overreached himself, and fell headlong down the chasm.

The father of one of the guides, Moran, was killed by falling from the cliff above those huge columns called "The Organ."

<sup>78</sup> We are indebted to a valuable correspondent—James Bryce, Esq., of Belfast, M.A., F.G.S.—for the following remarks; in which he has condensed a vast quantity of information (some of it never before published), and in such a manner as to render it intelligible to the least scientific reader. We have been peculiarly fortunate in obtaining the aid of so distinguished a geologist, resident on the spot.

The Giant's Causeway is generally viewed too much as an isolated phenomenon, even by geologists, whereas, it merely exhibits, in a striking manner, a series of facts which may be observed in many other parts of the coast and interior.

There are six varieties of the rocks which, from basalt being the most important, are termed basaltic rocks; they are also termed trap-rocks, from the terrace-like profile of hills composed of them; *trappa* signifying a stair in the language of Sweden, where the term was first applied:—1. Greenstone, composed of distinct crystals of felspar and hornblende, or felspar and augite. 2. Basalt, a close-grained black or blue coloured rock, of the same composition; it occurs either in columns or in large *tabular* masses. 3. Red ochre, or bole, homogeneous blood or brick red, or variegated with different colours. This rock and basalt contain from ten to twenty-five per cent. of oxide of iron. The greenstone contains a much smaller quantity. 4. Amygdaloid, an earthy base or paste, containing either imbedded *almond*-shaped (hence the name) crystalline concretions, or cavities lined with crystals of calcareous spar, zeolites, and quartz. 5. Wood-coal, or lignite. 6. Porphyry.

These rocks occupy the whole surface of Antrim, except a small tract in the north-east of the county, and all that portion of Derry to the east of the river Roe. This district is called by geologists the basaltic or trap district. From Magilligan, at the mouth of Lough Foyle, its boundary runs by Dungiven, Drapers-town, Tubbermore, Moneymore, Coagh, Lurgan, Moira, and Lisburn, to Belfast. Slievegallion mountain, near Cookstown, is an outlier of the same formation. The basaltic district is thus about 1,000 square miles, Irish, in area. Its east and west boundaries are defined by two chains of mountains, ranging, in many cases, to nearly 2,000 feet—they present steep escarpments *outwards*, but



slope gradually *inwards*. Another ridge, much lower than these, runs from Dunluce to the northern shore of Lough Neagh; it divides the basin of the Bann, which flows *out* of the lake from that of the Main which flows *into* it, a few miles from where the Bann issues—an interesting feature in the physical geography of the county. The Bush, which drains the northern part of the county, is also divided by this ridge from the basin of the Bann.

The whole area is based upon sandstone, between which and the trap rocks there intervene three other rocks—*lias*, green sand, and chalk, which abound in organic remains. They are found in no other part of Ireland. This chalk is similar in structure, in position, and in its fossils, to the chalk of England, from which it differs in being very hard, owing, probably, to the great weight of the trap rocks over it.

In the centre of the district, between the town of Antrim and Slemish mountain, a large tract is occupied by porphyry, which belongs to the middle portion of the series. At Tardree it yields a beautiful ornamental stone, much used for building. The total thickness of the whole series is very variable; it is often thin,—and frequently, as in Knocklaid, Trostan, and Divis, its thickness is from 900 to 1200 feet.

In the escarpments before mentioned, we have magnificent natural sections of these basaltic strata, and the secondary rocks below them. But of the basaltic strata themselves we have no section so fine as in the cliffs near the Causeway. Here the secondary rocks are wanting. The chalk, which usually underlies the trap along the whole coast, and is extremely well seen at Kenbaan head and Ballintoy, is suddenly broken off in Port Bradin, in the western corner of Ballintoy strand. Instead of the trap being here over it, the two rocks come together at the same level.

From this point no trace of the chalk is again to be seen along the whole Causeway coast till we reach the mouth of the Bush river, where it emerges from beneath the sands of the beach and runs out under low water. Its disappearance over all this space is probably due to what geologists call a *fault*, that is, a sinking of a portion of the strata below their original level, and the consequent breaking off in the continuity of the beds.

We might thus expect to discover the chalky strata supporting the whole Causeway cliffs, from Port Bradin to Bushfoot, if the sea were to retire, or the bottom to be elevated, even through a small space.

The immense mass of basaltic strata extending, in length, between Port Bradin and Bushfoot, and in depth, from the summit

of Pleaskin to the sea level, is divided into regular beds, which range through the whole horizontal distance with great continuity. Amygdaloid intermingled with fine greenstone and tabular basalt, and thin courses of ochre, form the lowest portion; these are overlaid by a bed of ochre about twenty-five feet thick, upon which rests a bed of columnar basalt, between forty and fifty feet thick—which is the first range of columns. Over this there lies a stratum of amorphous basalt, nearly sixty feet in thickness; and over it is the second range of columnar basalt, between fifty and sixty feet thick. Between this second range and the summit of the cliffs are several beds of basalt, ochre, and greenstone, among which lignite occurs in many places—these strata we need not particularise. Dr. Richardson was the first to show (*Phil. Trans.* vol. xcvi., 1808-9,) that these strata emerge, in the order here described, from under the sea-line, in Portmoon, a small bay about one mile east of Bengore, and continue gradually to rise in a vast arch till they attain their greatest elevation in the front of Pleaskin, which is 400 feet in height. Thence they continue to sink in a gradual curve, in such a manner that, nearly two miles distant from their culminating point, the great ochre bed and first columnar range dip into the sea; and thus the Giants' Causeway is formed. The upper surface of the ochre-bed is just on the level of low water; hence, high-water rises so as to cover the lower portion of the pillars. The Causeway is, then, nothing more than the *upper surface of a portion of the first columnar range LAID BARE*, probably from the sea having washed over it for many ages at a higher level; of which we have independent evidence. The ends of the pillars may be distinctly traced, both on the east and west sides of the Causeway, *resting on the ochre-bed*. It is upon a concave depression in the upper surface of this bed that the whole Causeway stands, the pillars being at right angles to the concave surface. Hence, on the east and west sides of the Causeway, the columns lean over towards the middle. It is only in the middle, that is, over the lowest part of the curve, that they are perpendicular to the horizon. The columnar bed and great ochre, after thus dipping into the sea, rise gradually again in a curve, continue their course together for a short distance, and vanish from the cliffs;—thence to Bushfoot the beds below them in the series occupy the coast.

It is therefore mere trifling to dwell so much as has been done even by writers, on the number, form, position, &c., of the pillars; on their arrangement round “a keystone;” and on such questions as, how deep the pillars descend—whether they are joined beneath

the sea to those of Staffa! ! &c. From the moment the structure of the coast is understood, our wonder will be transferred to the great arched columnar beds ranging from Portmoon along the cliffs; and our overpowering feelings of sublimity and awe, to the lofty and mural precipices with their mighty colonnades.

The beautiful range of pillars at Craigahullier, near Dunluce, seems to belong to the upper columnar bed—but it is difficult to determine. On the southern front of Cairnearny mountain, near Antrim, a façade of very perfect and beautiful pillars of black basalt was exposed, a few years ago, in searching for a quarry of whin-stone. This façade was lately opened to its base, by the orders, and at the expense of, George J. Clarke, Esq., of Steeple, with the view of ascertaining on what rock it rested, and to test its correspondence with the Causeway beds. The result completely determined its identity—it reposed upon a thick bed of ochre. Another highly interesting geological question, to which it would be out of place to refer here, was also settled by this discovery. Mr. Clarke's example is highly worthy of being imitated, as Geology is very much in want of such practical researches. Columnar basalt occurs also extensively on the northern shores of Lough Neagh.

The origin of basalt, and other rocks of the family, was formerly matter of active discussion between the Wernerians and Huttonians—it is now considered as settled that these rocks, as well as granite, porphyry, &c., are of igneous origin,—not formed in air, as volcanic rocks are now, but under pressure, in the depths of the sea or in the bowels of the earth; and hence they are styled *Plutonic*. The following is an abstract of the proofs of the igneous origin of these rocks:—

I. The effects produced by the trap rocks, when they come in contact with rocks capable of being altered. These effects are chiefly seen when whin-dikes intersect the strata. A whin-dike is a vertical wall of *whin-stone*, i. e., trap of some kind, either basalt, greenstone, or porphyry, intersecting the strata and extending to unknown depths. These effects are:—1. The charring of coal, often to many feet, on both sides of the dike. 2. The conversion of clay into jasper, and of sandstone into quartz rock. 3. The conversion of chalk into a crystalline marble like the Carrara, or into a phosphorescent powder like pounded white sugar; and of flint into jasper, or into a white thinly laminated porcellaneous substance. 4. The conversion of the soft fossiliferous clay of the lias into a hard flinty slate; an example of which is the celebrated Portrush rock, so like basalt that it was described as a *basalt con-*



*taining shells*, and often referred to during the great controversy as a proof of the aqueous formation of that stone. 5. The disruption, displacement, and contortion which trap dikes and veins produce on sedimentary rocks, among which they intrude—the tortuous lines of least resistance followed by the vein in such intrusion—all point to an eruption from beneath in a heated state. II. The basaltic rocks are of the same mineral composition as the leading *volcanic* rocks; basalt, greenstone, &c., are found among the older lavas of Ætna; and amygdaloid also exists in Sicily, as a submarine lava. So similar are the specimens indeed, that it is often difficult to distinguish the ancient trap-rock from the lava of recent origin. III. In *whin-dikes* the prismatic structure is seen; but the prisms are *horizontal*, not *vertical*, as in the overlying basalt. Now, if these strata cooled from igneous fusion, we should expect, *à priori*, that the columnar structure would develop itself perpendicularly to the cooling surface. In beds parallel to the horizon the *pillars* are vertical; beds perpendicular to the horizon have the pillars horizontal, a difference obviously pointing to the igneous origin and mode of cooling. The two dikes which intersect the Causeway, and divide it into three parts, are prismatic across. Similar dikes cut the columnar ranges and the other beds in several places. IV. The igneous theory has been confirmed by actual experiments, in which columnar basalt has been artificially formed by the slow cooling of fused amorphous basalt.—See Gregory Watts' Exper. on fused substances, in Phil. Trans. for 1804; or Phillips's account of them in his Geology (in Lardner's Cab. Cycl.), vol. ii. p. 46. V. Every difference between the basaltic rocks and modern lavas may be explained by supposing the former to have been erupted, not *in air*, but under the pressure of a deep sea—which we are at liberty to do, as we are sure the subjacent secondary rocks are of marine origin, from their organic remains; and as these rocks bear obvious marks of violent movements posterior to their consolidation. Of this we have an example in one part of a stratum of chalk being in the crest of a mountain and the rest on the plain beneath, though the whole was originally deposited, in one continuous layer, on the bottom of the sea. It is, indeed, plain that the entire area has been elevated since the formation of the basaltic rocks. *Hence appears the inutility of speculations concerning craters and vents.* The igneous matter was spread out in vast sheets upon the sea bottom, from perhaps many vents, which would, most probably, disappear entirely in the subsequent movements, and in the changes resulting from such a mighty catastrophe. The volume of lava so poured out finds a

meet representative in the vast quantities which issued from Skaptar Jokul, in Iceland, in 1783. (See Lyell's *Geology*, vol. ii. p. 181.)

Mr. Watt's experiments afford a satisfactory explanation of the origin of joints in basaltic pillars, and of the spherical masses composed of concentric coats, called Onion-stone at the Causeway, and found over all parts of the trap district. At a certain stage in the cooling of the semi-fluid mass of melted basalt, spheroids were formed within its substance. From the centres of these there radiated distinct fibres, which divided at equal distances from the centre, so as to detach portions of the spheroid in concentric coats. When the radii of two spheroids touched at their extremities, the one set of fibres did not penetrate the other, but the two bodies became mutually compressed, and separated by a well-defined plane. When several spheroids came in contact, they formed one another, by their mutual pressure, into prisms with perfect angles, such as the Causeway pillars. Each joint is thus a compressed spheroid. The articulations in the lower joints would obviously present convex and concave surfaces; but in proportion as the centre, whence the fibres radiated, became more remote, the articulations would approximate to planes.

Actual dissection, by the hammer, of the Causeway pillars, confirms this view of their structure: a great many small pieces may be detached all round a joint, leaving a spheroidal nucleus occupying its greater part; and in this a radiation from a centre may be seen. The experiments also account for the great variety in the forms of the Causeway pillars.

79 "The child's as big as the nurse," observed Mac Cock, "and I made a poem on it once." "The lady would rayther hear the prose," said Mac William, who seemed to have a great terror of Mac Cock's poetry. Mac Cock, however, persevered, and the prose of the poetry was a legend sufficiently poetical, without the aid of Mac Cock's versification. "A giant-lady was greatly distressed at not having children, her heart grew heavy when she saw the noble palace her husband had built high upon Fairhead, to which the Causeway was only the servants' entrance; and she mourned bitterly, for she said, 'I have no child to inherit this.' And a great witch (a giant she was), advised her to make-believe, and let on that she would soon have an heir, and 'Leave the rest to me,' she says, 'and I'll supply you with one of my own, and nurse it into the bargain.' Well, the lady carried the deception wonderful, and at last her time came and the false witch brought a child, which was presented to the king, her husband, as his; and

he was greatly delighted; and the only request he made to his lady, the queen, was that she should nurse the child herself, and this put her into a passion, for she knew she could not. 'Is it,' she says, 'a brute or an animal you'd be making of me,' she says, 'to think of your expecting me to do the likes of that—and I a king's daughter and a king's wife!—I wonder at you.' Now, the king would have let her off, but for his sister, a sharp woman, who wanted the kingdom of Antrim for her own son. And she put him up to follow the nurse and baby down to the sea-shore; and when he got them to a particular place, to take up a handful of sand, and cast it in the face of the nurse and child, saying, 'For the truth.' 'And, if it is your child,' says his sister, 'it will remain as it is; if it is not, both nurse and child will be turned into stone pillars.' So the king did as he was told: and there are the stone pillars, nurse and child, to this day."

80 "The summit of Pleaskin is covered with a thin grassy sod, under which lies the natural basaltic rock, having generally a hard surface, somewhat cracked and shivered. At the depth of ten or twelve feet from the summit, this rock begins to assume a columnar tendency, and forms a range of massy pillars of basaltes, which stand perpendicular to the horizon, presenting, in the sharp face of the promontory, the appearance of a magnificent gallery or colonnade, upward of sixty feet in height.

"This colonnade is supported on a solid base of coarse, black, irregular rock, near sixty feet thick, abounding in blebs and air-holes—but though comparatively irregular, it may be evidently observed to affect a peculiar figure, tending in many places to run into regular forms, resembling the shooting of salts and many other substances during a hasty crystallisation.

"Under this great bed of stone, stands a second range of pillars, between forty and fifty feet in height, less gross, and more sharply defined than those of the upper story; many of them, on a close view, emulating even the neatness of the columns in the Giants' Causeway. This lower range is borne on a layer of red ochre stone, which serves as a relief to show it to great advantage.

"These two admirable natural galleries, together with the interjacent mass of irregular rock, form a perpendicular height of one hundred and seventy feet; from the base of which, the promontory, covered over with rock and grass, slopes down to the sea for the space of two hundred feet more, making, in all, a mass of near four hundred feet in height, which in beauty and variety of its colouring, in elegance and novelty of arrangement, and in the extraordinary magnitude of its objects, cannot readily be rivalled by



anything of the kind at present known."—*Hamilton's Northern Coast*.

<sup>81</sup> The Rev. William Hamilton, D.D., was born in Londonderry, on the 16th of December, 1755. He became a Fellow of Trinity College in 1779. His "Letters concerning the Northern Coast," published in 1786, first directed general attention to the wonders of the Giants' Causeway. He was, unhappily, murdered on the 2nd of March, 1797, "by a number of armed ruffians," under circumstances of singular atrocity. In consequence of his activity as a magistrate, he had excited the animosity of the lawless fomenters of rebellion in his neighbourhood. He was watched for a considerable period; and at length his suspicions having been lulled, he was passing an evening at the house of a friend, the Rev. Dr. Waller, at Sharon, near the Ferry of Lough Swilly. The family and their guest were amusing themselves in the parlour, when, suddenly, a volley was fired through the window. Mrs. Waller was mortally wounded. Dr. Hamilton endeavoured to escape; but the assassins, who numbered many hundreds, declared that if he was not given up to them, they would set fire to the house and destroy every one of its inmates. A horrible scene followed: the servants determined upon thrusting the unhappy gentleman forth; he resisted; and a frightful struggle ensued, until he was at length thrown out to the murderers, who immediately despatched him. Such was then the state of the country, that they all escaped; some, however, were secreted until they found means to embark for America. We heard from a person very conversant with the subject, that one of the murderers was discovered in a singular way. The wadding of a gun was found unconsumed in the room; it was afterwards recognised as the hand-writing of a little boy, the son of a neighbouring farmer, and the copybook from which it had been torn—into a page of which it exactly fitted—was obtained at his cottage.

<sup>82</sup> "The whin-dykes, as geologists call those perpendicular walls that separate the stratifications on either side, protrude to form the respective promontories of this line of coast, and, where they meet the sea, present many curious forms."

<sup>83</sup> In Port-na-Truin, east of Benbane Head (between Benbane and Bengore), sounds resembling human lamentation are said sometimes to be heard to issue from cavities in the rocks; and it has been suggested that the name is hence derived, *truán* or *truín* signifying *woe* or *lamentation* in the Irish language. The ebbing and flowing of the tide acting on confined air may produce them.

<sup>84</sup> "They might well call the times that are past the times of

the troubles," said our guide, and "ane sorrow brings twa, as the saying is—gentle and simple—priest and minister shared the same fate. Why, you see yon,—up there in the high rock, like a speck from this—it is called the Priest's Hole; well, when the rebellion was over, a priest, who had been stirring enough, I suppose, hid himself in the holes, and caves, and places about the shore, thinking that in time the troubles would quench, and he might escape; but the soldiers tracked him, and at last they found him, or rather saw him, and called to him to surrender, and he refused; and, standing in the gap of the cave—the dark spot that you're looking at now—he told them that if they stirred a foot nearer to him he would jump into the waves that were boiling below from where he stood; but they did not believe he had that courage. So they kept on at their ill words, and at last rushed at him—he was gone—with one spring he darted into the waters, and was seen no more."

<sup>85</sup> Many of our readers will probably be surprised at the small increase of population exhibited by the census of 1841. In some instances even a decrease will appear upon the face of the returns; but, whatever may be the figures, we believe that they may in every case be relied upon, and considered to be as accurate as they could possibly be made; for the greatest care was taken in the arrangement of the machinery for their collection and subsequent correction. It will be found, however, that the increase in the population of Ireland, taken in the aggregate, did not exceed five per cent. beyond the census of 1831; a very small increase compared with the increase of 1831 over 1821. But this fact is accounted for on the ground, that the census of 1831 was very incorrect; that it was not in reality anything like so large as it was represented to be. This evil arose out of the impolitic mode by which it was taken. Paid officers were employed in the several districts throughout Ireland, who were remunerated *in proportion to the numbers entered on their lists*; so much, indeed, per hundred; the natural consequence was a proneness to exaggerate, stimulated by a desire for profit; and it has been ascertained that in several instances the exaggeration was carried to such an extent as scarcely to be credited. The census of 1841 was, as our readers are aware, taken by the Irish Constabulary, who had no inducement to go beyond the truth; and who were subjected to a continual scrutiny by their officers. Another cause of the small increase presented by this census is, undoubtedly, the great increase of emigration; an evil that still continues to a fearful extent. Persons who travel in Ireland, and cannot see far beneath the surface of things, will be astonished to find, perpetually, large tracts

of naturally fertile, though entirely unproductive, land, from the very borders of which whole families, able, healthy, and industrious, have emigrated. To seek for what? For that which they leave at the very thresholds of their own homes. If the emigrant is very fortunate in the distant colonial locality in which he settles, he *may* obtain land as rich and as easy of culture as that which he has left, and requiring no *larger* capital to make it yield profitable crops; but, as we know, in nine cases out of ten, he quits the good to take possession of the bad, and establishes himself in a place where the difficulties are at least four-fold greater than they were at home, and where he, or some one for him, must lay out pounds before he can obtain the means of existence, when at home shillings would have produced the same result. It is folly to talk of Ireland being over-populated, with its millions of acres of mountain and bog, capable of supplying food for millions of human beings, which now feed only the grouse and the hare.

Upon this subject, and in reference to the latest census also, we hope to have more minute information before we have completed our work.

<sup>86</sup> Fermanagh was one of the six counties included in the famous scheme of James the First for the "Plantation of Ulster." According to the arrangement therein made, "the county is supposed to have consisted of 1070 tates of thirty acres each, besides forty-six islands great and small;" of these, two hundred and twelve tates were assigned to the church, and the remainder to the Scotch and English settlers. "A portion, consisting of three hundred and ninety tates, was given to Mac Guire; and the rest of the native inhabitants, as in the other four counties, were removed to waste lands in Connaught and Munster."

The county abounds in lakes. Hence it was called, in Irish, *Feor-magh-eanagh*, "the Country of the Lakes." It was made shire ground in the 11th of Elizabeth; being then in a very unsettled state, and divided between two powerful septs—the Mac Manus and the Mac Guires. Its condition at that period is illustrated by an anecdote of a chieftain of the last named clan. When the lord-deputy sent to inform him that he was about to send a sheriff into his territory, Mac Guire answered, that "her majesty's officer would be received; but, at the same time, he desired to know his *eric*—the fine to be imposed on his murderer, in order that, if he happened to be slain by any of his followers, the amount might be levied on the offender's chattels."

<sup>87</sup> "The largest of the islands is Inishmore, containing nine tates and a half of old plantation measure. Bally-Mac-Manus, now



called Bell-isle, containing two large tates much improved by Sir Ralph Gore; Killygowan, Ennis-Granny, Blath-Ennis, Ennis-Liag, Ennis M'Knock, Cluan-Ennis, Ennis-Keen, Ennis M'Saint, and Babha." A writer in "The Dublin Penny Journal" thus refers to the interesting and beautiful scene:—"We cannot conceive any circumstance that better illustrates the truth of the general principle that, as Shakspeare expresses it, 'what we have we prize not at its worth,' than the fact that Lough Erne—the admiration and delight of strangers, the most extensive and beautifully diversified sheet of water in Ireland—is scarcely known as an object of interest and beauty to the people of Ireland generally, and is rarely or never visited by them for pleasure. It is true that the nobility and gentry who reside upon its shores, or in their vicinity, are not deficient in a feeling of pride in their charming locality, and even boast its superiority of beauty to the far-famed Lakes of Killarney; yet, till very recently, this admiration was almost exclusively confined to themselves, and the beauties of Lough Erne were as little known to the people of Ireland generally as those of the lakes and highlands of Connemara. But Lough Erne will not be thus neglected or unappreciated much longer. Its beauties have been discovered and been eulogised by strangers, who have taught us to set a juster value on the landscape beauties which Providence has bountifully given to our country; and it will soon be a reproach to us to be unfamiliar with them."

<sup>88</sup> Tully Castle was founded by Sir John Hume, who received an ample grant of land at the settlement of Ulster. It remained with his male descendants until the year 1731, when it passed through the female line into the possession of the Loftus family. It is now the property of the Marquis of Ely, who has a beautiful seat—Ely Lodge—in the immediate neighbourhood. The castle was destroyed during the rebellion of 1641; and was never afterwards rebuilt. At that terrible period, "it became the refuge of a considerable number of the English and Scottish settlers in the country. The discontented Irish of the county having, however, collected themselves together, under the command of Rory, the brother of the Lord Maguire, they proceeded to the castle on the 24th of December, and having commanded the Lady Hume and the other persons within it to surrender, it was given up to them on a promise of quarter for their lives, protection for their goods, and free liberty and safe-conduct to proceed either to Monca or Enniskillen, as they might choose. With the exception of the Lady Hume, the individuals immediately belonging to her family, the whole of the persons who had so surrendered, amounting to fifteen

men, and, as it is said, sixty women and children, were, on the following day, stripped and deprived of their goods, and inhumanly massacred, when also the castle was pillaged, burnt, and left in ruins."

<sup>89</sup> Lough Erne is said to have been "miraculously formed." It was formerly a spring well, and "the inhabitants being informed by their Druids or philosophers that the well would overflow the country to the North Sea, for the prevention of it they caused the well to be enclosed in a strong wall, and covered with a door, having a lock and key, signifying no danger while the door was secured; but an unfortunate woman (as by them came more mischief to mankind) opening the door for water, heard her child cry, and running to its relief, forgot to secure the well, and ere she could return, she, with her house and family, were drowned, and many houses more betwixt that and Ballyshannon, and so continues a Lough unto this day." A similar story is related of several other Irish lakes. "It would have more the appearance of reality," writes a contributor to the Dublin Journal, "if it had been told of Lough Gawna—or the Lake of the Calf—in the county of Longford, which is the true source of the river Erne, of which Lough Erne is but an expansion. At Lough Gawna, however, they tell a different story, viz., that it was formed by a calf, which, emerging from a well in its immediate vicinity, still called Tobar-Gawna, or the Well of the Calf, was chased by its water till he entered the sea at Ballyshannon." The expansion of the Samhir or Erne thus miraculously formed, is no less than *forty miles* in extent, from its north-west to its south-east extremities, being the length of the whole county of Fermanagh, through which it forms a great natural canal. Lough Erne, however, properly consists of two lakes, connected by a deep and winding strait, of which the northern, or lower, is more than twenty miles in length, and seven and a half miles in its greatest breadth; and the southern, or upper, is twelve miles long, by four and a half broad. Both lakes are richly studded with islands, mostly wooded, and in many places so thickly clustered together as to present the appearance of a country accidentally flooded; but these islands are not so numerous as they are stated to be by the old writer we have above quoted, or as popularly believed, as accurate investigation has ascertained that their number is but one hundred and ninety-nine, of which one hundred and nine are situated in the lower lake, and ninety in the upper. But these are in truth quite sufficient for picturesqueness, and it may be easily conceived that two sheets of water so enriched, and encircled by shores finely un-

dulating, to a great extent richly wooded, and backed on most points by mountains of considerable elevation, must possess the elements of beauty to a remarkable degree; and the fact appears to be, that though the Killarney and other mountain lakes in Ireland possess more grandeur and sublimity of character, Lough Erne is not surpassed, or perhaps equalled by any for exquisite pastoral beauty. Perhaps, indeed, we might add, that if it were further improved by agricultural improvements, it might justly claim the rank assigned to it by Mr. Inglis, that of 'the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms.'"

<sup>90</sup> There are few manufactories of any kind in the town; and the "Linen Hall" has never been used for the purposes contemplated in its erection. There is, however, a comparatively small establishment, the fame of which has gradually extended to very remote places—we allude to the factory for cutlery, conducted by Mr. Richard Hurles. The knives and razors produced by him are said, by competent judges, to be of far greater excellence than those manufactured in any other town of the kingdom; they are supplied to persons aware of their value, in every part of the globe.

We were much interested by observing the number of women and girls who were employed in Enniskillen and its vicinity, in the manufacture of straw plait. The various low grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of Lough Erne had been considerably flooded by heavy rains, and after we crossed the bridge we saw the men actively employed, either in removing the hay to higher grounds, or bringing it to the mainland, while the women watched their efforts from their cottage doors, and plaited away nimbly, without ever looking at their own work, except when it was necessary to insert a fresh straw. Piles of straw were at the doors drying, or "lying in the bleaching lay." We were attracted to one cottage in particular by hearing some young soft voices singing very sweetly together the little agricultural song, chaunted at infant schools—

"This is the way we grind the corn."

Inside the door two girls and a boy were seated on the floor, not encumbered with clothes, and yet perfectly clean; the youngest, a boy, was splitting straw in a little hand-machine, and the girls were plaiting; a woman behind was nursing *two* infants, one considerably older than the other, and leading the industrious harmony of the little quire. Like the people of the north, she



did not waste time in extra civility:—"May we come in?" "Ay, madam, and welcome—and there's a seat if ye be tired—leave the tune now, Johnny, the lady canna be fashed wi' yer music." "Johnny" did not like to leave the tune; nor did we wish he should, but his "mither" insisted it was "manners" so to do, and at last he obeyed; still, however, striking his little feet so as to keep time to the tune that was evidently passing through his head. "They're light and gay wear for summer," she said, "and warm for winter wi' a bit lining, and 'deed a pleasant face under a neat straw bonnet is not the ugliest thing in the world to look at; I'm thinking it's readier for the face aneath the bonnet to be pleasant, than the face that makes it; for it the bairns and mysel' wark our fingers intil the straw, we couldna make above 'twa,' or twa and threepence the week, and count it good when we clear eighteenpence." "But surely," we observed, "you can do very little with two babies—yet one seems a nurse child, and you are paid for that."

"I am, in troth, paid for it—poor lamb! paid for it, by what I pray may keep with itself, if it only flits over me—God's blessing! It's *na' my ain*, and yet it's as much in my heart, and my gude man's heart, as if it *was born to my bosom*."

"I'll tell ye how it was,—a young girl used to come often from Ballyshannon to buy the plait, which she'd take hame with her, and sew into bonnets or hats, and betimes she'd bide here, and she sewed so neatly that many would buy from her in this town; and she had the sweetest smile, and a pair of the finest eyes I ever see in a woman's head, and indeed she did not take over much pride in herself either—but it's the old story again. I did not see her for as good as six months, and when I did, it was in the gloamin' of the evening, she stole, instead of springing, into the house like a young deer. Well, I said nothing beyant the kindly welcome, and where ha' ye been, until my husband went to bed; and when he was gone, I drew up close to her, and, 'Peggy,' I says, '*show me your marriage lines*.' Well, she made no answer, but sunk on her knees, and hid her face in my lap, and cried. Oh, then she did feel her shame, and she so near to be a mother, and not all out seventeen!"

"Her father had turned her away, her own mother was dead, and the young wife in her place had no feeling for another woman's child. It was but a hut, but that hut was her home, and he that deceived her had fled the country. Poor young thing, I didn't know how to break it to my husband, for he's a strict man; but I did, and he promised me he would let her bide; and I saw

the morn how he looked at his own girls, and (for he is a God-fearing good man) he blessed them twice for once't he used, praying they might die innocent, rather than live to bring disgrace. I had only been about a month up after this baby, when the poor young craythur took ill; and, three or four hours after her child was born, she died: and when my husband came in for his breakfast, and saw me with the two infants, he grew angry, and he called it by a hard name, and I could not keep down the tears, and I asked him to look at the corpse of the mother, who looked like a sleeping child herself; and at last I took heart, and spoke up, for my heart warmed to the baby—'*There are two near neighbours that had brave bouncin' twins, last month,*' I says, 'and are not poorer than before they were born, and the one I have is *but a very little one*, only like half a child, and let this be the other half,' I says; and indeed it was a bad word he spoke, (for he's a God-fearing man) he bid me go to the devil, and the same night he knelt down and prayed for this one the same as his own; and sure I don't know any differ in the love I bear the two bairns. I'm as well off for twins as my neighbours."

Here was another specimen of the affectionate nature of an Irish heart!

<sup>91</sup> The spirit in which it was conducted was soon shown. The Irish forces were commanded by the Lord Galmoy—"an infamous wretch (says Oldmixon) whom no title could honour." His first act indicated that his opponents were to expect no quarter. He had taken prisoner Captain Dixy, eldest son of the Dean of Kilmore, whom he proposed to exchange for "one Brien Mac Conogher Mac Guire," an Irish officer, a prisoner with the Enniskilleners. The proposal was accepted; Mac Guire was dismissed, but Captain Dixy was tried "for levying men by the Prince of Orange's commission," and executed, in breach of all faith and honour. It is stated on the authority of a contemporary writer—the Rev. Andrew Hamilton—that "Mac Guire went to Galmoy and told him that his putting Captain Dixy to death, after his promise, under his hand, to return him, would be a perpetual stain to his honour; and rather than he should do so base a thing, prayed that he might be returned a prisoner to Crom, and that Dixy's life might be saved, for he did not desire to purchase his freedom by so great injustice. Notwithstanding, the young gentleman was hanged on Mr. Russel's sign-post, at Belturbet." Harris affirms that "Mac Guire was so much disgusted at this action that he returned to Crom, threw up his commission, and would serve King James no longer."

<sup>92</sup> One of the most remarkable incidents of the war is related by Harris and other historians. Galmoy having drawn Col. Creighton, the Governor of Crom, to "an interview on the public faith," caused him to be arrested for refusing to deliver up his castle, and would have actually put him to death, had not the Lord Mountcashel, enraged at the perfidy, rescued him by force, and conducted him safe to the gates of his fortress. "Which instance of justice and honour," writes Harris, "did not lose its reward." His Lordship's life was saved in the hottest part of a subsequent battle; he was conducted to Enniskillen, and there allowed the liberty of the town "upon parole." After some time, finding but little prospect of ransom or exchange, he artfully caused a rumour to be spread that he intended to escape, "whereupon he was put under a guard, and so released from his parole." Thus circumstanced, he took advantage of the earliest opportunity of quitting the town, and succeeded in making his way to France, where he was tried by a Court of Honour for breach of his parole; but, upon explaining all the circumstances, he was honourably acquitted.

<sup>93</sup> Some of the advocates of the Christian theory, on looking at these carvings and at those in Cormac's chapel in Cashel, and on the corbel stones in the interior of the Ardmore tower, would deem that they argue a Christian period of erection. We confess we cannot see them in the same light. Passing by, for the moment, all the other arguments on the Round Tower question, and looking only at this, we feel persuaded that no other resemblance exists between the different sculptures just mentioned, than that of their being all unnatural and grotesque; a character which may be applied to all ancient sculptures (not classical) from the Ganges to Yucatan. The Devenish ornaments are certainly unlike anything at either Ardmore or Cashel. A question fairly arising out of this subject is, when did grotesque ornamenting commence and originate? Is it a peculiarity belonging only to *Christian* architecture? Until this be satisfactorily answered, these sculptures will afford us very little help in this inquiry. But into this subject we shall presently enter more minutely, and at some length.

<sup>94</sup> For the greater portion of the information here condensed, we are indebted to J. Windele, Esq., of Cork, author of "Historical and Descriptive Notices" of that city; a gentleman, who has laid us under repeated obligations, by kind and generous assistance, concerning subjects to which he has devoted much time and attention. His views appear to us, indeed, conclusive; he has divested his details of all fanciful embellishment; has brought a



clear mind to bear upon the matter; and rests his opinions upon simple facts—such facts, at least, as are to be obtained.

<sup>95</sup> The subject has of late derived a new importance from recent researches, the result of which has disclosed a *use*, which, although previously suspected by one writer, was never deemed probable by those who had given it any attention. That amongst other purposes they were sepulchrally used is now fully established by the successive examinations of the towers of Ardmore, Cloyne, Ardpatrick, Cashel, Roscrea, Drumbo, Trummery, Brechin, and Abernethy; at all which places human remains, and in some shells, particles of charcoal, amber, and urns, have been found. Yet a question, whether these discoveries indicate Pagan or Christian sepulture? has arisen; and thus, instead of adjusting, they only seem further to embroil the subject.

<sup>96</sup> The map of Ireland, issued by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," enumerates 118. The list is, however, exceedingly incorrect. We have revised it with no inconsiderable care, and believe the existing "Round Towers" may now be given as shown in table on page 349.

<sup>97</sup> The building of the Round Towers, as will be imagined, is a fertile theme for legends; the most general one is, that each was built in one night. We have elsewhere recorded some of the singular stories still current among the peasantry. The great architect of old times is, however, styled the Goban Saer. A writer in the Dublin Penny Journal has preserved some "anecdotes" of this "worthy." One of the most striking concerns his having been invited over to England to build a palace for a British prince. "This he undertook to do, and did; but the consummate skill of the artist had nearly cost him his life, for the prince, struck with the matchless beauty of the palace, was determined that it should stand unrivalled on the earth, by putting the architect to death, who alone was capable of constructing such another, after the moment the building received the finishing touches of his skilful hand." The Goban, however, had a daughter-in-law, of marvellous wisdom, and trusting to her sagacity, "in an interview with his majesty, he acquaints him that the building was being completed; and that its beauty exceeded everything of the kind he had done before; but that it could not be finished without a certain instrument, which he unfortunately left at home, and he requested his royal permission to return for it. The king would, by no means, consent to the Goban Saer's departure; but anxious to have the edifice completed, he was willing to send a trusty messenger into Ireland for that instrument upon which the finishing of the royal

## ROUND TOWERS.

NAME.	State.	COUNTY.	NAME.	State.	COUNTY.
Feet.			Feet.		
Aghadoc,.....	s	Kerry.	Kells,.....99	i	Meath.
Aghagower,.....		Mayo.	Kilcullen, Old.....40	i	Kildare.
Aghaviller,.....	i	Kilkenny.	Kildare,.....	p	Ditto.
Antrim,.....95	p	Antrim.	Kilkenny, St. Canice,....108	p	Kilkenny.
Ardfert,.....	f	Kerry.	Killala,.....83	p	Mayo.
Ardmore,.....90	v.p	Waterford.	Killbanon,.....		Galway.
Ardpatrick,.....11	a	Limerick.	Kilmallock,.....15		Limerick.
Armoy,.....	i	Antrim.	Killeakin,.....	f	Queen's County.
Ballagh, Bel, or Baal,....60	i	Mayo.	Killoaboy,.....10	s	Clare.
Ballygaddy,.....		Galway.	Killossy,.....	i	Kildare.
Ballyvenny,.....	f	Cork.	Kilmacduagh,.....		Galway.
Boyle,.....		Roscommon.	Kilree, near Kells,.....70	v.i	Kilkenny.
Brigoon, near Mitchelstown,...	f	Cork.	Kinneagh,.....70	v.i	Cork.
Carrigeen,.....50	i	Limerick.	Londonderry,.....35	f	Londonderry.
Cashel,.....	p	Tipperary.	Louth,.....	f	Louth.
Castle-Dermot,.....	i	Kildare.	Lusk,.....	i	Dublin.
Clondalkin,.....110	p	Dublin.	Maghera,.....	i	Down.
Clonmacnoise,.....60	p	King's County.	Meelick,.....		Galway.
— a second,....62	i	Ditto.	Moat, Ballymont,.....		Sligo.
Clones,.....	p	Monaghan.	Monasterboice,.....110	np	Louth.
Cloyne,.....92	p	Cork.	Oran,.....	p	Roscommon.
Cork,.....	f	Ditto.	Oughterard,.....	i	Kildare.
Devevish,.....82	v.p	Fermanagh.	Ram Island,.....	i	Antrim, L. Neagh
Donaghmore,.....	v.i	Meath.	Raphoe,.....		Donegal.
Downpatrick,.....	f	Down.	Rathmichael,.....7	f	Dublin.
Dromiskin,.....	i	Louth.	Rattoo & 7 ancient Churches,...	p	Kerry.
Drumbo,.....35	i	Down.	Roscom, or Murrough,....90	i	Galway.
Drumeliff,.....18	i	Sligo.	Roscommon,.....	f	Roscommon.
Drumkleeve,.....50	i	Clare.	Rosera,.....80	i	Tipperary.
Drumlane,.....	i	Cavan.	Rosenallis,.....	f	Queen's County.
Dublin, Christ Church,....	f	Dublin.	Scattery Island, & 7 ancient } Churches,.....	p	Clare, B. Shan.
Dungarvan,.....		Waterford.	Sier-Kieran,.....20	p	King's County.
Dungiven,.....	f	Londonderry	Sligo,.....		Sligo.
Dysart, O'Dea,.....	v.i	Clare.	— a second,.....		Ditto.
Fartagh,.....96	i	Kilkenny.	Swords,.....73	p	Dublin.
Glendalough, 7 Churches,...	i	Wicklow.	Teghadoc,.....	i	Kildare.
— a 2d at St. Kevin's } Kitchen,.....	p	Ditto.	Timahoe,.....84	p	Queen's County.
Innis-caltra, or 7 Churches,...	i	Clare, L. Derg.	Trammery,.....60	np	Antrim.
Ioniskean,.....		Monaghan.	Tulloherin,.....60	v.i	Kilkenny.
Kellystown,.....	f	Carlow.	Turlough,.....	p	Mayo.

p. perfect with conical cap—np. nearly perfect—i. imperfect—s. only the stump—f. foundations only—v. remarkable variety in the construction.

edifice depended. The other assured his majesty that it was of so much importance, that he would not entrust it into the hands of the greatest of his majesty's subjects. It was finally arranged that the king's eldest son should proceed to Rath Goban, and, upon producing his credentials to the lady of the castle, receive the instrument of which she had the keeping, and which the Goban Saer named '*Cur-an-aigh-an-cuim.*' Upon his arrival in Ireland, the young prince proceeded to fulfil his errand; but the knowing mistress of Rath Goban, judging from the tenor of the message, and the ambiguous expressions couched under the name of the pretended instrument, that her husband and father-in-law were the

victims of some deep treachery, she bade him welcome, inquired closely after her absent friends, and told him he should have the object of his mission when he had refreshed himself after the fatigues of his long journey. Beguiled by the suavity of her manners and the wisdom of her words, the prince complied with her invitation to remain all night at Rath Goban. But, in the midst of his security, the domestics, faithful to the call of their mistress, had him bound in chains, and led to the dungeon of the castle. Thus the wisdom of the Goban Saer, and the discrimination of his daughter, completely baffled the wicked designs of the king, who received intimation that his son's life would surely atone for the blood of the architect's. He dismissed them to their native country laden with splendid presents; and, on their safe arrival at Rath Goban, the prince was restored to liberty." "But the name of the Goban Saer," adds the writer, "will live while the Irish race shall retain their vernacular tongue, or his maxims of wisdom are the oracles of unlettered instruction. I have not learned the particular period at which he flourished, but tradition says, that he was superior to all his contemporaries in the art of building; even in that dark age, when so little communication existed between countries not so remotely situated, his fame extended to distant lands."

<sup>98</sup> We approached Derry as the evening was closing in; nothing could be more imposing than the appearance of "The Maiden City"—at first a few lights became visible near the Foyle, then they sparkled higher up, so as to display to great advantage the far-famed *acropolis* of the north. As we turned into the outward suburb—to the full as large as Derry within the walls—the reflection of the lights from the river gave a magic effect to the scene. The hill or island of Derry is of an oval form, and ascends to an elevation of one hundred and nineteen feet.

<sup>99</sup> By the original contract between the crown and the corporation of London, concluded in 1609, it was stipulated that the walls should be finished on the first of November in the following year; but though commenced, they were not entirely completed for several years after. They were laid out and built under the direction of Thomas Raven, of London, who had been sent over for the purpose, and the total cost of their erection, "including ports or gates," with all materials and workmanship, was £8,357. According to Pynnar, in 1618-19 the city was "encompassed about with a very strong wall, excellently made and neatly wrought, being all of good lime and stone; the circuit whereof is two hundred and eighty-four perches and two-thirds; at eighteen feet to the perch;



besides the four gates, which contain eighty-four feet, and in every place of the wall it is twenty-four feet high, and six feet thick. The gates are all battlemented; but to two of them there is no going up, so that they serve to no great use; neither have they made any leaves for their gates, but make two drawbridges serve for two of them, and two portcullises for the other two. The bulwarks are very large and good, being in number nine, besides two half bulwarks; and for four of them there may be four cannons, or other great pieces; the rest are not all out so large, but wanteth very little. The rampart within the city is twelve feet thick of earth; all things are very well and substantially done, saving there wanteth a house for the soldiers to watch in, and a centinell-house for the soldiers to stand in in the night to defend them from the weather, which is most extream in these parts."

During the siege these bulwarks, or bastions, were known popularly by the following names, as given in "A Description of Londonderry," annexed to Neville's plan of the siege, engraved in 1689:—"The *Double Bastion*, soe called from its being divided with a wall, which reaches from the face to the middle of the gorge; this was made because the bastion was built on a descent, and the upper part exposed and lay open to the campagne. It was on this bastion that the governor erected a gallows to have executed the prisoners taken in war, when the poor unprotected Protestants were most inhumanly driven, contrary to the law of armes, under the walls to have perished, or force the besieged to surrender; but by this stratagem of the governour's, the enemy suffered the Protestants to withdraw. The *Royall Bastion*, soe called from the advancing of the red flagg upon it, in defiance of the enemy. It hath a platforme, of no considerable greatness. *Hangman's Bastion*, soe called from a person that was makeing his escape from the towne, and (as he thought) had employed friends to let him downe by a coard: they by some means gott it about his neck, and held him soe long by the way that they had allmost despatched him: but this is but, a demy bastion. *Gunner's Bastion*, because the master gunner's house stood near it. This is likewise a demy bastion. *Coward's Bastion*, for it was observable that such resorted there, it lyeing most out of danger. It is said it never wanted company good store. The *Water Bastion*, from the washing of the tyde upon the face of it. *New Gate Bastion*, because it stands near that gate. *Ferry Bastion*, as lyeing opposite thereunto. The *Church Bastion*, it being near the church." To this description may be added from the Report to the Irish Society of the Commissioners, Proby and Springham, in 1618, that the walls

had around them a dry ditch, eight feet deep and thirty broad, which extended from the Prince's Bulwark, at the west end of the city, along the south to the water side, being more than half the circuit of the wall. The wants complained of by Pynnar were not supplied till after 1628, when the corporation of London were ordered by his majesty "to build and erect guard-houses, centinel-houses, stairs and passages to the bulwarks and ramparts, where they are deficient or defective;" in consequence of which they commenced building three guard-houses and eight platforms. Two of the guard or sentinel houses, then erected, still remain, which are situated between the Bishop's Gate and the south bastion. After a lapse of more than two centuries, the fortifications of Derry retain, nearly unchanged, their original form and character; the external ditch, indeed, is no longer visible, being mostly occupied by the rears of houses. Between 1806 and 1808, the walls were repaired at a cost of £1119 6s. 2d. In 1824, the north-west bastion was demolished to make room for the erection of a market; and, in 1826, the central western bastion was modified for the reception of Walker's Testimonial.—*Ordnance Survey*.

<sup>100</sup> The bridge was erected by Mr. Lemuel Cox, a native of Boston, between the years 1789 and 1791, at the cost of £16,294 6s. The length of the bridge is 1,068 feet, and its breadth 40. The piles of which the piers are composed, are from fourteen to eighteen inches square, and from fourteen to eighteen feet long. They are made of oak, and the head of each pile is tenoned into a cap-piece seventeen inches square, and forty feet long, supported by three sets of girths and braces. The piers, which are sixteen and a half feet asunder, are bound together by thirteen string-pieces, equally divided, and transversely bolted; on the string-pieces is laid the flooring. On each side of the platform there is a railing four and a half feet high, and a broad foot-way, provided with gas-lamps. At one-quarter of the length of the bridge, measured towards its western extremity, a turning-bridge has been constructed in place of the original drawbridge: some contrivance of this kind is necessary, the inhabitants of Strabane having a right to the free navigation of the Foyle. There is a toll-house at the end next to the city.—*Ordnance Survey*.

<sup>101</sup> The natural alarm of the northern Protestants was increased by a letter "dropped at Cumber," and addressed to Lord Mount-Alexander; it was written in an "ill hand," and appeared to have been "penned by one of the meaner sort of the natives." It ran thus:—"Good my Lord, I have written to let you know that all our Irishmen through Ireland is sworn. That on the 9th day of

this month they are all to fall on to kill and murder man, wife, and child. And I desire your Lordship to take care of yourself, and all others that are judged by our men to be heads; for whosoever of 'em can kill any of you, they are to have a captain's place; so my desire to your honour is to look to yourself, and give other noblemen warning, and go not out either night or day, without a good guard with you, and let no Irishman come near you whatsoever he be: so this is all from him, who was your father's friend, and is your friend, and will be, though I dare not be known as yet for fear of my life." The letter was dated Dec. 3; copies of it were immediately circulated, and it, no doubt, tended greatly towards the "shutting of the gates of Derry."

<sup>102</sup> James arrived at Derry on 18th April; and, according to his own account, "endeavoured to bring the unhappy rebels to a sense of their duty, with a singular and unwearied benignity and forbearance." He calls the garrison "obstinate wretches, who neither offered to surrender nor capitulate," and whose answer to a summons was "nothing else than cannon and musket shots from every side." Dalrymple says:—"They alarmed King James by continual sallies, in the day, in the night, in time of meals, in rain, in mist. They destroyed his works; or, when success failed them, they returned contented that they had harassed his troops. These sallies they made formidable by a practice which pedants in the profession of arms would have disapproved. When a sally was to be made, the command was offered to whatever officer would undertake it; and the officer offered the service to whatever soldiers would attend him." The king remained in the camp opposite to Derry, or in the immediate neighbourhood, until the middle of June. The Derry gunners, though "self-taught," must have been very expert. On the 19th July, Hamilton wrote to the king that "Mr. Massé was killed; one Captain Bourke had his left hand shot off, and wounded by splinters through the shoulder; a gunner and two soldiers hurt, all by one shot; that within a moment thereafter, two soldiers had been killed by a second shot; whereof the wind had no burned Major Geogheghan's face that he was in danger of losing his left eye."

<sup>103</sup> "In broken speeches he called to the multitude who surrounded him, as soon as he passed the gate, to remember glory, safety, and religion; their country, themselves, their posterity—with other topics which natural passion dictated, or the present exigency required. He pointed to different persons to secure the gates, to run to arms, to mount the walls, to point the guns. He directed all those whose voices were for defending the town, to



distinguish themselves by tying a white cloth round the left arm."  
—*Dalrymple*.

<sup>104</sup> The sword with which Colonel Murray slew the French general, is still retained as a trophy by Murray's descendants. It was borne by his grandson at the Commemoration festival, which took place in Derry, on the 7th Dec. 1788.

<sup>105</sup> On the 25th of July, Hamilton wrote to the king, that in the pockets of some men killed in a sally "starch was found—as a sign of the great wants of the garrison;" and that a dying man had declared he had fed on nothing else four days.

<sup>106</sup> Rosen, in his proclamation dated the 30th of June, states that he had "sent the necessary orders to all governors and commanders of his Majesty's forces, to cause all the men, women, and children, who are any ways related to those in Londonderry, or anywhere else in open rebellion, to be forthwith brought to this place." His orders were even more explicit. His governors and commanders were directed to make an "exact research" for "all rebellious subjects, whether protected or unprotected," "whether men, women, boys, or girls, or infants, of whatever age;" and to conduct them to the camp, "giving them no more subsistence than will be barely necessary to support them this length from the places where they shall be taken," and afterwards to "drive them under the walls of the town that they may starve." It is due to the memory of King James to state that he disapproved of this atrocious measure. According to his own statement, he at once issued counter-orders, and immediately despatched away couriers to all the places where Mons. de Rosen had sent orders to assemble these poor people, commanding them and Rosen to desist from such practices. "Rosen had, however," writes James, "before his master's orders could reach him, assembled above 4,000 men, women, and children, which he caused to be driven to the wall; but," he adds, "so little effect had this proceeding towards persuading the town to surrender, that they fired upon them from the walls, which M. de Rosen perceiving, threw them off, and sent them to their homes again." This throwing off, however, arose from no sense of mercy; it was the result of the threat on the part of the garrison to hang all their prisoners. Of the 4,000 "sent to their homes again," many perished by the way; and many found they had no homes to go to, for they had, meanwhile, been burnt to the ground. The fact of "firing on the miserable crowd," alluded to by James, was accounted for; the garrison, unprepared for so merciless an attack, mistook their friends for their enemies and discharged their cannon among them. Rosen, in a

letter to James, dated July 5, refers to this "firing upon them," and states, that before sending them back to their own habitations, he made them "comprehend the difference between his Majesty's clemency and the cruel treatment of their own party."

<sup>107</sup> When the unfortunate people were suffered to withdraw from the trenches, the garrison sought to lessen the number of useless hands, by mixing with the crowd some of their own townspeople: the ruse, however, failed; the people were easily detected, and driven back. According to King James's account (*Life by Himself*, Macpherson's *Orig. Papers*)—"The town was reduced to so great extremities," that the intruders were "known by their wan and lean countenances, and nauseous smell, that made every one think they had the plague, and others fell down dead upon the strand."

<sup>108</sup> Chief of them all was the Priest-soldier, George Walker; a man against whose integrity many charges have been made—but without one of them having been sustained. He must have possessed vast strength of character, great energy, and immense powers of physical endurance. He kept up the spirits of the besieged alternately with the sword and the Bible; and was their leader, or their pastor, as occasion required. His account of the siege is at once manly and modest. He died "foolishly" in arms at the Boyne Water, where he, at least, could have acquired no additional glory; and where certainly he had "no business." Honours and substantial rewards had been heaped upon him by King William, by the University of Oxford, by the Irish Society, and by the universal voice of England. To Derry, however, he never returned; he was interred in his church of Donoghmore, in the county of Tyrone; but his proudest monument overlooks the Maiden City. It records also the names of his brave companions—Baker, Mitchelburne, Murray and others; and much of the spirit by which they were animated still lives in the hearts of the "Prentice Boys;" although its existence has been made matter of serious question—inasmuch as these descendants have returned to Parliament, as their representative, a gentleman holding political opinions very opposite to those of their ancestors, and a Roman Catholic cathedral is erecting "within the walls" of old Derry.

<sup>109</sup> Coleraine was entirely merged into the county of Londonderry—and parts of other counties were added to it to form the present county of Londonderry,—which was so, and then, formed. The other five counties were planted by private settlers—"undertakers." To the conditions under which lands were granted to them we have made frequent reference.

110 "The country is well watered, generally, by abundance of springs, brooks, and rivers; and plenty of fuel, either by means of wood, or, where that is wanting, of good and wholesome turf.

"It yieldeth store of all necessary for man's sustenance, in such measure as may not only maintain itself, but also furnish the city of London, yearly, with manifold provision, especially for their fleets; namely, with beef, pork, fish, rye, bere, peas, and beans, which will also, in some years, help the dearth of the city and country about, and the storehouses appointed for the relief of the poor.

"As it is fit for all sorts of husbandry, so for breeding of mares and increase of cattle it doth excel, whence may be expected plenty of butter, cheese, hides, and tallow.

"English sheep will breed abundantly in Ireland, the sea-coast, and the nature of the soil, being very wholesome for them; and, if need were, wool might be had cheaply and plentifully out of the west parts of Scotland.

"It is held to be good in many places for madder, hops, and woad.

"It affordeth fells of all sorts, in great quantity, red-deer, foxes, sheep, lamb, rabbits, martins, squirrels, &c.

"Hemp and flax do more naturally grow there than elsewhere; which being well regarded, might give great provision for canvas, cable, cording, and such like requisite for shipping, besides thread, linen cloth, and all stuffs made of linen yarn, which is more fine and plentiful there than in all the rest of the kingdom.

"Materials for building—timber, stone of all sorts, limestone, slate, and shingle—are afforded in most parts of the country; and the soil is good for brick and tile.

"The harbour of the river of Derry is exceedingly good; and the road of Portrush and Lough Swilly, not far distant from the Derry, tolerable.

"The sea fishing of that coast very plentiful of all manner of usual sea fish, especially herrings and eels; there being yearly, after Michaelmas, for taking of herrings, above seven or eight score sail of his Majesty's subjects and strangers for lading, besides an infinite number of boats for fishing and killing.

"Great and profitable fishing are in the next adjacent isles of Scotland, where many Hollanders do fish all the summer season; and do plentifully vend their fish in Spain, and within the Straits.

"Much train or fish oil, of seal, herring, &c., may be made upon that coast.

"As the sea yieldeth very great plenty and variety of sea fish,





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Teelin Fishermen, Donegal  
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

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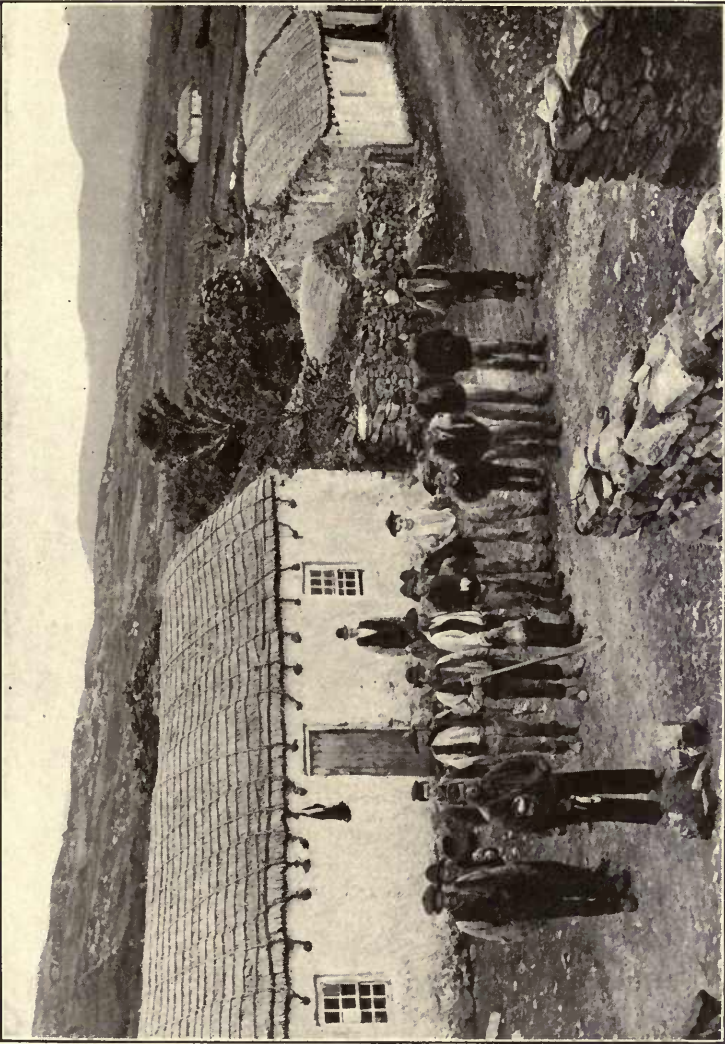
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**Teelin Fishermen, Donegal**

*As the sea fishing is very plentiful and variety of sea fish.*  
*Reproduced from an Original Photograph*









so doth the coast afford abundance of all manner of sea fowl, and the rivers greater store of fresh fish than any of the rivers in England.

"There be also some store of good pearls upon this coast; especially within the river of Lough Foyle.

"The coasts be ready for traffic with England and Scotland, and for supply of provision from or to them; and do lie open and convenient for Spain and the Straits, and fittest and nearest for Newfoundland."

<sup>111</sup> The prices of provisions in Ulster were at this time, for a cow or bullock 15*s.* (about one halfpenny per pound); a sheep from 16*d.* to 2*s.*; a hog, 2*s.*; barley, 11*d.* a bushel; oats, 4*d.* a bushel.

<sup>112</sup> As the statement referred to is curious and interesting, we print it in a note:—On the 17th of December 1613, "At a Court of Common Council, Mr. Alderman Cockaine, the Governor of the Irish Society, represented to the court, and to the masters and wardens of all the several Companies then assembled, that a division of the estates, which was proposed to be made in Ireland, belonging to the plantation, had been made into twelve parts, which were particularly expressed on twelve several sheets of paper, the same being numbered from one to twelve inclusive; and that, answerable to those proportions, the committee for the plantation had prepared twelve pieces of paper, each piece having one of the aforesaid numbers thereon, which were rolled and tied up severally, like lots, each lot referring to some one of the same twelve proportions of land, which twelve lots were brought into the court by the Governor, in a box by themselves. That the whole monies disbursed already in and about the said plantation, amounting in all to £40,000, were, on the other hand, subdivided and brought into twelve like several equal portions of money, each portion consisting of £3,333 6*s.* 8*d.*, all which portions being added together made up the sum of £40,000; and that in the same subdivision this course had been taken, that so many of the Companies of the City which had contributed towards the said plantation as made up one full portion of £3,333 6*s.* 8*d.* according to the several sums by them already disbursed, had been added and joined together; and that, in every of the said twelve proportions of money, one of the twelve principal Companies stood as chief, and unto that principal Company, not having of itself expended so much money as amounted to a full proportion, were added and joined so many of the inferior Companies as, according to their several sums by them already disbursed, made

up a full proportion of £3,333 6s. 8d. as near as possibly may be. And where the sum of any Company already disbursed exceeded the last-mentioned sum, the said Company was joined to some other principal Company for the overplus; and inasmuch as the Companies joined together to make up a proportion of money, and their sums did not altogether make up an even proportion, but some happened to be more, and others less, than a full proportion, in that case, the Companies so joined together were rateably to pay to, or receive from, the Treasurer of the said plantation, that which should be more or less than a full proportion; which Companies' names that were so joined together, to make up the said twelve proportions of money, were, in like manner, severally written on twelve several pieces of paper, together with the sum of money disbursed by each Company, and were afterwards, in like manner, rolled and tied up together like lots and were brought likewise, and presented in court by the Governor, in a box by themselves. And the same particulars were also written together on a sheet of paper, and subscribed with the names of the committees for the said plantation."

<sup>113</sup> Soon after the commencement of the reign of Charles I., however, by a mode of summary as that by which the properties were transferred to the London Companies, the properties were taken from them. Sir Thomas Phillips, who appears to have entertained hostile designs against the citizens of London—we quote from the "Concise View of the Irish Society"—as British undertakers of the Plantations in Ulster—prepared and sent to his Majesty a virulent accusation against them, charging them with breach of the original articles, and strongly urging the King to seize into his own hands the territories in Ulster; and in addition to this circumstance, various informations were sent from Ireland, at the instigation of Dr. Bramhall (who had accompanied Lord Strafford as his chaplain, and was afterwards Bishop of Derry), against the Society, charging them with crimes and misdemeanors, in consequence of which a sequestration was issued, and the county of Londonderry was seized into the King's hands. In 1632 it was sequestered, and the rents levied for the King's use: Bishop Bramhall being appointed chief receiver. But in 1656, Oliver Cromwell granted letters-patent, by which he restored the Society as originally ordained, and conferred on them the same rights as they enjoyed under the charter of James I.; and by King Charles II. a new charter was granted, "to embrace all the possessions and rights the city originally possessed." This was "made out" on



the 10th of April, 1662. In 1684 "the King confirmed the Society's Charter."

The charter of the Society confers upon it the government, not merely of the city of Londonderry and town of Coleraine, but of the entire county of Londonderry, inasmuch as it gives "full power and authority to direct, appoint, and ordain, all and singular things which for or concerning the plantation, supply, establishment, continuation, and government, of the city and county of Londonderry, to them shall seem best and most expedient. And also, to send orders and directions for the ordering, directing, and disposing of all and all manner of matters and things whatsoever, of or concerning the same plantation, or the disposition or disposing, and laying out of all sums of money now collected and received, or hereafter to be collected and received; and generally, any other cause, matter, or thing whatsoever concerning the direction or ordering of the said plantation, or concerning any other things whatsoever which, by the true intent of these our letters-patent, can or ought to be done by them for the better government and rule of the said city of Londonderry, and county of Londonderry."

<sup>114</sup> This most important and advantageous plan is, however, only of recent origin. It is unquestionable that for above two centuries the Society was as utterly unacquainted with their estates as if they had been situate in Kamtschatka. The reports of earlier years are not in our possession; but in 1832 the instructions to the Deputation appear to have been suggested by sound and rational views, and to have been dictated by a sincere and earnest desire to benefit their possessions and improve the country. The principal are as follow:—

"That the Deputation do view and report generally upon the state of the lands, tenements, and hereditaments belonging to the Irish Society in Londonderry and Coleraine, and particularly as to any improvements which can be made thereon; and suggest such measures as they may consider conducive to the interest of this Society, and the welfare and the prosperity of the plantation.

"Also that they do view the Fishery at the cuts, near Coleraine, and endeavour to ascertain the value of the yearly produce.

"That they do view the various charitable and other institutions in the city and county of Londonderry, and town of Coleraine, to which the Court do now subscribe, or have heretofore sub-

scribed in aid, in order to ascertain whether their bounty is or has been properly applied.

"Also that they do procure an account of the Charity Schools established on the Society's estates, and the number of children educated therein, and whether any and what improvements can be made for general education.

"Also to ascertain what manufactories there are within the district of the Society's estates, and what their capabilities are, and how the poor are generally employed.

"Also that the Deputation be empowered to take any maps, plans, papers, or documents, in furtherance of their mission: a list being first made of the same, and signed by the Deputation."

Similar instructions appear to have been given and acted upon from time to time.

<sup>115</sup> "The farms are generally small, averaging from five to ten acres; consequently the lands are badly cultivated, and the small farmers' houses are very inferior in comfort and appearance. The tenants are made to pay very high rents, and the cotters live in perfect hovels."—*Report*.

<sup>116</sup> The Report states, that "although the Grocers have built several school-houses, upon which they have expended considerable sums, they have, at the same time, unfortunately and unaccountably neglected the general interests of the tenantry. Many of the farmers' and cotters' houses are of a very inferior description, and the state of agriculture has not improved. These evils they attribute to the neglect of the Company's agent; whom they consider not to have studied the amelioration of the condition of the tenants."

<sup>117</sup> "This estate has been for a considerable time in the Company's possession, and although they have improved the appearance of the country, yet the improvements are far from being carried to the extent that a public body ought to be satisfied with; very little of the income derived from the property is laid out for its improvement. The farms average about eight acres, which is far too small; they are badly cultivated, and have miserable farm-houses: the cotters' huts are void of every comfort, being thatched cabins of the most wretched character, and many are really unfit for the habitation of human beings."—*Report*.

<sup>118</sup> "The houses of the farmers are many of them unfit for common day-labourers, whilst the labourers' or cotters' huts are unfit for human beings to inhabit, and we consider them as most disgraceful to any civilized country, but more especially to a

property under the protection of one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the London Companies.”—*Report*.

<sup>119</sup> “Little or no amelioration is taking place either in the moral or intellectual condition of the inhabitants, or in the comfort or progressive improvement of their condition. No schools are supported by the proprietor, and he subscribes to scarcely any charitable institutions on the property, so as to sustain even a semblance of the fulfilment of the Society’s charter. Although there are many situations favourable for planting, no advantage has been taken thereof, but all is left wild and barren.”—*Report*.

<sup>120</sup> The Clothworkers have only recently obtained possession (by the expiration of a lease); they have but just commenced improvements; “and certainly,” states the Report, “few properties stand more in need of them.”

<sup>121</sup> “The late holders under lease seem only to have used this property for the purpose of making the most of it during the term of their lease; consequently those who have no leases are heavily rented, and little or no improvement has taken place. The estate is void of wood or planting to any extent, and the farms are generally in a very mean and disgraceful state. The cotters’ houses are of the most wretched description of hovels.”—*Report*.

<sup>122</sup> “It is only an act of justice on the part of the Deputation, to state that this Company is acting in the most praiseworthy manner. They are expending nearly, if not all, their annual income in improvements, and in bettering the condition of the inhabitants.”—*Report*.

<sup>123</sup> The Vintners receive only £212 a year head rent from the property. The lands have been alienated by the Company, and let in perpetuity, or sold. The present proprietors are the heirs of the Conolly family. The houses of the farmers who have obtained leases in perpetuity are generally surrounded by a few trees, giving the country a comfortable and agreeable appearance. The cabins of the labourers are very despicable hovels.

<sup>124</sup> The lease of the estate is held directly under the Company by Lord Londonderry, and Sir Robert Bateson, Bart., of Belvoir, which lease will expire in May, 1853.

<sup>125</sup> This Company is understood to expend all the income of their estate on its improvement, and in advancing the moral and intellectual welfare of the tenantry, whilst the comfort of the inhabitants is not overlooked even in the minutest detail by the very worthy agents. The Drapers have planted extensively in several glens and faces of hills on the estate. The farms are



considered to be let at fair and moderate rents: the tenants are obliged to whitewash all the outsides of their dwellings once in the year. The Company have within the last few years turned their attention towards the interior comfort of the farmhouses, and have expended between £3,000 and £4,000 on them. The mode adopted is to give an improving tenant such a sum as may be necessary to rebuild or slate his house at the rate of four per cent. per annum, which per centage is added to the rent. The large town of Moneymore, situated on this estate, is one of the best and most prosperous towns of the North of Ireland.

<sup>126</sup> The city and county of Londonderry may be classed in its division of property under the following heads:—

The Honourable the Irish Society have retained in their own hands the city of Derry and town of Coleraine, with their liberties, the Fisheries of the Lough Foyle and river Bann, and the ground and soil of the same, the Vice-Admiralty of the district between Ballyshannon (river,) and Olderfleete (castle,) with the deep sea fishings of the coasts and shores of the same, and all the royalties, &c. of the whole county, the advowsons, &c. &c.

The county may be considered as divided in the following manner:—

	Acres.
The city of Derry, the town of Coleraine, and the liberties thereof, about .....	14,000
The Twelve Companies' Proportions, comprising about..	260,000
The Freeholds, about.....	110,000
The Church lands formerly granted to the Bishop, about..	100,000
Newton Limavady and Castle Dawson Estates, about.....	25,000
[Sir Thomas Phillips was sent to Ireland to divide the county of Londonderry into twelve equal proportions: in the progress of this division he set apart two estates to himself, which were in the most fertile and valuable part of the colony, and called them horse parks; one was Newton Limavady, the other Castle Dawson; hence they are both denominated Phillips's Lands.]	
Fisheries, Water, &c., about.....	12,000
Total,	521,000

The annual value is about £250,000 per annum, or an average of 10s. per acre. The population is about 250,000.

<sup>127</sup> The latest, and one of the greatest, of the Irish chieftains

was Sir Cahir O'Dogherty, whose "rebellion" in 1608 mainly induced the "plantation" under James the First. He appears to have been a gallant young hero; who was stimulated to revolt by a personal insult, and who perished with most of his followers in a battle with the English; not, however, until he had avenged himself by the death of Sir George Pawlett, Vice-Provost of Derry, by whose order he is said to have been "personally chastised," and laid the city in ashes. The following romantic story of the fall of the young chief is related by the Rev. Cæsar Otway, in his interesting and valuable work, "Sketches in Ireland":—

"The plantation of Ulster had not as yet taken place; but already many Scots had settled themselves along the rich alluvial lands that border the Loughs Foyle and Swilly; and it was Sir Cahir's most desired end and aim to extirpate these intruders, hateful as strangers, detestable as heretics. He was the Scotsman's curse and scourge. One of these industrious Scots had settled in the valley of the Lennan; Rory O'Donnel, the Queen's Earl of Tyrconnel, had given him part of that fertile valley, and he there built his bawn. But Sir Cahir, in the midst of the night, and in Sandy Ramsey's absence, attacked his enclosure, drove off his cattle, slaughtered his wife and children, and left his pleasant homestead a heap of smoking ruins. The Scot, on his return home, saw himself bereaved, left desolate in a foreign land, without property, kindred, or home; nothing but his true gun and dirk. He knew that five hundred marks were the reward offered by the Lord Deputy for Sir Cahir's head. He knew that this outlaw was the foe who had quenched the fire on his hearth with the blood of his wife and little ones; and with a heart maddened by revenge, with hope resting on the promised reward, he retired to the wooded hills that run parallel to the Hill of Doune; there, under covert of a rock, his gun rested on the withered branch of a stunted oak, he waited day by day, with all the patience and expectancy of a tiger in his lair. Sir Cahir was a man to be marked in a thousand; he was the loftiest and proudest in his bearing of any man in the province of Ulster; his Spanish hat with the heron's plume was too often the terror of his enemies, the rallying-point of his friends, not to bespeak the O'Dogherty: even the high breastwork of loose stones, added to the natural defences of the rock, could not hide the chieftain from observation. On Holy Thursday, as he rested on the eastern face of the rock, looking towards the Abbey of Kilmacrenan, expecting a venerable friar to come from this favoured foundation

of St. Columbkille, to shrive him and celebrate mass; and as he was chatting to his men beside him, the Scotchman applied the fire to his levelled matchlock, and before the report began to roll its echoes through the woods and hills, the ball had passed through Sir Cahir's forehead, and he lay lifeless on the ramparts. His followers were panic-struck; they thought that the rising of the Scotch and English was upon them, and deserting the lifeless body of their leader, they dispersed through the mountains. In the meanwhile, the Scotchman approached the rock; he saw his foe fall; he saw his followers flee. He soon severed the head from the body, and, wrapping it in his plaid, off he set in the direction of Dublin. He travelled all that day, and at night took shelter in a cabin belonging to one Terence Gallagher, situated at one of the fords of the river Finn. Here Ramsey sought a night's lodging, which Irishmen never refuse; and partaking of an oaten cake and some sweet milk, he went to rest with Sir Cahir's head under his own as a pillow. The Scotchman slept sound, and Terence was up at break of day. He saw blood oozing out through the plaid that served as his guest's pillow, and suspected all was not right; so slitting the tartan plaid, he saw the hair and head of a man. Slowly drawing it out, he recognised features well known to every man in Tyrconnel; they were Sir Cahir's. Terence knew as well as any man that there was a price set on this very head—a price, abundant to make his fortune—a price he was now resolved to try and gain. So off Terence started, and broad Tyrone was almost crossed by O'Gallagher before the Scotchman awoke to resume his journey. The story is still told with triumph through the country, how the Irishman, without the treason, reaped that reward of Sir Cahir's death."

<sup>128</sup> "Giraldus Cambrensis—an authority upon such subjects hardly more worthy than the spoliator James or his soldier Dockwra, describes the inauguration thus:—

"He says 'that the people of Tyrconnel, a country in the north of Ulster, created their king after this manner:—all being assembled on a hill, a white beast was brought before them, unto which he who was chosen as king approaching, declared himself publicly before the people to be just such another, (that is, a mere beast); whereupon the cow was cut in pieces, boiled in water, and a bath prepared for the new king, of the broth, into which he entered publicly, and at once bathed and fed; all the people, meanwhile, standing round, fed on the flesh and supped up the broth. At this comely feast and ceremony, it was not proper that the king should use any cup or vessel, nay, not so much as the hol-



low of his hand; but stooping down his mouth, he lapped like a beast on all sides of the bath of broth in which he was immersed. Having thus washed and supped until he was weary, the whole ceremony of his inauguration was ended, and he was completely instituted in his kingship of Tyrconnell.'

"The Irish historians are very angry with Girald Barry, for telling this story of their kings; and Gratianus Lucius describes the ceremony as quite otherwise. He says, that when the investiture took place at Cil mhac Creunain, he was attended by O'Fergail, successor to Columbkil, and O'Gallachuir, his marshal, and surrounded by all the estates of the country. The Abbot O'Fergail put a pure, white, straight, unknotted rod in his hand, and said, 'Receive, Sire, the auspicious ensign of your dignity, and remember to imitate in your government the whiteness, straightness, and unknottiness of this rod, to the end that no evil tongue may find cause to asperse the candour of your actions with blackness, nor any kind of corruption, or tie of friendship, be able to pervert your justice; therefore, in a lucky hour, take the government of this people, to exercise the power given you with freedom and security.'"

<sup>129</sup> A writer in "The Dublin Penny Journal"—understood to be the accomplished Colonel Blacker—was the first to point out, if not to discover, this ancient remain; he considers it, however, to have been a temple for Sun worship, and endeavours to support his theory by argument and proof. He thus describes the singular pile:—"To the casual observer, the first appearance of the edifice is that of a truncated cairn of extraordinary dimensions; but, on a closer inspection, particularly since the clearing away of fallen stones, &c., which took place under my directions, in May last, it will be found a building, constructed with every attention to masonic regularity, both in design and workmanship. A circular wall, of considerable thickness, encloses an area of eighty-two feet in diameter. Judging from the number of stones which have fallen on every side, so as to form, in fact, a sloping glacis of ten or twelve feet broad all round it, this wall must have been of considerable height—probably from ten to twelve feet—but its thickness varies: that portion of it, extending from north to south, and embracing the western half of the circle, being but ten or eleven feet; whereas, in the corresponding, or eastern half, the thickness increases to sixteen or seventeen, particularly at the entrance. To discover this entrance was one of the first objects of my attention, and having directed a clearance to be made as nearly due east as possible, a passage was found, in

breadth about four feet, flagged at the bottom with flat stones, equal in width to the opening itself, and fitted with great regularity: this passage was covered with flags of very large dimensions, which, however, we found fallen in; the main lintel, on the inner side, was formed of a single stone, six feet three inches in length, and averaging fourteen inches square in thickness. Within the wall, to the right and left of this entrance (though not communicating with it), are carried two curious passages, about two feet wide by four in height, neatly covered at top with flags, in the same manner as the entrance. These passages extend through half the circumference of the building, terminating at the northern and southern points; that running southward was found to communicate with the area, or interior of the place, by an aperture extremely disproportioned to the passage itself, being merely wide enough to permit the entrance of a boy; this aperture is due south, and the passage, as it approaches the eastern part of the building, becomes gradually narrow, being not more than six inches wide at its termination, adjoining the entrance. The approach to that gallery or passage, wending northward, appears to have been from above, there being no signs of an aperture communicating with the area, as in the case of the other passage just mentioned; whereas, on clearing away the falling stones, to the northward of the main entrance within the building, we discovered a staircase, eighteen inches wide, leading from the level of the area to the top of the wall. This passage extends to the northern point, but, different from the other, it carries its breadth the entire way. On either side of the entrance passage, a few feet within, appears a square niche, or what masons would call a double revel, of four inches deep: at first sight it seemed as if they had been the entrances to the two passages already mentioned, and which had been for some cause built up, but on examination this was found not to be the case; they were evidently formed at the original building of the wall, and I am inclined to think may have served for the purpose of enabling those within to close the passage from above by means of something in the nature of a portcullis. From a careful examination of the wall, in different places throughout its circumference, it appears to have been parapeted, the space between the parapet and the interior of the circle being (as was usual in amphitheatres) allotted to spectators, and accessible by the staircase already noticed. In the centre of the area are the remains of the altar, or place of sacrifice, approached from the entrance to the building by a flagged pathway, which was discovered on raising the turf by which it is overgrown: around these

are the ruins of a square building, but of comparatively modern construction—in fact, the place was resorted to by the Roman Catholics in the vicinity, for the purposes of worship, until some forty years back, when a small chapel for their accommodation was erected at the foot of the mountain—a certain proof of the traditional sanctity of the spot. The stones of which the building is formed are of the common grey schistus, but evidently selected with considerable attention as to size; and considering their exposure to the Atlantic storms for so many centuries, the decomposition is wonderfully small. In those parts of the wall which have been protected by the accumulation of the debris from above, the chiselling is yet sharp and the squareness perfect. The circumstance of its being a stone building adds considerably to the antiquarian interest which Greenan is calculated to excite.”

<sup>130</sup> The Cave at the base of Greenan Hill is now blocked up; but we obtained some account of it from a gentleman—Andrew Ferguson, Esq., of Burt—by whom it was examined in 1838. It was known to be situated in a field forming part of the farm of John Allison, in the town-land of Speenogue, and parish of Burt. It had been closed since A. D. 1785, in which year Mr. Ferguson recollected his having explored the several apartments. It was then discovered by a boy engaged in digging potatoes, whose spade forced itself between two of the flags which form the roof of the “cave.” It remained open at that time for a few months, when it was again closed up by the then occupier of the farm. The only person alive (in 1838) who had any idea of the exact locality of the building, was an old man, named William Dunn, who had lost his sight in early youth, but who remembered to have heard from his brother, that the subterraneous building was situated nearly opposite, but rather north of, a quartz stone in the wall, which bounds the field on the east side. The entrance was accordingly discovered.

The chamber into which we first obtained entrance—writes our informant—is somewhat dilapidated, and appears to consist of the original apartment of the building and of a sloping passage leading to it. It is much encumbered with loose clay and stones, and declines a good deal towards the lower extremity, where we were able to stand perfectly upright, although we were at first obliged to creep in on our hands and knees. The form of this chamber is oblong, or rather oval.

On the arrival of lanterns, we proceeded into the second apartment. The passages between the first and second, as well as between the second and third apartments, resemble much the mouth



on a large pipe, or the apertures (called in Ireland "kiln-logies," i. e. the eyes of the kiln) by which the fire is introduced into lime-kilns. These entrances are compactly built of large stones, and they both decline a little towards their lower extremity, a remark which is also applicable to all three apartments. The second chamber is nearly circular, but approaches in form to the oval. Here, as in the other two apartments, the floor is of clay, and the walls are regularly built of large stones without mortar or cement of any kind, and incline perceptibly inwards at the top and bottom. In all these apartments the ceilings are composed of immense flags resting on the walls on either side, and smaller stones are advanced to support them in one or two instances where the flags were too short to cover the whole extent. The stones employed in the construction of the building are the common schist of the country intermixed with whin stones and some quartz. The walls were found by measurement to average about three feet in thickness. The passage between the second and third chambers branches off to the east, and is situated on the right immediately as you enter from the first apartment. In the corner of the second chamber between the two passages, and nearly on a level with the ceiling, there is built a recess in the wall answering the purposes of a cupboard, and similar to the "boles" which are placed in the walls of Irish cabins. The architecture is the same as that of the rest of the building; it extends to the north-east; the entrance is nearly square, but the interior is circular. The floor of the third apartment is 1 foot 8 inches below the end of the entrance passage, of which fact the first of us who crawled in was informed to his cost, as may readily be imagined. The third chamber runs parallel to the second, viz.—due north and south, and its form and architecture are similar, except that perhaps the second apartment is more circular. The following account gives the dimensions of the several apartments of this building:—

	HEIGHT.		BREADTH.		LENGTH.	
	Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.	Feet.	Inches.
First Apartment.....	6	0	4	0	20	9
Second do., .....	6	0	4	6	7	9
Third do., .....	6	0	5	5	12	3

<sup>131</sup> Before we commence our stories, in order that the reader may properly comprehend them, we give the history of "the Good People," from the 3rd Vol. of Mr. Croker's book:—

"The Elves, which in their true shape are but a few inches high, have an airy, almost transparent body; so delicate is their form, that a dew-drop, when they dance on it, trembles indeed, but never breaks. Both sexes are of extraordinary beauty, and mortal beings cannot be compared with them.

"They do not live alone, or in pairs, but always in large societies. They are invisible to man, particularly in the day-time; and as they can be present and hear what is said, the peasantry never speak of them but with caution and respect, terming them *the good people*, or the *friends*; as any other name would offend them. If a great cloud of dust rises on the road, it is a sign that they are about to change their residence and remove to another place, and the invisible travellers are always saluted with a respectful bow. They have their dwellings in clefts of rocks, caves, and ancient tumuli. Every part within is decorated in the most splendid and magnificent manner; and the pleasing music which sometimes issues thence in the night has delighted those who have been so fortunate as to hear it.

"During the summer nights, when the moon shines, and particularly in harvest-time, the Elves come out of their secret dwellings, and assemble for the dance in certain favourite spots, which are hidden and secluded places, such as mountain-valleys—meadows near streams and brooks—churchyards where men seldom come. They often celebrate their feasts under large mushrooms, or repose beneath their shade.

"In the first rays of the morning sun they again vanish, with a noise resembling that of a swarm of bees or flies.

"Their garments are as white as snow, sometimes shining like silver; a hat or cap is indispensable, for which purpose they generally select the red flowers of the foxglove, and by it different parties are distinguished.

"The secret and magic power of the Elves is so great as scarcely to know any bounds. They can assume in a moment, not only the human, but every other form, even the most terrific; and it is easy for them to convey themselves in one second a distance of five leagues.

"Before their breath all human energy fails. They sometimes communicate supernatural knowledge to men; and if a person is seen walking up and down alone, and moving his lips as one half distraught, it is a sign that an Elf is invisibly present and instructing him.

"The Elves are above all things fond of music. Those who have heard their music cannot find words to describe the power with

which it fills and enraptures the soul; it rushes upon them like a stream; and yet the tones are simple, even monotonous, and in general resembling natural sounds.

"Among other amusements is that of playing at ball, which they pursue with great eagerness, and at which they often differ so as even to quarrel.

"Their skill in dancing far exceeds the highest art of man, and the pleasure they take in this amusement is inexhaustible. They dance without interruption till the rays of the sun appear on the mountains, and make the boldest leap without the least exertion.

"They do not appear to require any food, but refresh themselves with dew-drops, which they collect from the leaves.

"They severely punish all who inquisitively approach or tease them; otherwise they are friendly and obliging to well-meaning people who confide in them. They remove humps from the shoulder; make presents of new articles of clothing; undertake to grant requests; though, in such cases, good humour on the applicant's part seems to be necessary. Sometimes, too, they appear in human form, or allow persons who have accidentally strayed among them during the night to join in their dances; but there is always some danger in this intercourse. The person becomes ill in consequence, and falls into a violent fever from the unnatural exertion, as they seem to lend him a part of their power. If he forgets himself, and, according to the custom, kisses his partner, the whole scene vanishes the instant his lips touch hers.

"The Elves have another peculiar and more intimate connection with mortals. It seems as if they divided among themselves the souls of men, and considered them thenceforth as their property. Hence certain families have their particular Elves, to whom they are devoted, in return for which, however, they receive from them help and assistance in critical moments, and often recovery from mortal diseases. But as after death they become the property of their Elves, the death of a man is to them always a festival, at which one of their own body enters into their society. Therefore they require that people shall be present at funerals, and pay them reverence; they celebrate an interment like a wedding, by dancing on the grave, and it is for this reason that they select churchyards for their favourite places of resort. A violent quarrel often arises whether a child belongs to the Elf of the father or of the mother, and in what churchyard it is to be buried. The different parties of these supernatural beings hate and make war on each other, with as much animosity as nations among man-



kind; their combats take place in the night, in cross roads, and they often do not separate till daybreak parts them. This connection of men with a quiet and good tribe of spirits, far from being frightful, would rather be beneficial: but the Elves appear in a dubious character; both evil and good are combined in their nature, and they show a dark as well as a fair side. They are angels expelled from heaven, who have not fallen into hell, but are in fear and doubt respecting their future state, and whether they shall find mercy at the day of judgment. This mixture of the dark and malevolent is visibly manifested in their actions and inclinations. If, in remembrance of their original happy condition, they are beneficent and friendly towards man, the evil principle within them prompts them to malicious and injurious tricks. Their beauty, the wondrous splendour of their dwellings, their sprightliness, is nothing more than illusive show; and their true figure, which is frightfully ugly, inspires terror. If, as is but rarely the case, they are seen in the day-time, their countenances appear to be wrinkled with age, or, as people express it, "like a withered cauliflower;" a little nose, red eyes, and hair hoary with extreme age.

"One of their evil propensities consists in stealing healthy and fine children from their mothers, and substituting in their room a changeling who bears some resemblance to the stolen infant, but is in fact only an ugly and sickly Elf. He manifests every evil disposition, is malicious, mischievous, and, though insatiable as to food, does not thrive. When the name of God is mentioned he begins to laugh, otherwise he never speaks, till being obliged to do so by artifice; his age is betrayed by his voice, which is that of a very old man. The love of music shows itself in him, as well as extraordinary proficiency; supernatural energies are also manifested in the power with which he obliges everything, even inanimate objects, to dance. Wherever he comes he brings ruin: a series of misfortunes succeed each other, the cattle become sick, the house falls into decay, and every enterprise proves abortive. If he is recognised and threatened, he makes himself invisible, and escapes; he dislikes running water, and if he is carried on a bridge, he jumps over, and, sitting upon the waves, plays on his pipe, and returns to his own people.

"At particular times, such as May-eve, for instance, the evil Elves seem to be peculiarly active and powerful: to those to whom they are inimical, they give a blow unperceived, the consequence of which is lameness; or they breathe upon them, and boils and swellings immediately appear on the place which the

breath has touched. Persons who pretend to be in particular favour with the fairies, undertake to cure such diseases by magic and mysterious journeys."

<sup>132</sup> We may trace a similarity in many respects between the fairies and demons of Hesiod and Plato; the rural deities of the Greeks and Romans; the geni and peris of the Orientals; and even the angels and spirits of the Scriptures. The traditions of them existing from Celtic times in France and Britain, formed the groundwork of the sylphs in 'Count de Gabelais,' and of Ariel, Oberon, and Titania, in the 'Tempest' and 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' Mab is also of Celtic origin, being evidently the *maobh*, Madbh, of the Irish. Much has been written to trace the sources from which Spenser took the materials of his 'Faëry Queen,' but when we consider *where* he composed that splendid poem, and what he says of his knowledge of the poems of the bards, we may be enabled to account for some of his mythology. Madbh, as already observed, is the Titania of Irish fairy lore; its Oberon is Don of the Sandhills, one of the Milesian or Celto-Scythian leaders, who was drowned off the western coast of Munster, and was after his death promoted to be King of the Fairies. He was drowned in a storm raised by the magic of the Tatha-de-danann, on the landing of the Milesians, and the place is called *Teac dorn*, Teac dhorn, or "Dann's mission." Mananan, one of the Tatha-de-danann chiefs, killed on the same occasion, was promoted to be the God of the Sea, and is therefore called Mac Lir, or "the Son of the Ocean." He is the tutelar deity of the Isle of Man, which is called after him Inis mananain.

<sup>133</sup> The fairy who was always employed in kind and generous acts was called the *Lanan shee*, or "familiar spirit." It was of a benign and auspicious character, "a spirit to mortals good," always appearing for the assistance and benefit of man. The following anecdote of the *Lanan shee* was communicated to us by one who heard it from the individual concerned in it. A farmer residing near Stradbally, in the county Waterford (not far from the residence of the fairy-man, to whom we shall refer), was returning on a summer's night from the neighbouring town of Kilmacthomas, when his horse suddenly became unmanageable, and fled away at full speed. For a time the rider endeavoured to rein him in, but having exhausted all his strength to no purpose he abandoned himself to his fate, resolving, however, to keep his seat as long as he could. At that instant he observed a man riding at his side at the very same speed, and exactly following all his motions.

After riding on for some time at this rate the farmer lost his balance, and would have been precipitated from his horse had not the stranger at that moment put his hand against his side and kept him in the saddle until the horse got quiet, which it did almost immediately. The farmer now turned round to thank the stranger, but he had vanished; whether into air or earth he could not tell; but although it was a very clear night, not a trace of him could be found. On his arrival at home the farmer found the mark of five fingers and a thumb imprinted on his side (in the very place where the stranger had put his hand); and this trace remained visible for a considerable time.

<sup>134</sup> The following is a *genuine* specimen of the Irish fairy tale—such as the peasantry amuse themselves with at the fireside after the day's work. It is also valuable as throwing some light on the ancient mythology of the country. It was translated for us from the Irish, just as it was taken down by one who heard it told; and we have marked all the “ipsissima verba” of the original by inverted commas.

Ἀέθραϊ Σέυρξῶ Ἀκάδ ἡ Μουνίαν, Eachthra Shawn Acaid na Muan.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN A'CAID (HACKETT) OF MUNSTER.

“At the end of the war between the Gael and the Stranger,” after the banishment of King James the Second and the surrender of Limerick, in the year 1691, many of the noble Irish were dispersed through the land of their fathers. Some of them, sooner than yield to the enemy, “took to the mountains and the woods, slaughtering and plundering the strangers whenever they could find an opportunity.” Among them was John A'Caid (or Hackett) of Munster, who, according to the narrative, headed two successful attacks on the English, one near Killmaule in the county of Tipperary, and the other near Cool na Gupoge (Cúl na ccupos) in the same county. Proceeding with his friends (on the night he had achieved the last victory) in the direction of Holy-cross, they came to the “pleasant, airy hill” of Killoch, where they determined to rest, being weary and fatigued after their journey.

Now, John Hackett, being the most kind-hearted of the whole band, told them all to go sleep, and that he would watch and reconnoitre. They accordingly went to sleep, and John Hackett “ascended the summit of the hill towards the north, and it was not long until he beheld the motion of a whirlwind, and saw the



fairy host approaching." The only word he could hear among them was "A horse and a dart, a horse and a dart," which they repeated several times. At length, John took up the words, and exclaimed, "A horse and a dart." They then said to him "Come." "Where are you going?" demanded John. One of the fairies answered, "I am the spirit of the region of Ela, and am going with my host to carry off the daughter of the King of France, which we cannot do unless one of the race of men accompanies us." "Why then," replied John, "I'll not go a foot with you, unless you bring me first to Dublin, and from that to London." "That will give us a long delay in our journey," replied the fairy chief; "but, however, proceed." A horse and a dart, such as each of the fairies had, was immediately provided for John; and it was not long until they all were approaching Dublin. "Where will you stop?" asked the fairy host. "At my brother's house, in Francis Street," replied John. "We know the place," they replied, and immediately brought him to the house. John went into the house, where he was welcomed, and meat and drink set before him. "Don't delay me," says John, "but bring me my armour (literally 'raiment of battle')." "What business have you of it?" demanded his brother. "I am going to London," replied John, "to ask forgiveness and pardon of the king." The brother immediately brought him his entire armour, offensive and defensive (such as he wore when he served in King James's army); and further, according to John's direction, he brought pen and ink, and wrote on parchment the form of a royal pardon "for John Hackett of Munster." John put on his armour, and put the parchment, together with the pen and ink, into his bosom, and then went out to the fairies, who were impatiently waiting for him. "Long has been thy delay yonder," they exclaimed, "and the night is far advanced." So away they sped, and away John sped with them; they soon lost sight of land, and "passed o'er the top of the ocean," until they came to Paris. Now it happened that just as they arrived the king was holding a great assembly of the chiefs and nobles of France in his palace; and the fairies went in, together with John Hackett of Munster, and passing unseen through the assembly, settled "on the pillars and the ceiling, and every other place that was convenient." But they could gain no advantage on account of a little spaniel that was near the king's daughter, (you must know that all spaniels are a living talisman against the fairies,) which would not allow any of them to get near her, but continued barking furiously. So they ordered John Hackett to go and catch him. John crept

stealthily under the table, and coming on the little dog unawares, seized him and put him into his pocket. The fairies, in the meantime, had been watching the king's daughter, and seeing her now without the protection of the dog, cast their darts at her while she was dancing. She sneezed three times, and "fell in gentle death," i. e. a swoon. The fairies took her up, and leaving a dead body in her place, took flight, and stopped not until they arrived in London before the palace of the king of England. The king was asleep at the time, and they left John Hackett at his bedside, charging him to do his business quickly, while they would take a range through the royal cellar. John lost no time in awaking the king. "Hillo, king of the Saxons," says he. "Who is that disturbing my sleep?" says the king. "It is I, John Hackett, from Munster in Ireland," replied John. "How did you come here, John Hackett?" said the king, "and you so long causing trouble in the land, and doing me injury?" "I came," said John, more intent on the *why* than the *how*, "to make friends with you, and to get protection from you." "The protection you shall get from me," said the king, "is hanging and burning." "Less talk from you," says John, "or I will take your life," lifting at the same time his sword above the king's head. "Arrah, John, don't kill me!" says the king, "and there's nothing in my power that I won't do for you; although," he added, "this is not the time to write, and there is no pen nor paper at hand." But John drew from his bosom the writing materials and the parchment. "Put your name to this," said he; so the king put his name to the parchment, which, as before observed, contained John's pardon. John went out unseen by all the guard, as he was under enchantment. He and his aërial companions took plenty of bread, meat, and wine, and everything they pleased, and returned home to Killoch-hill in triumph. When they had sat down on the hill, John asked the fairy host, "what they would leave him for his pains?" They answered that "they would leave him as much as he and his friends would eat and drink for a week." "That is not sufficient for my trouble," says John. "Have you not also got your armour and your pardon?" said the fairies. "I don't thank ye for that," says John. "Well then what more do you want?" said they. "I want the woman," said he. "The woman!" said they. "Ay," says John; "ye never would have got her without me, so let me have her." "Less talk from you," said the fairies, "or we will wound you without mercy." But John immediately put his hand into his pocket, and took out the little spaniel. "Hilloo! hilloo! hilloo! hurr-r-r!" says

John, "at them, little dog." The fairies instantly fled in every direction, but as they were departing they cast their darts at John, who was, however, aware of their danger, and for this reason had provided himself with his armour. So by using the additional precaution of throwing himself on the ground to protect his eyes, he remained unharmed. The fairies were soon out of sight, and John was left alone with the princess, who, shortly after awaking from her swoon, and expressing her surprise at the strange place in which she found herself, he informed her of everything that had happened. He next awoke his friends, who were still sleeping in different parts of the hill, and related to them his adventures. He next made love to the princess—was accepted, and they were married next day by the parish priest of Holycross. John and the princess (who was aware of her noble origin) lived many years happily together, and had several children. They dwelt on the north-east of Killoch-hill in seclusion and contentment; but John did not like to have his lovely wife in a sphere so far beneath her birth and real rank, and expressed himself to this effect. But she replied that she was perfectly satisfied with her present lot, and would not desire to be happier. John, however, could not bear to see her any longer in such an humble and unsuitable condition, and said he would go to the king her father, and inform him of her existence. He accordingly procured a letter of introduction from his parish priest to the Archbishop of Paris; and his wife gave him as a token a silk vest which she was embroidering for her father the very evening on which she was carried away, and happened to have had it in her pocket at the time. John, on arriving in Paris, immediately presented his letter to the archbishop, who introduced him to the king. The monarch was at first inclined to put John Hackett to death, when he informed him that his daughter was still living—his daughter whom his eyes had seen fall dead at a ball several years ago (for the fairies had left in her place a body having her exact likeness.) But when John produced the vest, he instantly recognised it, and detaining John in custody, sent a messenger to Ireland to ascertain the truth of his statement. The messenger returned bringing the king's daughter with him, and the monarch, overjoyed at receiving his long-lost child as it were from the dead, was completely reconciled to the marriage. John Hackett was made governor of *Santa Cruz*, where he amassed great riches, and left sixty thousand pounds to the chief of the Hacketts in Ireland. And the story is current in Ireland that this has caused



such disputes, and raised such a number of claimants among the Hacketts of Munster, that the legacy remains still unpaid.

<sup>135</sup> Many of these anecdotes, as will be supposed, inculcate the old Irish virtue of hospitality. Our guide at Killarney, "Sir" Richard Courtenay, gave us one:—A traveller one day went into a cottage, where he saw a very aged man sitting by the fire. The owner of the house welcomed the stranger, but told him not to be frightened at anything he might hear or see. "For," says he, "that's my old father; he's been dead twenty years: and when the nights are cold, he comes to his cabin to get an air of the fire, and goes away when the morning dawns. My mother sits outside under the thorn-bush waiting for him: but she daren't come in; and the reason ye see is this: the old man, while he was alive, was always kind to the wanderer, and would give the bit and the sup for God's sake; but the old woman grudged every morsel he gave, and used to send the hungry stranger away when her husband wasn't by. So both have their recompense."

<sup>136</sup> Illustrations of this unhappy custom are very numerous; we select one related to us by an old brogue-maker, a native of Waterford. It occurred in his youth:—

A man of the name of Baldwin, who lived in one of the back boreens leading out of Ballybrecken, the western suburb of Waterford, had a child, a fine ruddy infant of about six months old. About St. John's Eve, which is well understood to be the most "fairytme" of the whole year, when the Good People are most frolicsome, and play their gambols the most delightfully, while Baldwin and his wife were absent on business, and the child, which lay asleep in the cradle, was left in the care of a little girl, the Good People came and stole the child, leaving a poor miserable *sprasown* in its place. At first the change was not observed by Baldwin or his wife, it being the general practice of the Good People to put the *seul a pookeen* over the eyes of those they mean to deceive, so that they may not immediately distinguish the deception practised on them. But as this wore away, they soon began to imagine that it was not their own child they had got. He was grown so thin, so shrivelled and cross, and possessed such a craving appetite, that was never satisfied, and as the mother used to say, "He would eat the old boy and drink his broth, and would suck her to death." In this predicament every old woman in the neighbourhood was consulted, and without a dissenting voice it was concluded that it was some old devil of a *leprecaun* that was left in place of the real child, and

advised the parents instantly to make a visit to Handrecan, the fairyman, who resided near a place called Wind Gap, not far from the foot of *Sleivee na Mon*. Handrecan's fame had spread far and wide beyond his own locality, and he was visited by people from the most remote parts of the adjoining counties; his deeds of prowess against the fairies were truly wonderful, and the cures he wrought, as reported by thousands of witnesses, were miraculous. The journey to Handrecan was rather a difficult one, as the day was advanced, as much of it should be taken at night, and the Good People always having their scouts on the watch, would be well aware of the motives of their journey; but there was no time to be lost, they mounted the old "staggeen," and set off accordingly. At different turns of the road, the old staggeen would make a stand, and snort and run as if ready to throw the curious pair from the saddle and pillion on which they were seated; at length, after a perilous journey, they arrived at the cottage of the fairy magician. Handrecan met them at the door, and greeted them with "*Shude vaha Ban a thiegh, shu de vaha Far a thiegh*:" Och then it's myself never thought of seeing you alive, though I'm waiting for you these two hours." "How did you know we were coming?" inquired Baldwin. "Faix an' I did better nor yourself; but never mind, take this bottle and give it to the child immediately; be sure you keep it safe from harm till you cross the stream, and then you may go home in peace. Hadn't you a hard tussel at the Gap? only you had a good many friends there among them that fought hard for you, you wouldn't be here now. You'll be met at the Gap again, but keep the bottle safe above all things;" so saying, he wished them a good night, and they returned on their way home. At the Gap, the horse again made a stand, and would not stir a step in advance for either the whip or the spur. "There must be something, Paddy avourneen, that the horse shies at," says Mary Baldwin to her husband, holding him round the waist with a firmer grasp. "Never fear, a Colleen," says Paddy, "they'll never get the bottle from me dead or alive: and the fairyman told us our faction was strong among 'um." A sweep of whirlwind which came whistling on every side, and which nearly lifted them from their seats, and drove the staggeen on his haunches, and a confused indistinct murmuring sound, in which something like articulation came on the ear, whizzed round them; at length the wind subsided, and the sounds died away, and the staggeen moved on at a smart trot, until they came to the stream of the three bridges, which divides the counties of Tipperary and Kilkenny. For this

spot the brunt of the battle was reserved, and the death-struggle took place. The rushing of the whirlwind was tremendous, and the fallen leaves and dust were raised in a cone which enveloped them. The staggeen staggered from side to side, as if pressed by conflicting forces; and Paddy heard, or thought he heard, the words distinctly uttered, "Paddy Baldwin, Paddy Baldwin, the bottle, the bottle." Paddy heard no more, for the next moment he, Mary, and the staggeen, lay prostrate in the dust; the bottle broken in a thousand pieces, and a profound calm and silence reigned around. Paddy rose with difficulty, and taking his prostrate wife by the hand, said, "Mary avourneen, are you hurt?" "No, no; how is yourself, Paddy? Have you the bottle?" "Ah! that cursed bottle," says Paddy, "is in smeddereens; I wish I never touched it with my living hands. But I'll be even with the vagabone stranger yet." "Hush, Paddy," says Mary, pulling him by the sleeve, "they'll hear you, and we'll never get home alive." Paddy was silent; they raised up the staggeen, and mounting, reached home without further molestation. Paddy was not long in bed, when he thought he heard the sweetest music that ever struck his ear. By gosh, thinks Paddy to himself, Michael Cramp the piper is near at hand playing some of his purty tunes; oh! 'tis himself is fine to do that same. As he listened, he imagined the music was in the outside room of his cabin; and so it was, sure enough; for looking through a crevice in the door, he saw such a sight! There was a fine rousing turf fire, and some little people round it cooking; others were sitting at a table that was laid out in most elegant style; while another party were dancing in merry rounds, and they were all dressed in green jackets, yellow breeches, and red caps. On the cross beam, above them all, sat the musician with a pair of neat ivory bagpipes, from which he drew the most ravishing music. Paddy looked at him and at him, and who was it that was there but his own leprecaun of a child that he thought he had by him in the cradle! He could contain himself no longer, but raised his voice. Scarcely had he uttered a word, when he found himself in darkness, the music stopped, the fire extinguished, and the entire company departed. In the morning a consultation of the most aged "old women" in the neighbourhood took place, and it was wisely concluded that nothing more could be done than put the leprecaun out on the shovel, which humane resolution was put in practice at midnight. The shovel, heated to a certain degree, was placed at a distance from the house, and the object of vengeance placed on it was left to his fate, no one daring to stay and watch the results, which



were not as expected, for the poor infant was found a corpse in the morning. What were the feelings of Paddy and Mary Baldwin it is not easy to imagine, for the prejudices of superstition so harden the heart and blind the understanding, that they hardly leave rationality enough to leave their victims accountable creatures.

Although, as we have said, these and similar superstitions are rapidly departing out of Ireland—education and Father Mathew having been terrible enemies to the fairies—cases that exhibit astonishing ignorance are not even now uncommon. Within the last two years, one of the most extraordinary circumstances of the kind has been placed on “solemn record.” It is given in the *Tipperary Constitution* of April 10, 1840. The facts of the case are simply these:—A man of the name of James Mahony, who lives on the demesne of Heywood, the property of Mr. Charles Riall, had a son of the age of six or seven, a most delicate child. It appears the boy had been confined to bed for two years with an affection of the spine, and, being a very intellectual child, and accustomed to make the most shrewd remarks about everything he saw and heard passing around him, his parents and the neighbours were led to the conclusion that he was not the son of his father, but that he was a fairy. Under this impression, a consultation took place at the house of Mahony, and the result was, that the intruder from the ‘good people’ should be frightened away; and, accordingly, “on Tuesday night last,” the poor dying child was threatened with a red-hot shovel and a ducking under a pump, if he did not disclose where the real John Mahony was; and so successful were the actors in their scheme devised for the expulsion of the fairy, that the feeble child, after being held near the hot shovel, and also having been taken a part of the way to the pump, told them he was a fairy, and that he would send back the real John Mahony the next evening if they gave him that night’s lodging. This occurred on Tuesday night last, and the child was dead the next morning. Mr. William Nash, the stipendiary magistrate, having heard of the matter, immediately arrested four persons, named Pierce Whelan, James and Henry Beresford, and James Mahony, as being implicated in the unprecedented affair; and on the 9th April, 1840, an inquest was held on the body before Mr. William Ryan, coroner. The first witness was Pat. Pigott, a servant of Mr. Riall’s; he deposed thus:—“When I came into the house, the child was sitting on the floor in a chair, a little distance from the fire. Some of the men were putting questions to the child all the time. They were asking him

was he John Mahony, and whether it was the right person was in it. I heard the child answering and saying he was not, that he was taken away by a man and woman—that he had a pain in his back, and that he was left in the place of John Mahony. He was then asked where the right John Mahony was, and he said he was in a farmer's house, and that he wore a corduroy coat and trousers, and a green cap. I saw a shovel on the fire, and heard a man threatening he would put him on the shovel if he did not send back the right John Mahony. He said he would send him back between four and five the next evening. When I was going away, the men were giving him up, and stopping putting questions to him. I was not in the house when he was brought to the pump. I did not see the shovel taken off the fire while I was there. They were blowing the fire, and threatening to put him on it. The child did not appear at all alarmed, and wished to be put on the shovel! As far as my opinion goes, I think the child thought they were in earnest." Another witness, Andrew Heffernan, swore:—"I heard James and Harry Beresford questioning him. James Beresford said, if he did not send home Johnny Mahony he would put him on the shovel that was on the fire. The child said, to give him that night's lodging, and he would have the right Johnny Mahony back the next evening. I saw the shovel taken off the fire. It was laid on the middle of the floor. I saw the child taken out of the chair by two persons. I heard James Beresford and Pierce Whelan threaten to put the child on the shovel. The persons who had the child held him over the shovel, but did not touch him with it. They said if he did not tell the truth they'd put him on it. The child then said it was one Cummins took the right Johnny Mahony, and left himself in the grove at Heywood; I did not see the child taken outside the door, but I heard talk about his being taken to the pump. The child did not appear frightened; I told the mother he was dying. I heard him say 'to turn him.' The shovel was hot enough to scald him." The evidence of the father of the child was thus given:—"I told the child I would take him to the pump, when he said he was a fairy. He told me to burn him on the shovel—the devil a bit frightened he was. The reason I frightened the child was, that every one that came in said he was a fairy. That was what induced me to threaten to put him on the shovel. When I said, 'Are you a fairy?' he answered, 'I am.' I did not see any one put him on the shovel. I took him part of the way towards the pump, and said I'd drown him. He then asked me to burn him. I merely did that to frighten him. I heard him say next morning, before

he died, to his mother, 'to turn him.' He asked for 'a smoke' before he died. He often smoked for half an hour." The jury, after deliberating for twenty minutes, returned a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God;" and the magistrate said, that "such a case of ignorance, cruelty, and superstition, should be exposed to the world."

<sup>137</sup> A belief prevails among the peasantry, that if a person praises a child, or any creature whatever, without adding "God bless him, or it," he *overlooks* him (such is the expression); the meaning is, that the praise is unlucky, and that some misfortune will befall its object. An old woman will generally "spit" upon a child after praising him or her, to counteract the effect of the praise. Standing once at a hall door, an aged woman, accompanied by a most interesting-looking creature, approached; the younger woman had rosy cheeks, dark hair, a large prominent eye (but its gaze was vacant and unmeaning), and all the personal qualities that constitute beauty. She (the idiot) addressed us in a gibberish we did not understand, but it was evidently an attempt at English. Her tone of voice was slender and drawling. The old woman informed us that it was her daughter, that she was not an idiot from her birth, but, on the contrary, up to the age of ten years she was a smart intelligent little girl. "What happened to her then?" "A man whom I never saw before or since walked into my little cabin one day to redden his pipe, and while in the act of doing so said, 'That's a very fine little girl you have.' He wasn't ten yards from the door, when I saw a change coming over my poor child. From that day to this she is in the state you see her now. She was *overlooked*." In the west of the county of Clare, we are told, there is a family, every member of which is said to be able to bring misfortune on any person or thing they please, by praising. "That's a very fine ship," said one of them one day, as a merchant schooner, under all its sails, floated by off the coast, apparently on its way from Galway to some foreign port. The next day tidings arrived that this very ship foundered and went down. They are regarded with dread by their neighbours, but they are never molested.

<sup>138</sup> The following fairy tale was related to a friend, in Irish, by an old woman named Mary Barry. The translation is as literal as can be.—"When I was a little girl, I had a little brother about seven years old. What we used to have for breakfast that time was meal and sheep's milk boiled. My mother went out one morning to the end of the house to milk the sheep, and the little boy being impatient for his breakfast, my father, who was an old



man then, and not able to stir from the chimney-corner, desired him to take down a piggin from the dresser, and go to his mother for some milk, and that he'd get him his breakfast. The child had only just got out of bed, and had nothing on him but his little shirt, saving your presence. Just as he was taking down the vessel, it pleased God that his head turned the wrong way, with his face over his back. My dear, when my father saw what happened, he called out as loud as he could, for he wasn't able to stir but badly, poor man. When my mother heard the cry, she ran in and found the little boy just as I told you, and you may be sure her heart was heavy. Well, this happened on Tuesday, and the poor fellow was very bad all the week till Sunday; a show before the neighbours and all the world. My brother went to mass on Sunday morning, to Doneraile, where he met a *cardas Crioad* of ours (a friend in Christ, meaning one that was god-father to some one of her family), who kept him out late. It was nightfall when he was coming home. We had a little spot of ground that time, from Mr. Evans, of Casker, and a good man he was by the same token; my father and his father before him always lived under the Evanses. Well, as I was saying, my brother was coming home late, when what should he see in a big field not far from the house, but the field full of people, *daoine maha*, you know, fairies, and his little brother in the middle of 'em, with his fine long white hair hanging down over his shoulders, and they having ever so much fun about him, and taking him up in their arms, and singing and dancing. 'Oh,' says my brother, 'Johnny is surely dead, and my father will kill me for being out so late.' 'Hold your tongue, you fool,' said the other, 'tis getting better he is.' But sure enough when he came in, he found him already laid out. This happened just about St. John's day, and my brother himself didn't live but till the Michaelmas after. God's blessing be with his soul, and give him the everlasting repose of heaven (*suanas siorui na vlahas*), and our own souls, at the last day."

Connected with this is another singular superstition; it may be best described by an anecdote. Some time ago a countryman bought a suit of clothes in Clonmel. The proprietor of the establishment, previous to cutting the cloth, asked was it for himself he wanted the suit. "No," replied the purchaser, "but for my father." "Very well," replied the proprietor, "bring your father here before I cut the cloth, in order that I may know how much will be wanting to make him a suit." "Arrah, sure, he's dead, sir," replied the countryman. "Dead!" exclaimed the pro-

prietor, with astonishment, "what do the dead want of clothes? I thought all our wants ended with life." His customer stated in reply, that his father had very bad clothes at the time of his death, and that he believed, that by purchasing a new suit and wearing it in his father's name, it would, according as it wore away on *him*, go to clothe his father in the other world. This, he added, was the belief of all in his neighbourhood, and had been so from time immemorial (he was from the mountains to the south of Clonmel). Shortly after the proprietor of the establishment at which the above took place had mentioned it to our informant, two countrymen came in, one from the mountains and the other from the plains. The proprietor, who is a very intelligent man, questioned both in Irish respecting this extraordinary opinion. The man from the plains laughed at it as nonsense, but the mountaineer expressed his firm persuasion that it was true as the light. This curious opinion is evidently a relic of Druidism. The Druids are generally supposed to have held, with Pythagoras, the transmigration of souls; but they appear (at least in Ireland) to have held a doctrine the very opposite to that of the Samian philosopher, viz., the transmigration of bodies. They believed that the soul, immediately after death, went into the air; but that the body, according as it was decomposed, went to the formation of new bodies, either of men or animals; and that they held the same opinion respecting the garments, &c., of the dead, as well as their bodies, is evident, from the custom which prevailed among the ancient Irish and their Celtic ancestors, of burying with the dead not only their garments, but their arms, arrowheads, harps, dogs, &c., all of which they believed would be thereby restored to them (as an ancient bard expresses it) "in the clouds of their rest."

<sup>139</sup> This sheet of water occupies nearly the centre of an extensive bog of black turf, and lies on the right-hand side of one of the roads leading from St. Johnstown to Burt or Lough Swilly. It is at present about one mile long, and a quarter of a mile wide. It was formerly of much more considerable extent, but a portion of the water has been drawn off, and part of the bottom of the former lake converted into arable land. There had always been a tradition, that this, in common with many other lakes in Ireland, had a castle erected in the centre, where the peasant, at day's declining,

"Saw the round towers of other days."

The legend of this castle's disappearance below the surface differs somewhat from the legends we have already given, and is as follows:—There was within the walls a well of pure water, so precious that it was always carefully covered by a stopper; and a tradition existed, that if by any negligence the precious water remained uncovered, some awful calamity would ensue. The daughter of the Governor, as ladies of similar rank have done from time immemorial, frequently went herself to draw the water. She had a lover, who contrived to meet her at the spot, as a convenient place of assignation. In the interesting conversation that ensued, all things were forgotten by the girl except the words of her lover, and she departed with her pitcher, never thinking of the stopper of the well. Immediately, the water below swelled up, and began to overflow the mouth in such torrents as to render all attempts to replace the cover ineffectual; and it never ceased till it inundated the whole country, and ascended so high that the castle was completely submerged, and disappeared with all within it, including the careless young lady. This tradition was long considered as fanciful as others, and those who affirmed they saw the building under the surface at particular times, were looked upon as visionary and credulous. About twenty years ago an attempt was made to reclaim the morass, and a deep sluice was cut, through which the water drained into Lough Swilly. As the waters of the lake subsided, marks of an island became visible in the centre; by degrees, regular masonry was observed ascending above the surface; and there is now seen—even from the road—the remains of a building at the bottom of the lake, proving that the subaquatic castle was no visionary fiction, but a real existence. Its present remains are walls of masonry, supporting a deposit of bog, on which some green vegetation has commenced. It is supposed that a castle had been at an early age erected in the morass, but, by the exit of the waters being intercepted, they had accumulated and formed a lake, which had ascended above the walls of the castle, and so submerged it, without supernatural agency.

<sup>140</sup> "Rundale, which is a most mischievous way of occupying land, was, till of late years, the common practice of the North of Ireland. It is thus:—Three or four persons become tenants to a farm, holding it jointly, on which there is land of different qualities and values; they divide it into fields, and then divide each field into as many shares as there are tenants; which they occupy without division or fence, being marked in parcels by stones or other landmarks, which each occupies with such crops as his neces-



sities or means of procuring manure enable him; so that there are, at the same time, several kinds of crops in one field."—*Report of the Irish Society*, 1836.

<sup>141</sup> In improving this district, the improvers are opposed by difficulties which must affect every enterprise of the kind in a greater or less degree, until Government shall take up the subject and remedy the evil. They can do everything required by the interests of the tenants, as far as the limits of their property extend; but there their powers end, unless they are met in a spirit of co-operation by the neighbouring proprietors. For example, all the cross lines of road are directed for the market-towns and seaports of Donegal and Letterkenny; these roads form portions of well-digested projects for opening general lines of intercourse through most improvable districts, yet, if the neighbouring proprietors refuse to concur, this district must be cut off from the benefits of such an intercourse. The judicious intervention of the Board of Works by a very limited assistance would go far to remove such difficulties. The average rate of their expenditure, as appears from returns presented to Parliament, exceeds £500 per mile. If they could be persuaded to grant less than one-tenth of this rate of assistance on desirable projects such as we now advocate, there are few proprietors who would not gladly meet them with equal funds. The impetus that the adoption of such a principle would give to improvement in this and similarly circumstanced counties is incalculable, and we fear that, without something of the kind, very little will be done. It has been well said, that the road-makers are the safest and surest missionaries of civilization.

<sup>142</sup> An ingenious writer in "Blackwood's Journal of Agriculture," states that "There are hundreds of acres in the north liberties (of Cork) entirely under grass, which, if cultivated, would produce fifty per cent. more than in their present state, together with the incalculable advantage of employing the working population."

<sup>143</sup> With respect to education, male and female boarding-schools have been established for the training of practical teachers in the subjects most important to the neighbouring counties.

Boys are boarded, lodged, and educated, at a cost of £4 per annum; and their practical knowledge is made to keep pace with the theory. With this view, the execution of the extensive works in progress is conducted by them as overseers of the working parties, acting under the general superintendence of the inspector of works; it is common to find boys of fifteen or sixteen, the children

of the poorest class, in every way qualified, except in maturity of years, for taking charge of a school with credit, or for conducting the most scientific operation that could be required by a proprietor in the improvement of his estate.

The training of the female pupils is sought to be accomplished on a like scale of economy and efficiency, with a view to the fulfilment of their future duties. The cost to the youngest class under twelve years is £5; permanent pupils above twelve years pay £8; and teachers, coming from other schools for a short period of training, pay at the rate of £10 a year for all charges of board, lodging, and education. Already several of the pupils of both sexes have gone forth to confidential employments with much satisfaction to their employers.

Both the male and female schools are in connection with the National Board, the grants from which, however, are very small; but the female school—established for the training and education of schoolmistresses to send throughout Ireland—is supported chiefly by a private fund. Several of the boarding pupils are educated at the cost of their parents, others at the expense of their patrons and patronesses. Already schools, in various parts of Ireland, have been supplied with teachers from this excellent and valuable establishment.

The girls are dressed entirely in articles of their own manufacture, and their dress, so produced, is picturesque and becoming; it consists of a grey linsey-woolsey petticoat, a blue jacket edged with scarlet, and a grey cloak bound with scarlet. This cloak is shorter than usual: an advantage, as it can conceal neither dirt nor rags, and the hood is not so large as the hoods of the Irish cloaks generally. Another advantage—it takes less material, and it protects the head more effectually from wind and rain, as it sits close round the face. The school, filled with neat, well-dressed, and intelligent girls, in this pretty costume, in the very heart of a mountain district, has a picturesque effect, both novel and pleasing. The thread of which the dress is composed is spun by their own hands, woven in some cottage loom, dyed in their cabins, cut out and made in the school; the stockings are knit by themselves; and those who have bonnets or hats—pretty broad-leaved Swiss hats—plait them and sew them with their own hands.

The peasant girls for a long time disliked the uniformity of their dress, attaching some charity-school notion thereto, which the Irish instinctively abhor; but Miss Mary Kennedy, the accomplished sister of Captain Kennedy, devised a plan to overcome the prejudice, which proved most incontestably that her patriotism

was genuine—her love of the people's welfare sincere: she wore the prescribed dress herself; after that, no peasant could have had the bad taste to object to it. The consequence is, that you constantly meet, in the neighbourhood of Glenfin, not only children, but women, habited in this neat costume.

Much as we rejoice at the expense thus saved to the poor cottager—much as we value the industrious habits and the increased comforts to be obtained by this new mode of cottage industry—highly as we appreciate all these advantages, there is *one* which we consider far above them all: the SELF-DEPENDENCE created by such a system; this is of all things that which requires the most assiduous and constant cultivation in Ireland. The Irish peasant, finding his own resources so limited, crushed, and fettered, as he has been for so great a number of years, has acquired a slavish habit of looking to any one rather than to himself for assistance. His energies of mind and body are all directed to the service of others; he has no idea of working for himself, beyond the narrow limits of his potato garden. *There* he will dig and delve; but the seed once in, he leaves the rest, as he expresses it, “to God;” and for everything with which he is connected, everything he has to obtain, he looks to others. He can hardly understand justice being done to him, except by favour. “It’s about the bit of land I wanted to spake to yer honor, thinking you’d *favour* me rather than a stranger.” “I’m come up to the mistress, to ask her if she’d give me a line to the big shop, thinking that might lead them to *favour* me, by giving me a bit of cotton for my gown at a *fair* price.” “Oh, then, is that the way it’s going? Sure yer honour knew me longer than that other man, and it’s him yer *favouring*!” This habit of looking, as a *favour*, for what is a free man’s right, sounds very strangely in English ears; and whoever teaches them to depend on themselves, and not on others—whoever leads them to the consideration, that it is in their own power to obtain, by their own exertions, what they would consider the luxuries of life, is really a benefactor to the country at large. This, the plan adopted by Captain and Miss Kennedy certainly achieves. The man has the “little flax”—the produce of his “bit of land” and his industry—transformed, by the industry of his wife and daughters, into useful wearing apparel *for themselves*; and it is to be hoped, that in time the men may be induced to work in those “*blouses*,” or “smock-frock” dresses, so generally worn by the English peasants, and which can be made up at so small a cost, and are at once both light and clean to labour in.

We have never seen education more practically conducted than



in the Cloghan schools. The education of the females is not confined to the mere "learning," or the regular needlework taught by routine. Every effort is made to render them good household servants. They are taught scouring, cleaning, washing, ironing, milking, and making butter; and above all, neatness and good order. It is, in fact, an admirable training school, either for good domestic servants, or teachers in national schools. It is surely enough to say of the boys' school, that while Miss Kennedy receives every day from the mistress a report of each pupil's progress, and inspects the school herself several times during the week, her brother, by whom so much real good has been accomplished in this remote and beautiful glen, watches over the boys with the deepest solicitude. Nothing can exceed his care and anxiety respecting their improvement; and his zeal deserved the eulogium bestowed upon it with Irish quaintness, by a poor fellow who did not know that "His Honour the Captain," of whom he was speaking, was known to us:—"He's made a new country out of the ould one; and as to the children that have the luck to get into the Cloghan schools, he's a father ten times over to every one of them." There is also an admirably-conducted agricultural school at Templemoyle, in the county of Londonderry. It was commenced in 1827, and has been continued, prosperously, ever since, to the great gain of the neighbourhood and the advantage of Ireland. To this school nearly the whole of the Irish counties have sent scholars. Although the seminary was originally intended for the education of young men destined for agricultural pursuits, several individuals have availed themselves of the advantage derived from the course of education there pursued, to qualify themselves for other avocations; and of those who have already left the seminary (we copy from the Report of 1838, unfortunately the latest in our possession),

29	are employed as Land Stewards,
2	" as Assistant Agents,
5	" as Schoolmasters,
1	" as Principal of an Agricultural Day-School,
8	" as Writing Clerks,
6	" as Shopkeepers,
1	" as Civil Engineer,
2	" as Assistants to County Surveyors,
124	" at Home in Agricultural pursuits,
32	have emigrated to America, West Indies, and Australia.

We earnestly hope, that whenever the National System of Education in Ireland shall be considered with a view to its improvement, especial attention will be directed to this very important branch of it—so that similar institutions may be established in other parts of the country.

<sup>144</sup> After we had praised all we saw, especially a likeness of the good Father Mathew, which hung over the chimney, we ventured to inquire how it was that she, who evidently could so well afford it, did not wear shoes.

“Ah,” she replied, in half English, half Irish, “that is what all English quality say; but his honour the Captain and Miss Mary know better than that. Shoes would give me my death of cold. I could afford one pair or two, and some stockings. If I go out to look after pig, or fowl, or to cross to a neighbour, I cannot go forty feet without getting wet beyond my ankles. If I have shoe and stocking, I must change them, or sit in them. I could not afford to have (like the English quality) so many pairs, then I must sit in the wet: but if I run out in my natural feet, all the time I’m *on the batter*, my feet though wet are warm, and the minute I come in I put them before the fire on the warm hearth-stone, and they are as dry as the heart of a rush in a minute. Oh, lady, it is not because you *get* wet foot that you catch cold, but because you *sit* in wet foot. The good Captain understands this now, but he did not at first.” Indeed we found this was considered to be reasonable, and though we can hardly separate, even now, the idea of bare feet from poverty, yet we believe that in mountain districts, habituated as the poor are to go without shoes, the uncertainty of the climate, the necessity for herding cattle, travelling bog and long grass, and crossing rivulets, the fashion is not only wise but necessary. If anything could reconcile us to their appearance, it was the neat, well-dressed, and orderly appearance of this woman; and afterwards we saw many in Glenfin who, despite their bare feet, would have been considered respectably dressed even in England. It is no uncommon thing to meet a group of mountain women and girls, washing their feet in a brawling river after sunset, just before they go to bed.

<sup>145</sup> At Loughash, in the county Tyrone, where Captain Kennedy’s own property is situated, the following is the memorandum of agreement with tenants taking waste land:—

1. A lease of twenty-one years to be granted to the tenant. 2. During the first seven years of the lease, the tenant is to occupy his farm rent-free; the eighth year he is to pay one shilling per acre; the ninth year, two shillings per acre; the tenth year, three,

and so on, increasing one shilling per acre per annum, to the end of the lease. 3. The tenant is *bound* to reclaim one acre each year to the end of his lease, or until the whole is brought into cultivation. 4. The tenant shall not underlet or divide his farm. 5. Such clauses to be introduced into the lease as shall secure the performance of the above agreement.

<sup>146</sup> Donegal Castle was for ages one of the principal residences of the illustrious O'Donnells, the chiefs and princes of Tyrconnell—the *land of Connell*—from Connell, one of the most eminent of their ancestors. In the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' they are called *siol na Dallagh*, i. e. *the seed of Dallagh*, from Dalagh, another of their chiefs. There was also a celebrated monastery here, in which the aforesaid 'Annals of the Four Masters' were written, and they are sometimes called the 'Annals of Donegal' from that circumstance. Soon after the wars of 1641, the castle was abandoned, and gradually became a ruin. It stands close to the river Easky, above the bridge, and is in tolerable preservation. "It is to the credit of its present possessor that he has taken every care to delay, as much as possible, the further ravages of time on a structure so interesting in its associations with the past." At one end of the banqueting-hall there had been a splendid window, reaching from the floor to the ceiling; but this is now nearly destroyed. A fine old fireplace still remains entire in this apartment. It is made of freestone, and formed in the fashion of James the First.

<sup>147</sup> The foundation of this castle, according to popular tradition, is ascribed to the celebrated Malmurry, or, as he was usually called, Myler Magrath, the first Protestant Bishop of Clogher; and there is every reason to believe this tradition correct. The lands on which the castle is situated, anciently constituted the Termon of St. Daveog of Lough Derg, of which the Magraths were hereditarily the termoners or churchwardens; and of this family Myler Magrath was the head; so that these lands properly belonged to him anteriorly to any grant of them derived through his bishopric. He was originally a Franciscan friar, and being a man of distinguished abilities, was advanced by Pope Pius V. to the see of Down; but having afterwards embraced Protestantism, he was placed in the see of Clogher by letter of Queen Elizabeth, dated 18th May, 1570, and by grant dated the 18th September, in the same year.

<sup>148</sup> Fragments of several old traditions are connected with them. A fierce monster is said formerly to have inhabited these caves, which was at length slain by St. Patrick on a neighbouring hill,



called from that conflict "Bally na dearg." The famous "water-horse" is said to resort to these caves, in form resembling a serpent, and as thick as "a sack." He comes out only by night, and chiefly for the purpose of stealing the farmers' hay from the neighbouring meadows.

On the borders of the river lies a huge mass of granite on the surface of the ground—singular in consequence of its distance from any rock of that description. It is called "Crockmacraoshleen," and bears a noted character. On one side of it is a hole, said to be the print of a finger, (a giant's it must have been,) and whoever can walk blindfolded twelve paces towards it, and put a finger into this hole, will, whether man or woman, infallibly be married in the course of that year. The tradition respecting its appearance there is curious. Two giants or heroes, Fin Ma Coul, and another, were in the habit of sitting in the evening on the tops of these two mountains, which form the grand Pass of Barnesmore, to smoke their pipe most lovingly, passing it across the valley from hand to hand. One day, the smoker having kept the pipe rather longer than his due time, Fin gruffly called to him "to hand it smartly across," but not being noticed, he took a pebble in his knuckle, and as a marble shot it at his companion's head to remind him of his delay. The pebble missed its mark, but now lies where it fell, in the Pullins, a distance of ten miles from Barnesmore, and bears the mark of the finger of Fin Ma Coul, as a witness to the truth of the whole transaction.



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